Saturday Review

February 13, 1965 25¢

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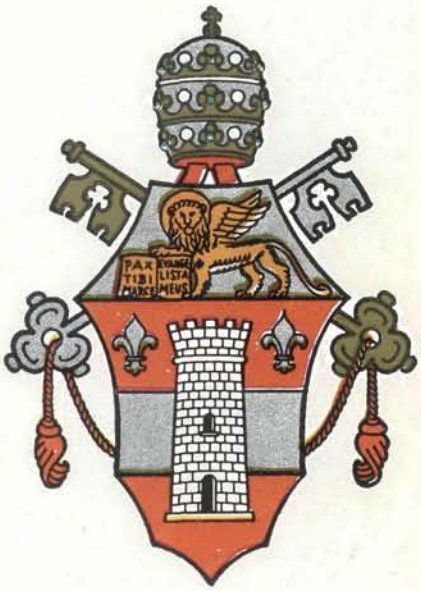

PEACE ON EARTH AN ENCYCLICAL OF POPE JOHN XXIII

A preview of an international convocation to examine the requirements for peace

Commentaries by Robert McAfee Brown, Norman Cousins, Everett E. Gendler, Thomas Merton, and Hermann J. Muller

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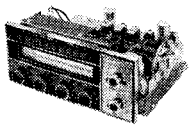

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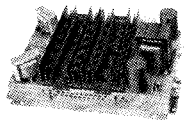

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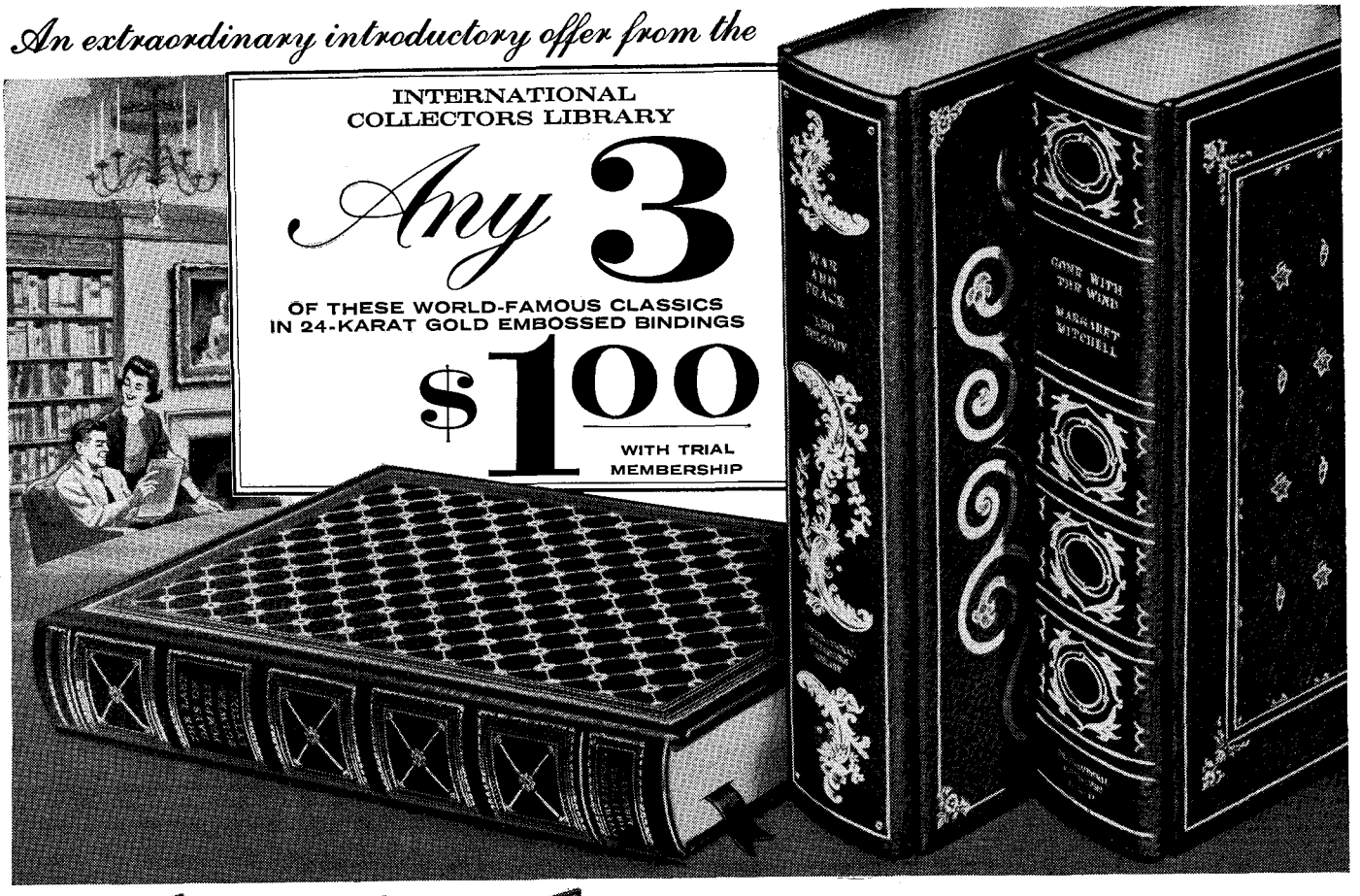

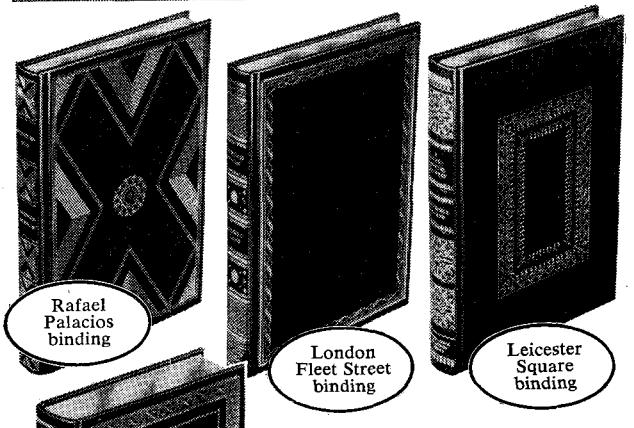

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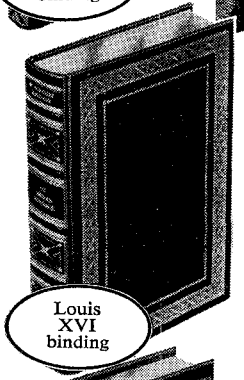

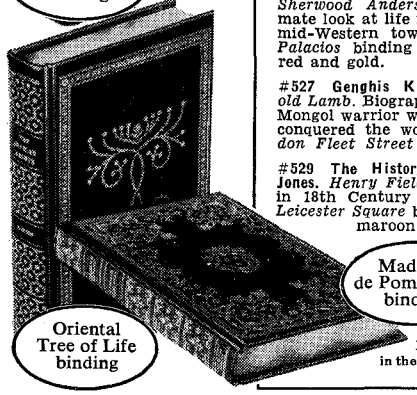

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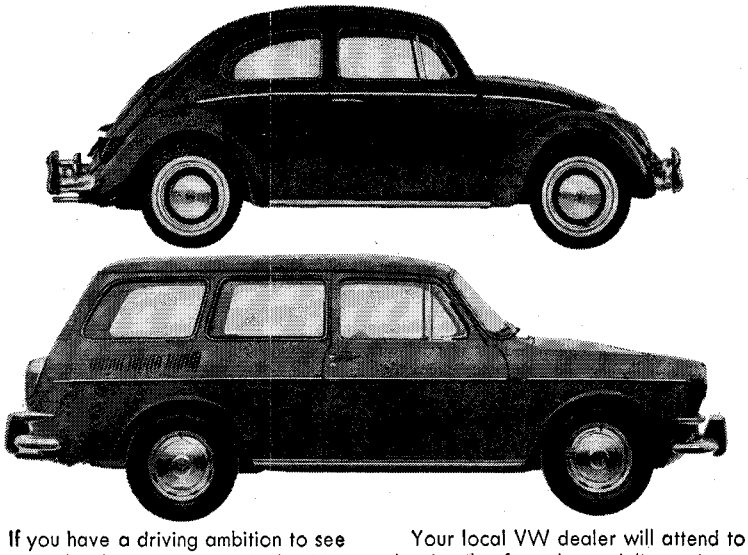

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Saturday Review

February 13, 1965

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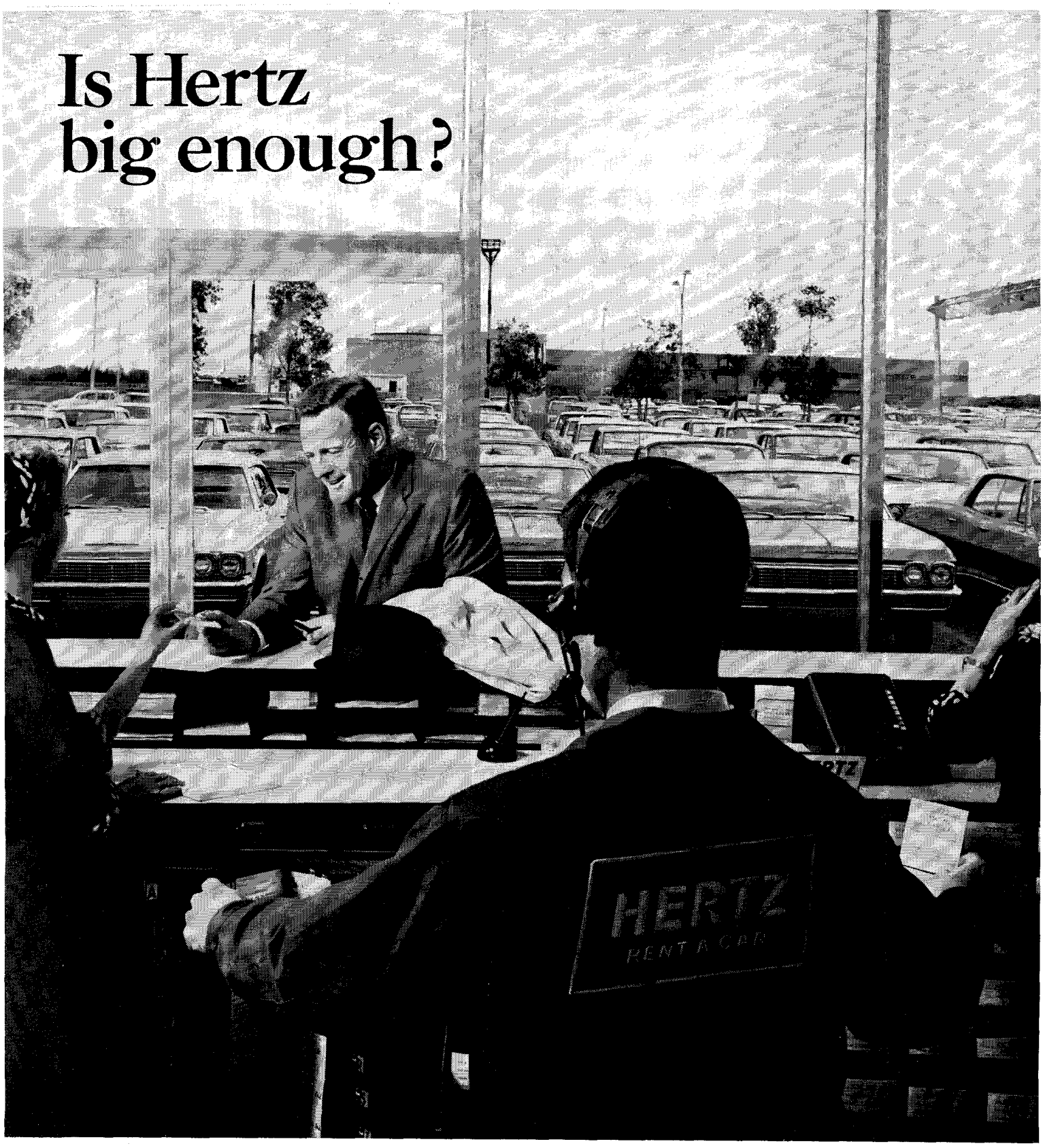

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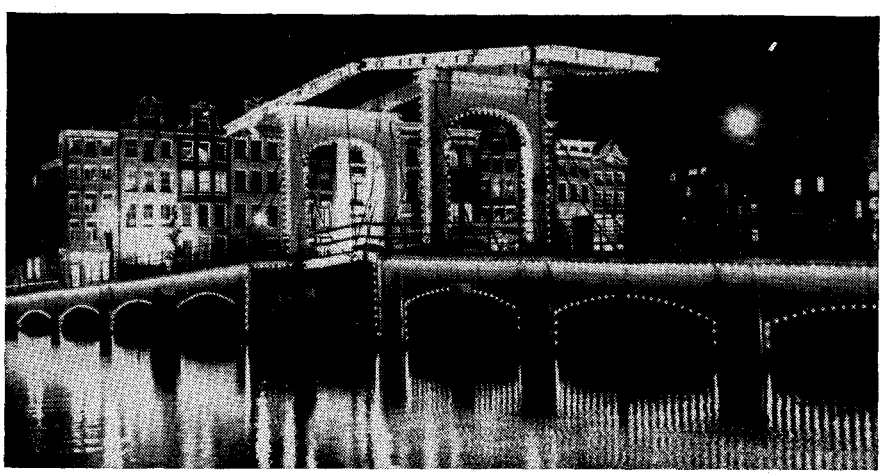
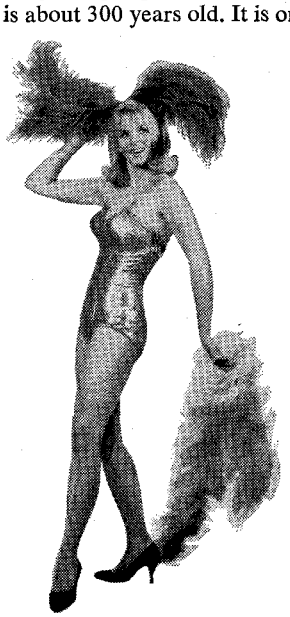
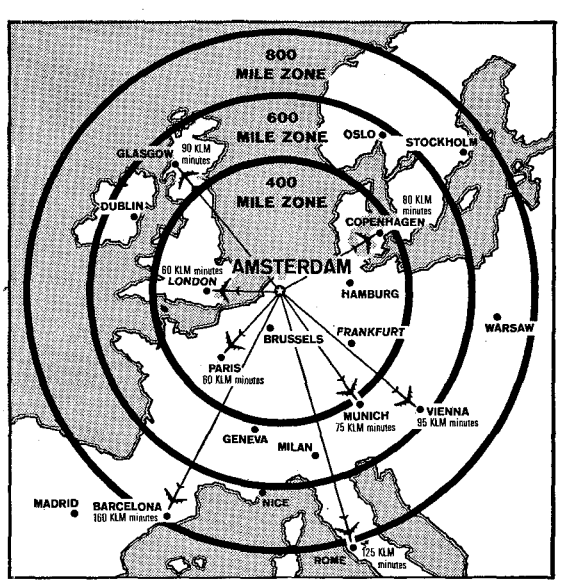


Surprising sights. Amsterdam's wooden Magere (pronounce it MOCK-huh-ra) Bridge is about 300 years old. It is one of Amsterdam's most popular landmarks.



Surprising nightlife. Amsterdam *swings*. After-dark entertainment ranges from ecdysiasts (above) to avant-garde poetry readings.



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2. You can rent a European car and zoom around Holland's finest speedway. Track fee: 56 cents. Drive out to Zandvoort raceway (15 miles from Amsterdam) for some hair-raising thrills.

3. You can dine in the world's skinniest restaurant. Amsterdam's *Green Lantern* is 3 stories high—and only 6 feet wide.

4. Amsterdam has twice as many miles of canals as Venice, more bridges than London. You can take a 75-minute boat tour for just 60 cents.

5. Amsterdam is the most logical place to start your European tour. Fourteen of Europe's great cities are within an 800-mile circle of Amsterdam. (See map.)

6. You can have a rollicking "night on the town" in Amsterdam for under $5. Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs. A glass of jenever gin costs about 25 cents.

7. You can see the world's most spectacular van Gogh collection for 15 cents. Amsterdam's Municipal Museum has 517 paintings and drawings that show the entire range of van Gogh's work.

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(Amsterdam continued)

Surprising art treasures. The self-portrait above is one of the 517 van Goghs in the Municipal Museum.

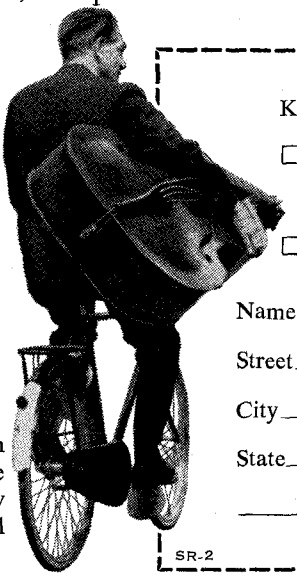
8. You can rent a bike and join Amsterdam's fantastic bicycle brigade for about 85 cents a day. Amsterdam has more bicyclists than any city in the world.

9. You can undergo Europe's only official test for witchcraft. At Oudewater, just 35 miles from Amsterdam, you can be weighed on the Witches Scale (circa 1550 A.D.).

10. You can see a 400-carat U.N. emblem set with 5,180 diamonds at an Amsterdam diamond center. You can also see the tiniest diamond ever cut—1/833 of a carat. Admission free.

11. You can dine at a restaurant where a 21-dish rijsttafel feast for two costs about $3.00. This fantastic treat includes Javanese meatballs (*Perkedel Djawa*), curried chicken, fried cocoanut, shrimp chips.

12. Amsterdam is one of the continent's most perfectly preserved large cities. Not one brick or stone can be removed without permission of city officials. Consider the old church on Westermarket Street where Rembrandt was buried in 1669. It looks just as it did the day it was built--in 1620.



Surprising sounds. Amsterdam is a city of musicians. It has one of the world's great symphony orchestras—and more barrel organs that any city in Europe.

13. You can visit the Anne Frank House. The attic rooms remain the way the Frank family left them. Open daily.

14. You will hear more barrel organs and carillons in Amsterdam than in any European city. Music is *everywhere* in Amsterdam. Huge barrel organs serenade you. Street bands play. Carillons chime in on the hour and half-hour.

15. You can buy a car tax-free at Amsterdam Airport—and save enough to pay for your European vacation. Buy a Mercedes-Benz 230 SL Roadster, add on shipping cost to New York and duty—and you *still* save $1,700.

16. You can hear one of the six best symphony orchestras in the world for as little as $2. That's the price of a good seat at a performance by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra.

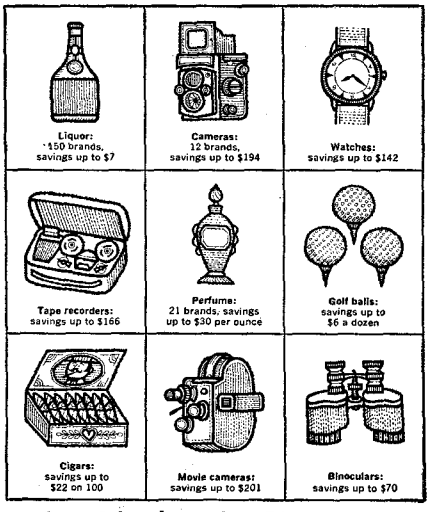
17. You can visit Aalsmeer and see 320 acres of greenhouse blossoms. Aalsmeer—next door to Amsterdam Airport—is the center of European flower growing.

18. You can rent a boat, with an English-speaking skipper, and tour Holland by water—$4.75 a day. Holland has 4,000 miles of navigable waterways. The rate above is per person, party of six.

19. You can have your portrait painted on a Delft plate by a Dutch artist. At the Royal Factory in Delft (only 40 miles from Amsterdam), you can be immortalized on porcelain. Simply give the artist a photograph to work from.

20. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in Europe. The Dutch learn English at school, and love to practice it—a blessing when you need advice or directions.

21. You will find a dozen ancient castles near Amsterdam—including Muiden, where a Count was murdered in an upstairs bedroom over 700 years ago. Visit the wine cellar and drink a toast to the Count's ghost.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Surprising bargains. You can now buy a bottle of tax-free Scotch at Amsterdam airport for $2.

22. You can find Europe's best bargains in Amsterdam. Antiques are as much as 80 percent cheaper than in the U.S. Note other bargains (above) in Amsterdam Airport's tax-free shopping center.

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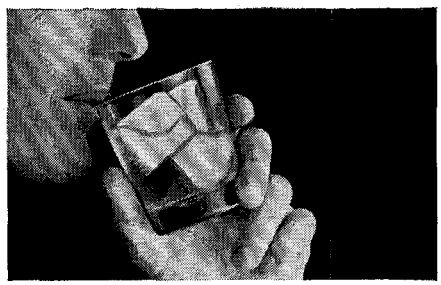

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Body Politic

Edited by Martin Levin

LBJ, Precedent, USA

Whatever LBJ may do
  Becomes the main event.
His word can shape our point of view,
  His deed our precedent.

When LBJ received the oath
  He shed the filigree
Of cutaway and top hat both
  And dressed like you and me.

With LBJ no act is small,
  He celebrates with drive;
His predecessors had a ball,
  But he had four or five.

What other ruler trips the light
  Fantastic like a kid
And cries, "I could have danced all night!"
  (To tell the truth he did.)

When others dance the night away
  Their feet may ache or bloat
But trust to newsy LBJ
  To feel it in the throat.

The presses roar! The stocks stand still!
  No other news occurs
Till LBJ is fed his pill
  And Ladybird takes hers.

With Lyndon on the patients' list
  The nation's in a spin
And goes from anti-Communist
  To antihistamine.

—Edward Eliscu.

Favorite Illness

THE scientists are at it again. Without giving any thought to the consequences, they are rushing ahead spending millions of dollars and millions of hours to unlock a long-hidden secret of nature. Undoubtedly they will soon find the cause and cure of the common cold.

Some will call this progress but most of us know better. What other illness never kills, never cripples, never debilitates, brings only mild discomfort, and in return offers such benefits as the extra vacation, the perfect alibi, and the right to practice medicine?

We have all taken that extra vacation. To everyone there is a time in the year when it all becomes too much and we just want to go to bed and bury ourselves in blankets and pillows, have someone wait on us a little, have everyone feel sorry for us a little, and have our conscience not hurt even a little. What else can accomplish this as easily and smoothly as the common cold?

In the same way we all have periodic needs for the perfect alibi. Naturally, a cold is not the only possible alibi, but it is the only one that can be constantly reused without becoming transparent or stale and it avoids the nuisance of trying to remember what story was told to what people. In fact, the social uses of a cold are so many and varied that there are some unscrupulous people who seem to be positively cold-prone. They maintain a sniffle at all times and drift in and out of colds as the situation demands.

But the third benefit of a cold—the right to practice medicine—is the most precious of all. In an earlier age this right was given automatically to all mothers and fathers as well as selected aunts, cousins, grandmothers, and friends of the family. Doctors were called only in cases of dire emergency and their visit was viewed with great alarm by the patient, who felt that if the home remedies had failed he was surely in a critical, if not fatal, condition.

Today we call the doctor for every real or imagined ailment, and if we have neither of these we often make an appointment to see if he will have any better luck; as a result there is less need for home remedies. The common cold remains the last chance for the ordinary citizen to show the doctor what he can do, and it is comforting to note that the laymen get no worse than a draw. The doctor cannot cure a cold either.

The remedies change but one can remain old-fashioned and put his faith in Citrate of Magnesia or be sophisticated and reach for an antihistamine. There are still many who use goose grease, mustard plaster, exotic or dynamic laxatives complete with hot foot baths, while others prefer a brightly colored assortment of patent medicines. Some put a great deal of faith in the curative power of honey (which is enjoying a lively revival), but some prefer their medicine more pungent and take a bitter tonic or a vigorous dose of epsom salts. Whatever else home remedies may or may not be, they are adventurous, and if they do little for the body they stimulate the spirit.

It is sad to think that all this will soon be a thing of the past. My only

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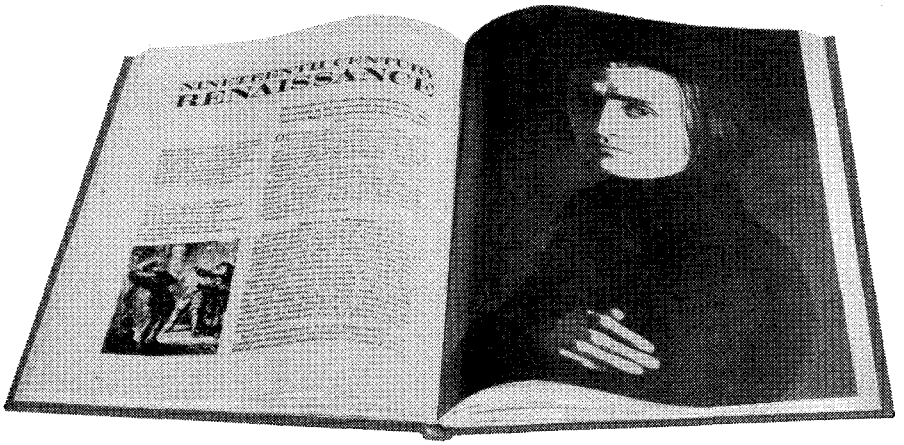

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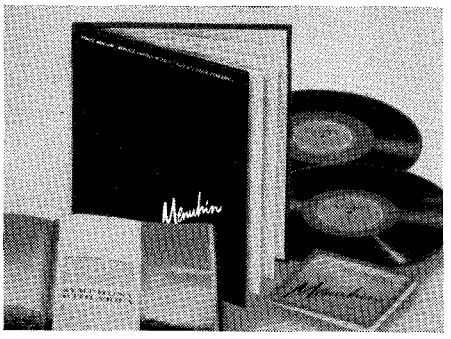

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hope is that while some scientists are developing a cure for the common cold, other research teams may be looking for a substitute for it. Maybe they can discover something just as useful and half as annoying. —Frank J. Snider.

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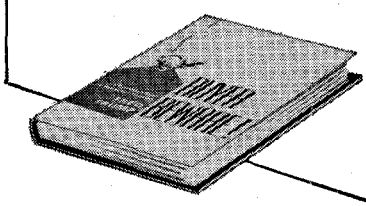

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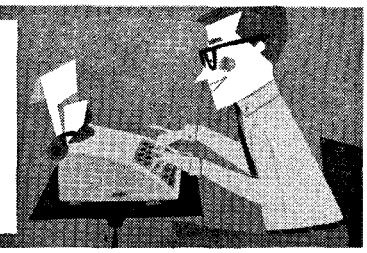


Take a Letter

A LETTER from a Mrs. Jean Bach, New York City: "Add this," she writes, "to your collection of the misused apostrophe." Enclosed is an advertisement in the New York *Post* proclaiming, "This is Knabe Month. See the famous Francis Scott Key piano, custom-made for the author of our national anthem. Featuring lavish hand carving on its rosewood case and mother-of-pearl keyboard it would cost many times it's original price."

And Mrs. Bach writes across the ad: "Whose broad stripe's. . . ."

Dear Mrs. Bach: Thanks. But shouldn't that be "who's broad stripes?"

• • •

From Professor L. W. Michaelson, Colorado State University: "On account of your January 9 column mentioning the old apost., I thought you'd enjoy in a middling sort of way, my remarks on the vanishing rascal."

And enclosed in part is his article titled "Atrophe of the Apostrophe:"

"There are two convenient ways of keeping track of the vanishing American apostrophe: grading English composition papers at a state land-grant college, and taking note of outdoor signs, billboards, and business letterheads.

"In respect to freshman themes, this writer has tabulated, roughly, the number of times the apostrophe has been neglected over a two-year period. Out of some 24,000 chances to insert the mark between the last letter of a noun and the possessive "s," and other appropriate places, there were approximately 19,200 failures to do so—or 80 per cent apostrophe errors."

Dear Professor: "I'm glad to find someone else worrying about this besides your's truly.

• • •

Too many beautifully written letters for me to answer individually on the subject of Sir John Harrington's epigram, "None dare call it treason." But I quote from two. One from Riva T. Bressler, head of the fiction department of the Los Angeles Public Library: ". . . I would like to add one comment, not on the grammatical construction but on the original epigram by that distinguished Elizabethan, Sir John Harrington. I keep wondering if there is any significance in the fact that the present-day book derives its title from the quotation by a man who invented the water closet."

And again from Paul Amber, Detroit, Michigan: "Sir John Harrington's fame depends little on his writings, but on his invention of the flush-valve toilet which he termed the 'Ajax.' The john had been a useful noun long before the volt, the ampere, or the newton. We must not allow the atomic age to diminish the rank of this great humanitarian. I ask you and your readers to join me in re-establishing Sir John as the euphemism preferred by the intelligentsia."

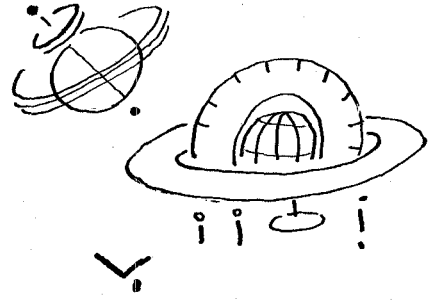
Dear Sir: I won't; and right now. On a recent TWA trip to the coast we were treated to a movie in flight starring Yul Brynner and Janice Rule. The screen was hung forward in the plane just below a lighted sign: "Lavatory." And beneath it were "Vacant" and "Occupied." The screen covered the bottom two words but along the upper edge of the screen, and all through the picture in the darkened plane, shone the word "Lavatory." Yul Brynner made his first entrance through the door under the sign "Lavatory." And later Miss Rule entered through this door. They played the scene and together they made their exit into the same Sir John. This I found not only ungrammatical but unromantic.

• • •

A final letter from Mr. Alex S. Lacy, Birmingham, Alabama: "In connection with your comments on 'it's' you may be amused by a sign over one of the entrances to the old Louisville and Nashville station torn down years ago, which had engraved deeply in stone, the words: 'Ladie's Entrance.'"

Dear Mr. Lacy: See above.

—Goodman Ace.



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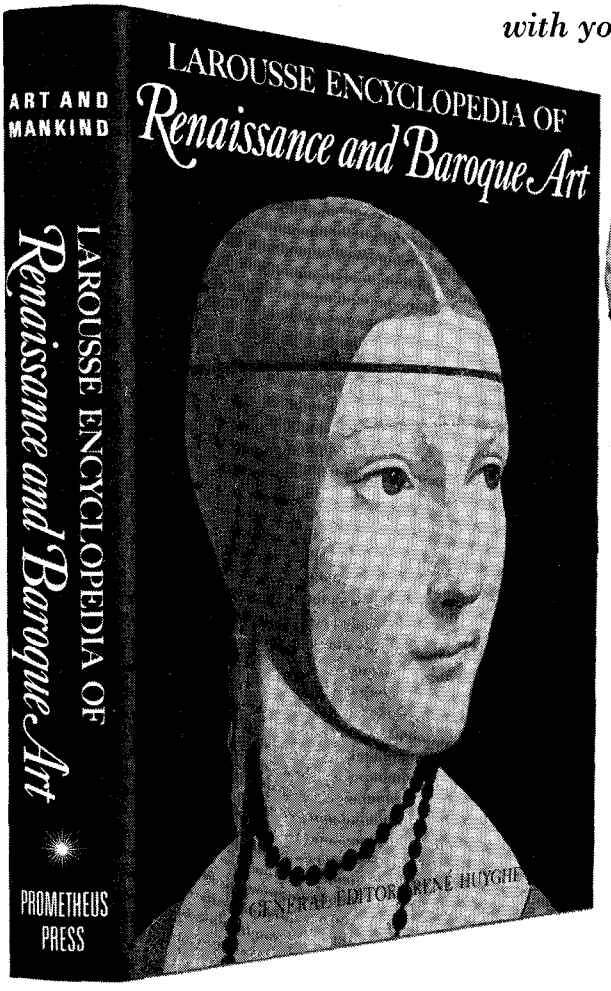

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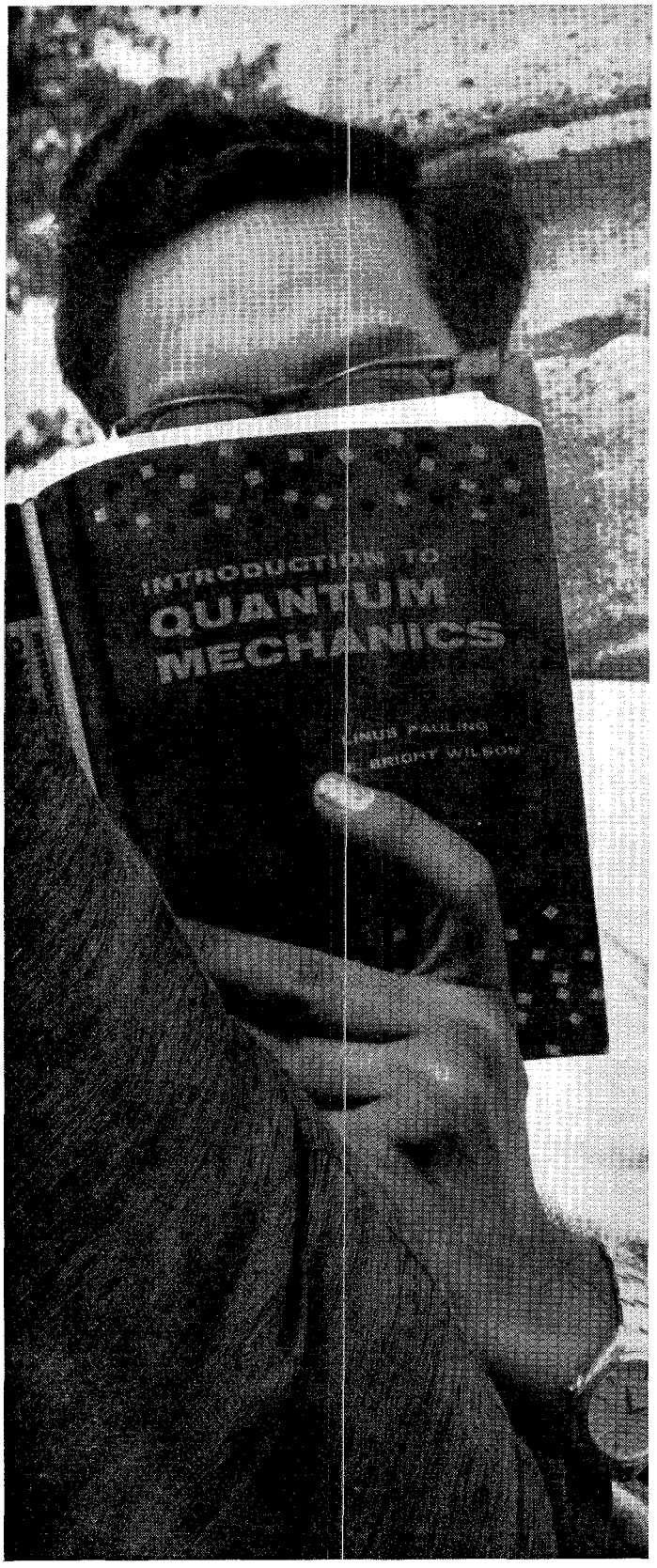

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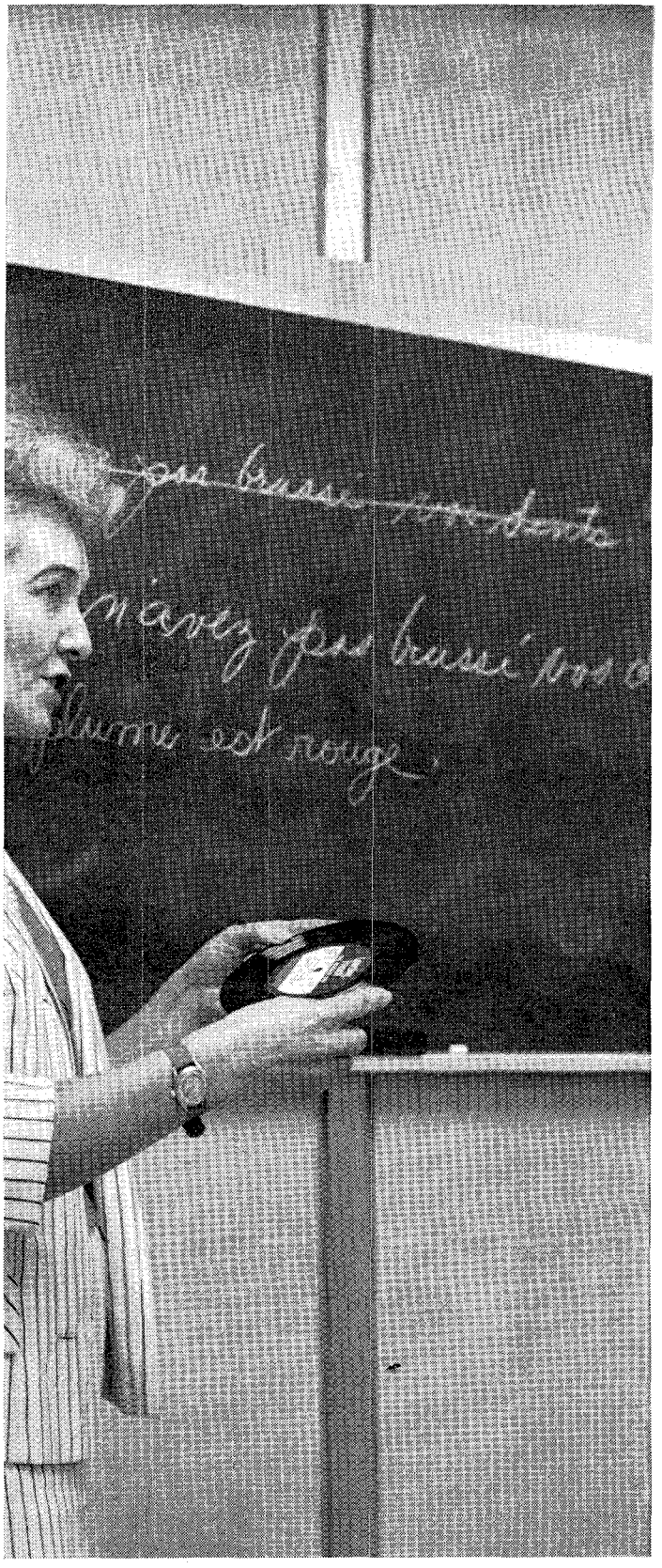

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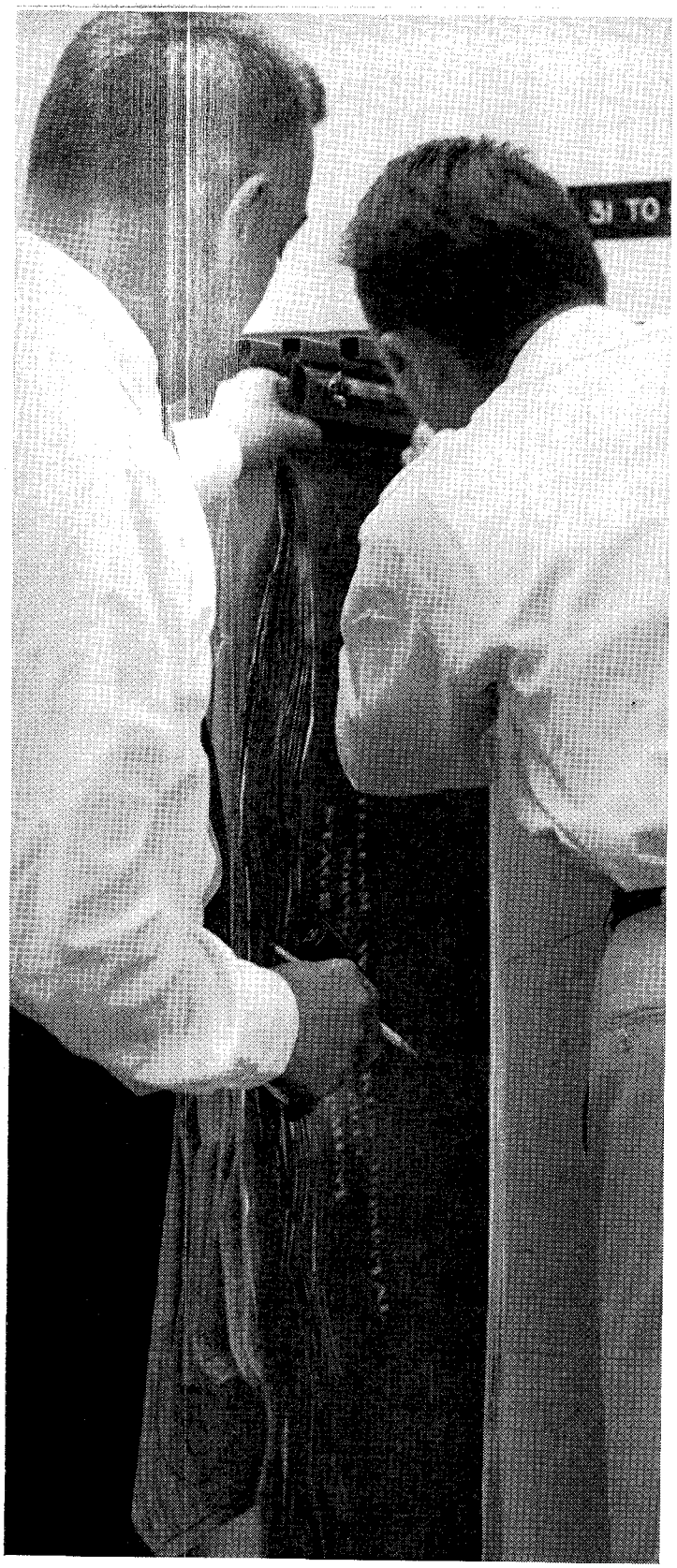

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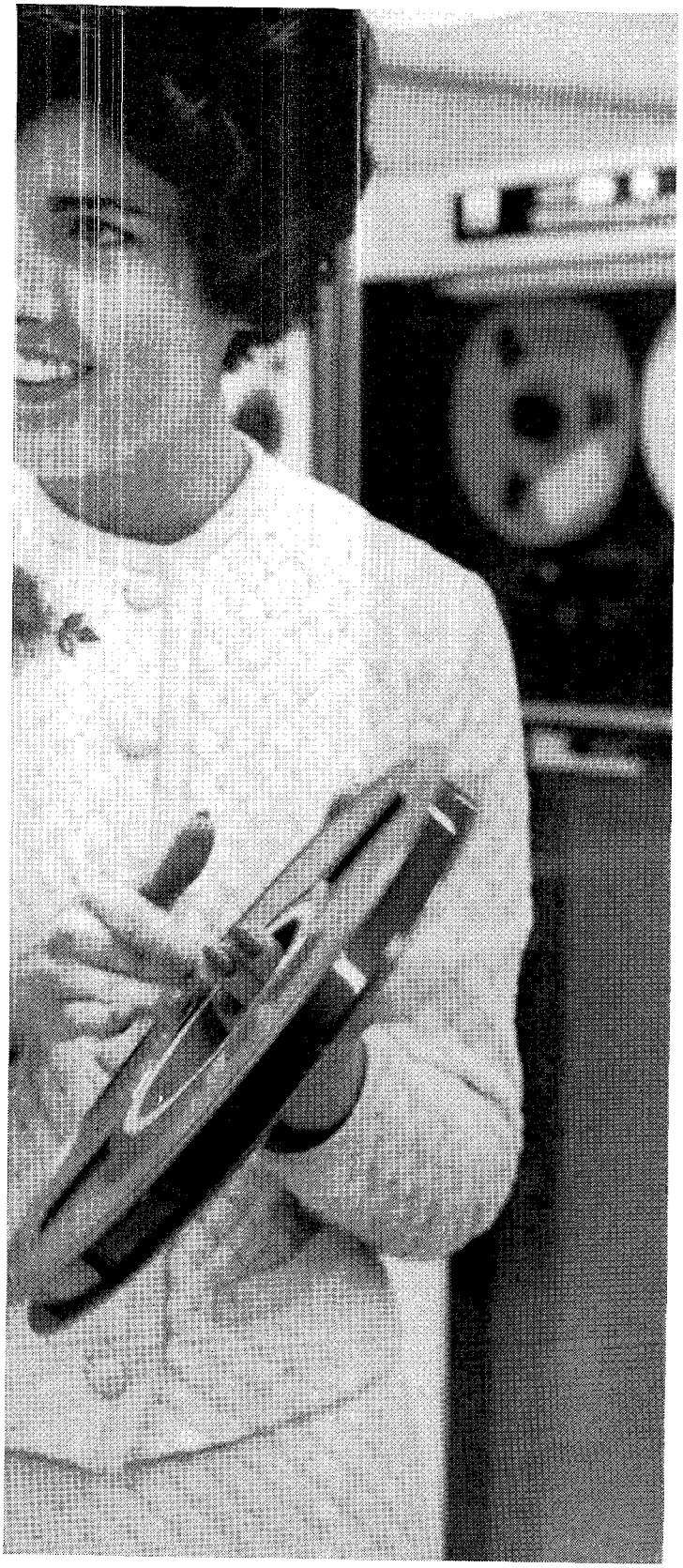

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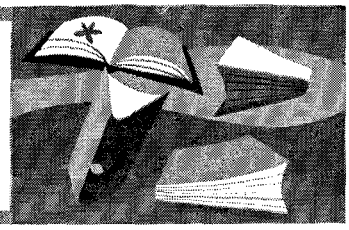

Filling out applications for college causes frustrations, wracked nerves, and tension. Often one feels like striking back. Seventeen-year-old Wendy Towner of Evanston, Illinois, succumbed to this temptation when she came upon a section in an application

sent by an Eastern university. "Use the space below to write an account of your interests outside the classroom," it requested. "Do not give information that might reveal race, religion, or nationality." Wendy carefully wrote:

"When I was quite small I was born in a certain country where we celebrated certain customs. Since my father was from ---- and my mother from ----, there was quite a bit of tension. There I used to enjoy ----, but once we came to America we found it absolutely impossible to do anything we had been accustomed to do before. We could not ----, ------, or even -----. Everywhere it was like this. When we went to the South to escape the ------, the ---- ------. We later moved to the Midwest where people are more tolerant of --------, but the hostility toward the ----- of our ------ separated us at once from the mainstream of suburban existence. All my life it has been like this. I feel I have a unique contribution to make."

She hasn't heard yet.

For the latter period of his life Howard Garis, who died two years ago at the age of eighty-nine, lived with his son, Roger, in Amherst, Massachusetts. Howard, who wrote a syndicated Uncle Wiggily story every day for fifty years, delighted the children of Amherst by telling them further tales of the famous rabbit. Most of the kids probably didn't know the author's real name. When they saw his shock of white hair and kindly face, they knew him as Uncle Wiggily.

Garis, in fact, resembled Robert Frost, a friend and frequent visitor to the Garis home. One of Frost's favorite anecdotes concerns a group of children standing on a corner near the house as the poet came down the street.

"It's Uncle Wiggily! It's Uncle Wiggily!" they cried excitedly. Then, as the stroller came nearer, one of the youngsters said:

"Aw, it's only Robert Frost."

All the uproar in Africa has not made it easy for the National Geographic Society, which has to keep its maps current. Most of the thirty-three countries that have become independent since World War II have taken new names, like Malawi, Zambia, Niger, and Upper Volta. Mali means hippopotamus, an animal that is regarded as a symbol of strength. Dahomey means "belly of Dan," recalling a seventeenth-century king who ate people. The Republic of Congo and the Congo Republic are two entirely different countries, but don't ask me which is which.

After last year's merger of Tanganyika and Zanzibar, the Society waited patiently to see what would happen. A contest was held in the new country to choose a name, with $28 going to the winner. Tanganyikazan, Zanzinyika, Tanzan, Tangbar, Zika, and Zantan were some of the entries. Tanzania won. Maps were corrected.

I'm glad I'm not studying geography in the sixth grade.

An advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal* touts the advantage of piped-in music by Seeburg. Not just indiscriminate music, but "background music tailored to fit each business. . . . Appropriate, effective background music puts customers and employees both in a more profitable mood—*for you.*"

Myra Kurtz says this means the petroleum industry would probably listen to Irving Berlin's "Oil be loving you, oilways."

The electric storage battery business would really get moving to the tune of "Chloe"—"through the black of night, I gotta go where you are."

AT&T's background would just have to be "All alone, by the telephone, there is no one else but you."

For the computer industry, the electronic pipes would resound with the melody from *The Flower Drum Song:* "A hundred million miracles are happ'ning every day."

The birth control clinics would hum to the soft refrain "I can't give you anything but love, baby."

Sharps and Flats: Al Dorne, president of the Famous Artists School, announces he is fed up with the misuse of the word "creative." It's time to retire it, or get it back to its original meaning, because, he says, "It has become a pompous description for something that may be offbeat or even pretty good, but is really nothing more than the result of some modest talent." As an example of what can happen to a meaningful word, he found eighty-five listings in the Manhattan telephone book starting with the word. For example, Creative Food Service, Creative Funding Corporation, Creative Money Management, and Creative Steel Rule Dye Company.

► Thanks to the San Francisco *Chronicle's* recap of what happened in 1964, I learned that in Kensington, Maryland, two boys typed the Bill of Rights on plain paper and circulated the petition among 101 of their neighbors. More than half have refused to sign. One woman read it and said it was unpatriotic.

► In Silverton, Oregon, the jail is in the basement of the public library.

► A woman entered the Chinook Bookshop in Colorado Springs and asked for "the kind of book, you know, where he says something to her and then she says something to him." They sold her an early O'Hara.

► A little shop in Killarney, Ireland, carries almost everything. The sign outside reads "Coffins and All Other Requisites." —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1609)

M. Sholokhov:

TALES OF THE DON

(From *The Birthmark*)

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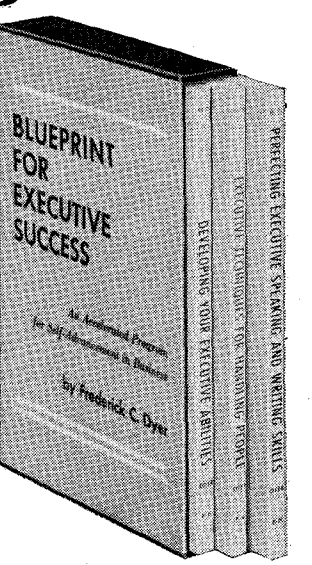
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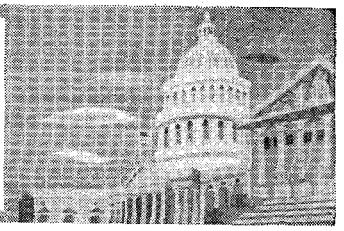

The President's Opportunity

PRESIDENT JOHNSON now has an opportunity to make a speech that could come to rank in importance with John F. Kennedy's American University address, which set a new course for Soviet-American relations. So far, he has been singularly inarticulate on foreign affairs. Now, however, he has the raw material for a speech that could make history.

The inspiration for such a speech should come from the report handed to the President recently by the Gilpatric committee, which has made a deep study of the problem of the spread of nuclear weapons and the question of whether, at this stage, anything can still be done to halt it.

The President has virtually sworn every member of that committee to absolute secrecy about the views expressed in the report, but this much can be said: it was the committee's unanimous view that it is not yet too late; that if various measures suggested in the report are taken in time there is still a chance of preventing what the experts call "the proliferation" of nuclear weapons beyond those countries that already possess them. Nevertheless, the members of the group felt strongly that there is not much time left, that this is a matter of real urgency.

The committee was headed by Roswell Gilpatric, who, as former Under Secretary for Defense, is schooled in the tough-minded business of military strategy and the use of nuclear weapons. He is as knowledgeable as anybody in Washington today about the effect and chances for the control of weapons of mass destruction, and he has an admirable insight in world affairs. Several highly esteemed men with wide-ranging experience were included in the group to help him: men such as the former NATO Commander, General Alfred Gruenther; the former High Commissioner in Germany, John McCloy; the former head of the Central Intelligence Agency, Allen Dulles; and the former chief scientific adviser to President Eisenhower, Dr. George Kistiakowski. These are not starry-eyed men who want to waste their time for political expediency.

The committee was all set to give the press a briefing on its report after presenting it to the President. But Mr. Johnson, with his often exaggerated penchant for secrecy, permitted his Press Secretary, George Reedy, to issue only a bland, uninformative statement. It was a pity because this subject is still little understood and deserves every airing it can get.

There has been much diplomatic talk about a nonproliferation treaty; in fact this whole question of the spread of nuclear weapons has been debated frequently in various forms—so far with very limited results. There are already a number of countries, beyond the existing nuclear powers, that have the capacity to produce nuclear weapons; they include India, Israel, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada, West Germany, and Japan, all of which for various reasons have constrained themselves not to exploit their know-how. But they will only do so for an indefinite period if some answer is not found to the nuclear weapons race.

So far the principal world leaders have done little to come to grips with the problem. To most it has seemed a monster impossible to tame. But since the explosion of the Chinese nuclear device the issue has assumed a new reality, it is again staring the world in the face. The stare became even more disconcerting when the Indian government after that event came under turbulent public pressure to build its own nuclear deterrent. The advocates claimed that it would cost India only some $300 million and that it would take less than two years to develop. But the Indian government resisted the pressures, instead raising the question of a guarantee by the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union. For the present, however, it seems that the Indian government does not quite know what kind of a guarantee it does want. Nonetheless, the Indian case may serve to bring to a head the debate over such a guarantee, thus setting a new precedent in the struggle against proliferation. It would surprise me if the Gilpatric report does not urge that India's request for a guarantee, when formulated, be given the most sympathetic consideration.

There is no single answer, such as the guarantee, to this vital issue; and for this reason the Gilpatric report analyzes a whole range of solutions. The question of Latin America, for instance. There seems to be a good chance for agreement to turn that entire hemi-

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sphere into a nuclear-free zone. Could the same be done for Africa? There is also the possibility of negotiating a treaty along the lines of a United Nations resolution, which is at this very moment being discussed behind the scenes at the current General Assembly. Its objective would be to enjoin all nuclear powers from giving nuclear weapons to those whose nuclear virginity is still intact, and would forbid the latter from either accepting or producing them. There is also the system of safeguards developed by the International Atomic Energy Agency, which would replace all bilateral agreements about nuclear reactors now in existence to prevent the diversion of plutonium for nonpeaceful purposes. Not in all cases have the countries responsible for building these reactors insisted on sufficiently stringent safeguards. This applies, for example, to Canada, which built one of India's reactors.

Even the Soviet Union last year voted for the extension of the IAEA safeguards to large power reactors, but so far it has not turned over to the IAEA any of its bilateral agreements. The United States on the other hand is now renegotiating several of its own bilateral agreements to be put under IAEA control.

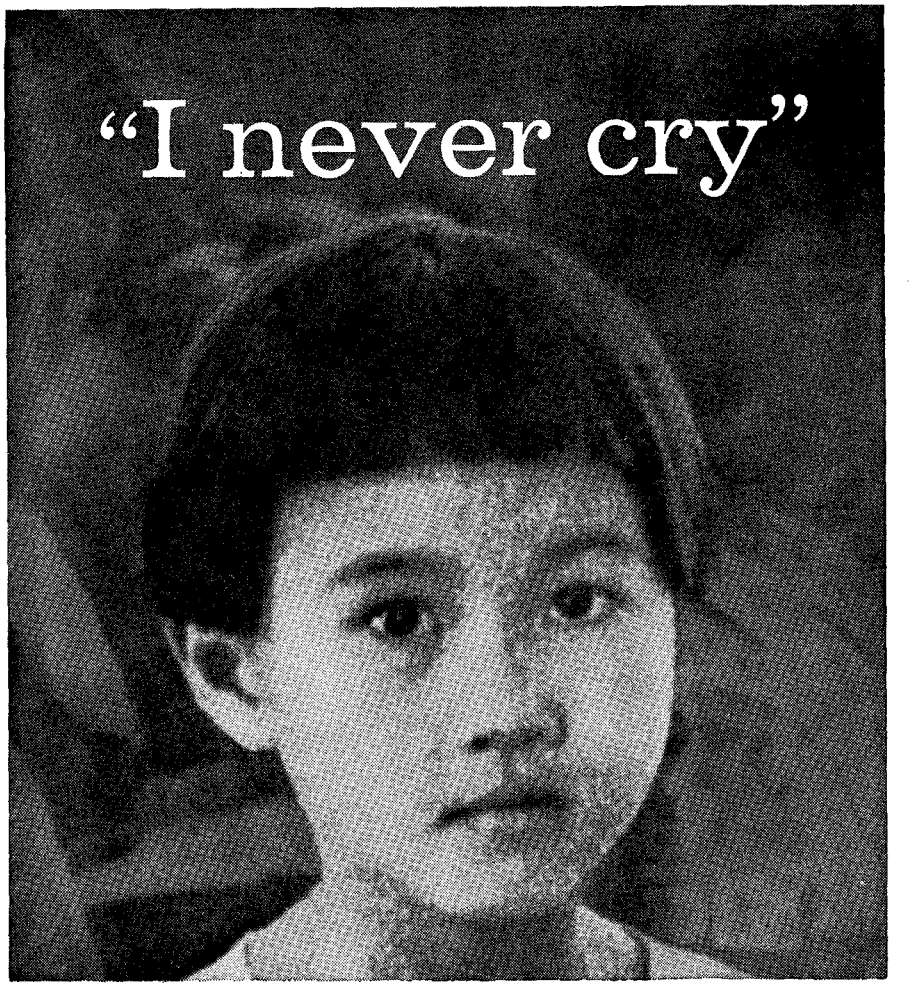
There are still other complementary measures to soothe the nuclear itch. None would be simple to negotiate, none easy to put into practice. But a more determined effort to deal with this grisly business is woefully overdue.

—HENRY BRANDON.

Episode at Vigo

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

BEFORE the ship purged me,
I walked into the Cafe Gallego
And ordered a whole cooked crab
With *vino del país*, crusty bread,
And a girl for the hereafter.
On the docks, a bootblack grabbed
At my rotting shoes, chuckled,
And with his quick hammer
Tacked rubber grips to my feet.
I bought contraband cigars, rope,
Biscuits, the London papers.
I was all set, armed to the quills,
Ready to aim and deliver,
But the girl leaped from bed
In my dingy room at the hotel,
Blew out the lamp, and shrieked
(In Spanish) my mother's maiden name
The size of my belt, the number
Tattooed at the tip of my tongue.
It was a great relief, afterwards,
To hear the loud gulls denounce me,
To feel divine spittle on my face,
To dance on deck on rubber grips
And thank the aggressive bootblack
As the ship sailed for now or never.



YOU'LL never hear Mai Li Po cry, never hear her complain. Only her eyes give her away —those great dark wounded eyes staring in hurt at a world she cannot understand.

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We have seen Mai Li Po, and thousands of other little girls and boys like her. They live on the fringes of the Communist world. Their terrible plight is a shocking reproach to the conscience of man . . . *and yet, it is far from hopeless.* There *are* homes where these children are welcome—where hands wait eagerly to help!

In the Faith Love Home in Hong Kong and at other Christian Herald homes in Hong Kong, Korea and Taiwan there are places for many of these boys and girls. Here they receive all that good food, warm clothing, and decent beds can do for their little bodies . . all that Christian love and upbringing can do for their minds and hearts and souls. But without your help, we are powerless.

It costs only $10 a month to "adopt" one of these children. You will receive a picture and complete case history of the child and correspond with your child. Won't you take pity on one of these lost children and help us to heal the hurt in those bewildered eyes?

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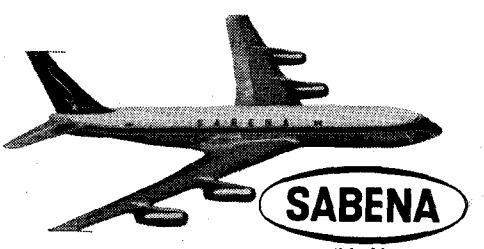

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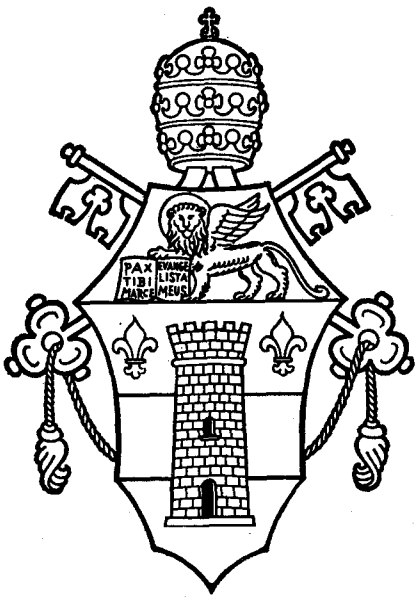
Saturday Review
February 13, 1965

Pacem in Terris



PEACE ON EARTH AN ENCYCLICAL OF POPE JOHN XXIII

LATER this month a convocation of world leaders will gather in New York City for a historic purpose: to examine the requirements for peace in the context of the encyclical of Pope John XXIII, "Pacem in Terris." Among those who will participate in the three-day conference are Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, United Nations Secretary-General U Thant, Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, judge of the International Court of Justice and former president of the U.N. General Assembly, economist and author Barbara Ward, Senator J. William Fulbright, Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson, historian Arnold J. Toynbee, and high government officials from the Soviet Union, Poland, Yugoslavia, Great Britain, and Japan, as well as African and Latin American nations.

The convocation, to be held February 18, 19, and 20, was organized and is supported by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, with the assistance of the Johnson Foundation of Racine, Wisconsin. "Pacem in Terris" (Peace on Earth) was chosen as a particularly appropriate starting point because the encyclical addressed itself not only to Roman Catholics but to all men concerned with the search for peace.

In conjunction with the meetings, the Center will soon make available a pamphlet exploring some of the central ideas in "Pacem in Terris." *SR* is privileged in the following pages to publish special adaptations of the articles in that pamphlet. The authors represented are Robert McAfee Brown, professor of religion at Stanford University; Herman J. Muller, Nobel Prize-winning biologist; Everett E. Gendler, rabbi at the Jewish Center, Princeton University; Thomas Merton, the Trappist monk who wrote, among other books, *Seven Story Mountain* and whose article here is drawn from his book *Seeds of Destruction* and reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux; and Norman Cousins, editor of *SR*. A free copy of the pamphlet is available from Box 4068, Santa Barbara, California.

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1. The Outstretched Hand

—Karsh, Ottawa.

Pope John XXIII—"the need to safeguard and ennoble human destiny."

By NORMAN COUSINS

THE POLITICAL parties men serve, the flags they salute, the fraternities they maintain, the holy books they revere or abjure—all these have suddenly become of intermediate significance alongside the positions men take on the question of war or peace in a nuclear age. For there are only two groupings of ultimate consequence on earth. One grouping consists of those who give thought to the implications of nuclear war and are willing to look and build beyond national sovereignty in order to avert it. The other grouping regards nuclear force primarily as a form of advanced military weaponry at the call of the national sovereign state. All other groupings or parties, whatever their formal designations—Socialists, Communists, Democrats, Republicans, Christian Democrats, etc.—have only limited relevance in the human situation today and, for all their prominence or fury, are rapidly becoming vestigial.

The first grouping knows that the business of peace has become the most important business in the world. Within that grouping is an almost limitless diversity of backgrounds and affiliations. But they constitute a world peace party. The ties that bind them are literally the strongest in the world, for they are concerned with human destiny.

Of all the implications of nuclear force, therefore, none is more compelling and critical to religious leaders than the fact that nuclear war would only superficially be a war between nations. Essentially, as they see it, it would be a war against God. For it is the work of God and not of man alone that is now in jeopardy. The precariously balanced conditions that make life on this planet possible—not solely human life but life in general—these conditions can now be smashed or altered. Man's works of art, his cities, his cathedrals, and his homes are palpable, personal, replaceable. But his genes and his basic nature belong to a higher design and are not his to expunge or assail.

ONCE this is understood it no longer seems inexplicable or politically naïve that the head of the Catholic Church, for almost half a century a world rallying point of anti-Communism, should have addressed himself directly to the political head of the Soviet Union in the cause of peace. Indeed, Pope John XXIII did more than that: he held out his hand. He did so in good faith and trust and with the expectation that the gesture would be reciprocated. In so doing, he demonstrated the power that lies within the humanness of humanity.

The policy of the outstretched hand was not just a manifestation of Christian spirit, or a supreme confidence in the power of goodness to awaken goodness, or a summons to the in-dwelling God in the name of a common humanity. The outstretched hand was the product of a supreme awareness of a new dimension in world affairs that affected the human future. It was also an act of responsibility at a time when man's differences were rapidly becoming the combustibles of a nuclear conflagration.

It may be asked whether Pope John's Christian message was comprehensible to Nikita Khrushchev. I had the privilege in April 1963 of bringing from the Vatican to the Kremlin an advance copy of "Pacem in Terris," officially translated into Russian in Rome. Chairman Khrushchev listened very carefully as I called attention to some of the key ideas in the encyclical. At several points in the text, especially in those sections dealing with the specific responsibilities of statesmen in a nuclear age, Mr. Khrushchev nodded in agreement.

The Chairman responded by saying he was profoundly impressed by Pope John's dedication to peace. He knew that Pope John was critically ill and that not much time was remaining to him. The Chairman said he was moved that the Pope insisted on devoting his remaining strength to an attempt to save humanity; this could not help but inspire even those who had regarded themselves as polar opposites from Catholicism.

Several months earlier, when I went to Moscow from Rome to seek the release of Archbishop Slipji, imprisoned for seventeen years in the Ukraine, the matter came up of the Pope's moral intervention during the week of the Cuban missile crisis. Mr. Khrushchev said at that time that the Pope's appeal for restraint had had considerable weight in his thinking. In fact, he said, it was the first ray of light in the fast-developing darkness. Though Mr. Khrushchev did not say so directly, I have reason to believe that his affirmative response to the request for the release of Archbishop Slipji, and a similar request some months later for the release of Archbishop Beran, of Czechoslovakia, were specifically due to the impact on Khrushchev of Pope John's profound personal appeal.

When I reported to Pope John on the mission to Moscow, I found him most pleased by Khrushchev's response to his call upon world leaders for responsibility and restraint and for an end to nuclear terror. The Pope said he had deliberately avoided polemics against the Soviet Union in recent years because of his belief that meaningful and

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useful communication would at some time be critically essential. Besides, he added, it was much too late for denunciations; there was time only to try to prevent an unspeakable holocaust. Moreover, he was not forgetting what he himself had seen of the Russian people during his earlier service as an Apostolic Delegate. He did not believe that their essential religiosity had been destroyed. They were a warm and wonderful people and he knew they could be reached.

THE Pope said he was grateful that his appeal for peace had had a considerable effect on Chairman Khrushchev and the Russian people during the week of the Cuban crisis; this was a good sign. He had no way of knowing during Cuba week whether his appeal would make any difference; even so, he said, it was important to try. He could not take the responsibility for withholding any moral power he might possess. And when his appeal was given prominent attention inside the Soviet Union, he felt this faith had been justified.

The main point here, of course, is that Pope John had succeeded where the so-called political realists had failed. He was able to crack through the supposedly impenetrable shell of political determinism. Since the most important cause on earth to Pope John was to make this planet safe and fit for sacred man, he did not allow himself to believe that any doors were closed to him in the pursuit of this purpose. Nor did he admit that apparent obstructive evil, even when personified, could not be pierced.

What is at stake today is not primarily Christian civilization or Islamic civilization or Jewish civilization or Hindu civilization or any other but the civilization and life of man. It is not man's particularized beliefs but his own uniqueness that counts. For what threatens him is the loss of the basic conditions that make life meaningful and purposeful. To the extent that any religion speaks only in behalf of its own interests, to the extent that it places itself above or apart from the whole, it jeopardizes its own interests and injures the whole.

In no religious document of our time is there a more profound awareness that peace is the one overriding issue and challenge of our age than in "Pacem in Terris." Its call for an end to the nuclear arms race came in the middle of the struggle to achieve a nuclear test ban and must be credited with a major role in the successful completion of that treaty. But the central historic significance of "Pacem in Terris" may lie in the fact that the spirit of ecumenicalism went beyond the need to attain Christian unity to the need to safeguard and ennoble human destiny.

2. Agenda for Men of Good Will

By ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

THE FACT that a papal encyclical, usually addressed solely to Roman Catholics, should provide the basis for extended discussion by non-Catholics as well is a good symbol of the extended area of dialogue opened up by the author of the encyclical, Pope John XXIII. And a Protestant's first reaction must be one of gratitude that the encyclical is addressed to *him* as well as to "the Venerable Brothers the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and Other Local Ordinaries. . . ." Pope John rightly saw that "peace on earth" is not a peculiarly Catholic topic, and so—for the first time in Roman Catholic history—he addressed a papal letter not only to his own flock but also to ". . . All Men of Good Will."

The "Men of Good Will" who are not Roman Catholics naturally do not give the document the kind of authority that must be accorded it by those directly under papal jurisdiction. The non-Catholic world, however, has given a high degree of acclaim to the encyclical, a fact that demonstrates Pope John's wisdom in reaching out to those beyond his own ecclesiastical flock. As the encyclical says:

> The doctrinal principles outlined in this document . . . provide Catholics, therefore, with a vast field in which they can meet and come to an understanding both with Christians separated from this Apostolic See, and also with human beings who are not enlightened by faith in Jesus Christ, but who are endowed with the light of reason and with a natural and operative honesty.

Catholics and non-Catholics are not yet united on the level of theology and worship, but "Pacem in Terris" suggests that they can give increasing expression of their solidarity on the level of common concern and action in the body politic. This type of approach also provides the platform from which the Pope can commend negotiations among groups who do not share many basic presuppositions, but who must nevertheless work out a *modus vivendi* if mankind is to survive.

In what follows, a number of points raised in "Pacem in Terris" will be discussed in the light of Protestant presuppositions and reactions.

One point at which "Pacem in Terris" offers a helpful basis for attacking common problems is in its unequivocal affirmation of the right of religious liberty for all men. This is a point of interest not simply to religious communities, but one that has the broadest possible implications for understanding between nations as well. For the affirmation of religious liberty is a touchstone to any valid concept of liberty *per se*. To the degree that religious liberty is lacking in a state, other liberties are endangered. Conversely, a guarantee of religious liberty for all men implies the final sanctity of conscience and thereby guarantees the right of dissent, one of the most precious indications of political health.

To be sure, the terms in which the right of dissent trespasses from the realm of liberty into the realm of license are not sketched out in the encyclical, and this remains a problem where conversation must continue, since neither the recent statement on religious liberty proposed to the Vatican Council nor the various statements adopted by the World Council of Churches have fully solved this complex problem. But the solution can come only out of the prior affirmation that religious liberty is a right accorded to all and not only to some.

Pope John's assertions—the clearest yet made in authoritative Catholic documents—come at two points in the encyclical. An early paragraph reads: "Every human being has the right to honor God according to the dictates of an upright conscience, and therefore the right to worship God privately and publicly." And in the final section of pastoral exhortation, as though correcting a possible wrong conclusion to be drawn from this quotation (that only those whose consciences are not in error have this right of free expression), Pope John says, "Moreover, one must never confuse error and the person who errs. . . . The person who errs is always and above all a human being, and he retains in every case his dignity as a human person; and he must always be regarded and treated in accordance with that lofty dignity."

That these distinctions are of utmost importance in the relation between ecclesiastical bodies is beyond dispute. And it is here being emphasized that they likewise set forth the fundamental basis on which relationships between men and nations, in other than the ecclesiastical sphere, must also be ordered. That the right of dissent in the name of conscience not only must be guaranteed

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but can be defended without lapsing into religious or political indifferentism is one of the most important ingredients for the contemporary world scene.

A second stress in the encyclical that must be underlined in the contemporary situation is the emphasis—on the face of it almost a truism—that *rights entail duties*. The reason why such an emphasis is not merely a truism is that we see developing on the political scene today, particularly in America, a whole ideology that in the name of some such catch-word as "freedom" proclaims freedom for the individual in terms so extreme that the freedom of *other* individuals is in danger of being trampled under foot.

The freedom, for example, to dispose of one's property only to such persons as the owner "in his absolute discretion chooses" (the wording of a recent amendment to the California State Constitution) safeguards a "right" for property owners in such fashion that the right to acquire property, particularly by minority groups, is seriously jeopardized. There is no recognition in this kind of thinking that the right to own property entails certain duties to the community at large, and that one is not entitled to claim rights for himself that work harm on the common good of the entire society, let alone the human dignity of certain members of that society.

In ensuing decades this kind of concern will be increasingly expressed not only in the relatively limited area of property rights but in the much wider area of the rights of one nation against another. Here the plea for "freedom" becomes increasingly emotional and even strident, and there is need for sober reexamination on the basic interconnection between rights and duties.

A third key area, and one that serves as a kind of case study of the problems of "peace on earth," focuses on the problems of minority groups and the struggle for racial justice. While the problem presses in with particular vigor in the United States of America, it is present also, in varying degrees, in almost every modern nation.

It has been a source of some disappointment that neither "Pacem in Terris" nor its equally important predecessor, "Mater et Magistra," gives extended attention to this problem, save for a brief enunciation in "Pacem in Terris" of broad principles for dealing with minorities. Nevertheless, most of the principles in "Pacem in Terris" that deal with the individual can be transposed into terms that give direction for the resolving of contemporary problems of racial tension.

Curiously, one of the few direct references to race in the encyclical has been the subject of considerable misunderstanding, and it is important to clarify the point. In the translation published by the Paulist Press we read (after a statement that in the past unequal positions in society were justified on account of race or class): "On the contrary, the conviction that all men are equal by reason of their natural dignity has been generally accepted. Hence racial discrimination can in no way be justified, at least doctrinally or in theory." The possible implication from this statement that

—*From "The Wood Engravings of Joan Hassall."*

there might be *other* terms on which discrimination could be justified is clearly neutralized by the translation of the same passage in *The Pope Speaks:* "Today, on the contrary, the conviction is widespread that all men are equal in natural dignity; and so, on the doctrinal and theoretical level, at least, no form of approval is being given to racial discrimination." In other words, the Pope, in addition to enunciating the principle that racial discrimination is morally wrong, goes on to make the descriptive statement that past attempts to justify it on doctrinal and theoretical grounds are no longer being attempted.

Thus far we have noted three broad areas in the encyclical that can command wide assent and that are crucial touchstones in the struggle for world peace: unequivocal support for religious liberty, the relation of rights and duties, and the concern for minority groups. We must now turn to more specific areas directly concerning the relations between nations, areas which therefore, almost by definition, become more controversial.

Perhaps the most crucial of these is the question of the use of force. Do the facts of the atomic era make it possible any longer to speak of "the responsible use of force"? Pope John would seem to reply in the negative. Public authority, he declares, "must be set up by common accord and not imposed by force." The presence of atomic weapons only underlines the futility of force in international relations: ". . . it is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice."

The most detailed treatment of the problem, of course, is found in the paragraphs dealing with disarmament. Taking issue with the presence of atomic weapons as constituting a deterrent, Pope John states emphatically "that the arms race should cease; that the stockpiles which exist in various countries should be reduced equally and simultaneously by the parties concerned; that nuclear weapons should be banned; and that a general agreement should eventually be reached about progressive disarmament and an effective method of control." The only basis for true peace "consists not in equality of arms but in mutual trust alone."

There can be no quarrel, of course, with the desirability of these aims. The questions to be raised center on the means for achieving them. There is a long gap, to cite only one point, between the desire for disarmament and the effecting of disarmament. And one of the crucial problems is the problem of determining the criteria to be employed by the various nations during that long interval as they seek to order their relations with one another. The encyclical, in jumping rapidly to the desirability of disarmament, is less than clear in helping to discover such criteria; in its justifiable fear about the ravages of atomic destruction it underplays the need to discern means and limits and ways in which power is to be exercised responsibly in the present. Although we may agree that "any human society that is established on relations of force must be regarded as inhuman," we are faced with the fact that through our lifetimes at least we will live in a world where the use of force, and the threat of the use of force, do not evaporate simply because they are called "inhuman." The delineation of guidelines at this difficult point, of the responsible use of force precisely while we are attempting to find ways of outlawing force, is surely a major task.

A second and related point stems from the fact that the encyclical's teachings are based on a doctrine of natural law. This has been, of course, the basic premise of all recent Catholic social teaching, as it will undoubtedly continue to be. It has the advantage that conclusions based on it do not depend upon revelation but

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upon reason, and that the base of appeal can be correspondingly broader. But two questions may be raised about its final efficacy in appealing beyond the realm of "the Clergy and Faithful" to "All Men of Good Will."

First, the conclusions that Catholic theology draws from the premises of natural law are not always conclusions that seem equally self-evident to non-Catholics, and natural law theory is thus sometimes divisive as well as inclusive. The hopeful fact is that (sometimes as a result of contact with non-Catholic thought) Catholic moral theology is occasionally willing to take a fresh look at its conclusions.

The other premise upon which natural law theory itself is based, namely that there are not only rationally deducible principles but also minds clearly equipped to draw the deductions, is likewise open to certain questions. When Pope John urges that "the true and solid peace of nations consists not in equality of arms but in mutual trust alone," and then immediately adds, "We believe that this can be brought to pass," one can only hope fervently that he is right.

Perhaps the most complex contemporary issue to which the encyclical points has to do with the ongoing problems of coexistence and (to select only one example of those problems) the difficulty that is raised when one nation is engaged in actions internally that seem a threat to the good of all. If one affirms the right of freedom of conscience, for example, as a right to be enjoyed by all men, what should or can be done when a given nation is denying that right to its own citizens? That the citizens have a right to rebel is clear from the Pope's reiterated insistence that evil laws need not be obeyed. But how, and in what ways, is the defense of this principle to be extended beyond the internal life of a state?

These comments suggest only a few areas in which those examining the encyclical need to push beyond its explicit statements to determine what specific applications may lie implicit within it.

The twin resources for such examinations are wisdom and commitment. The encyclical wisely points out that neither is sufficient without the other. A man cannot play an active part in world affairs "unless he is scientifically competent, technically capable, and skilled in the practice of his own profession." But these things, "although necessary, are not of themselves sufficient to elevate the relationships of society to an order that is genuinely human" since "it is also necessary that they should carry on those activities as acts within the moral order."

To the technicians the Pope is saying that technical skill is not enough, and to the theologians and men of good will he is saying that piety is not enough.

3. The Uses of Tolerance

By HERMANN J. MULLER

THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION has so inordinately increased the powers of men that all human groups must rapidly find social measures that will allow them to live with one another in peace, unity, and voluntary cooperation. For otherwise they will continue to drift down collision courses that inevitably lead to mutual annihilation. Pope John XXIII, in "Peace on Earth," argues forcefully for this conclusion from the standpoint of a Roman Catholic. This message is of great importance both because of its direct influence in helping to swing the Catholic sixth of the world's population into line with the effort to achieve a workable coexistence, and also because, less directly, it will be conducive to the adoption of similar policies by others.

Curiously, the clue to the attitude by which non-Catholics may hope to come to that rapprochement with Catholics and others which is necessary for the attainment of coexistence is given in a few paragraphs that Pope John addresses specifically to Catholics, in instructing them in how to treat with non-Catholics. As he states therein, Catholics "should be prepared to join sincerely in doing whatever is naturally good or conducive to good. . . . Meetings and agreements . . . between believers and those who do not believe or believe insufficiently because they adhere to error, can be occasions for discovering truth and paying homage to it. . . ." Furthermore, "false philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin, and destiny of the universe and of man [cannot] be identified with historical movements that have economic, social, cultural or political ends, not even when these movements have originated from those teachings and have drawn and still draw inspiration therefrom. For . . . the movements, working on historical situations in constant evolution, cannot but be influenced by these latter and cannot avoid, therefore, being subject to changes, even of a profound nature. Besides, who can deny that those movements, in so far as they conform to the dictates of right reason and are interpreters of the lawful aspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval? . . . It can happen, then, that a drawing nearer together or a meeting for the attainment of some practical end, which was formerly deemed inopportune or unproductive, might now or in the future be considered opportune and useful."

—From "The Wood Engravings of Joan Hassall."

EXACTLY these same principles are applicable, reciprocally, to non-Catholics in their dealings with Catholics, and with others of different groups from their own. The fact that even Khrushchev (whose policies in this field are allegedly to be maintained by those who have overthrown him) gave his approval to Pope John's appeal for a *modus vivendi* of this kind is a signal example of the possibility of its acceptance by realists of the most divergent opinions. It is to be anticipated that even the leaders of China, when their experience with nuclear weapons brings them to a better perspective on modern realities, will within a decade or two admit the soundness of this approach. Yet the present situation is too fraught with danger for us or anyone to sit idly by, waiting for time to work the necessary changes of heart and of policy. We must bestir ourselves in actively promoting in our own as well in other groups the will to work toward a sound and lasting peace, founded on mutual tolerance.

It should not be overlooked that Pope John, in the paragraphs quoted above, also took occasion to warn Catholics not to "compromise in matters wherein the integrity of religion or morals would suffer harm." And he reserved to the Church "the right and the duty . . . to intervene authoritatively with Her children in the temporal sphere, when there is a question of judging about the application of those principles [of ethics and religion] to concrete cases." It is to be expected that non-Catholics, similarly, will seldom compromise their underlying principles when coming to agreements with Catholics and other

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groups on matters of policy and procedure. Nevertheless, they, like Catholics, can usually find ideological pathways whereby their principles are brought (for them at least) into consistency with their practical programs for peaceful relations. Not all groups, however, and certainly not the humanists, would approve of invoking any ideological or religious "authority" in support of their position.

Although in all groups sheer physical survival, and also survival of the values they represent, would prescribe a course of peace in today's world, most of the groups would also find among their principles more specific grounds for fostering, in the present situation, friendly relations between all peoples. For all major cultures that have united diverse tribes have emphasized that good will and good works should be extended by everyone to the members of the community in general. And now that advances in science, along with technological achievements in communication, transportation, and industry are drawing all peoples closer together, the pressure of feeling is everywhere strong to extend to all men the fellowship earlier reserved for others of the same nationality. At the same time, the advantages of this course become ever stronger and more evident to those who draw rational conclusions.

Humanists and many others not bound by traditional dogmas will not agree with Pope John when he attributes the existence of fellow feeling and rationality in man to the operation of supernatural causes. They will, however, agree that the germs of both fellow feeling and rationality are deeply rooted in human nature. These faculties are in the first place rooted genetically, as a result of biological evolution, because the structure and the mode of life of proto-humans and humans were unique in causing both fellow feeling and rationality to be especially conducive to survival. In the second place the cultural evolution of man laid further stress on these faculties. This happened because both their objective and their subjective value in aiding human life caused the groups that exercised them in greater measure to win out.

IN this sense, it is in agreement with the conclusions of biology and anthropology to say, along with Pope John, that morality and rationality in man are in accord with "natural law." Although such an extension was long ago proclaimed as an ideal, only in recent times has it been practicable for men to extend their fellowship to all humanity. Today this extension is in fact an urgent necessity. To be sure, it would constitute a departure from the natural law of the past. It represents a present-day consequence of human progress in which the larger implications of the individual steps previously taken in that progress had only been dimly realized. It is as natural as anything else, but it is a principle unique in modern man, growing out of the qualities natural to him only. If it is presently to come to fruition, it must be by means of man's fully conscious exercise of these same distinctive attributes of his, which are morality and rationality. Thus, in the case of man, the artificial is the natural, being the product of his heart, brain, and hand, working in concert.

Certainly it is not necessary or feasible for the different groups of men to reach agreement on the mode of origin or the primary causes of man's humanity before establishing workable accords based on man's actual humanity. As the anthropologist Gerald Berreman has recently pointed out in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, people—and peoples—can in fact cooperate on a practical basis, even if they have different views and values, provided that they communicate with one another effectively enough to realize that both or all sides are sincere in the desire to engage in mutually serviceable behavior. And as they proceed in this course they are likely to communicate ever more effectively and so to understand one another's position ever better. For after all there is only one truth, and this may be approached from various angles.

"Only in recent times has it been practicable for men to extend their fellowship to all humanity"

In order that, in the meantime, the different facets of truth (often complementary to one another) that are now cherished by different peoples, or different subgroups, may not be lost, and in order, further, that serious rethinking may be promoted, it is essential that individuals and associations of them be allowed the maximum freedom of thought, expression, and action consistent with peace and civil order. Let discussions go forward searchingly and openly, and let ideas and practices be proven by their fruits. For no man, no creed, no nation, no social, political, or intellectual organization, has a monopoly on truth or right.

Most thinking persons, of whatever background, will be able to agree with Pope John that individuals and societies everywhere should aim to promote the ascendancy among men of "truth, justice, charity [or 'love'] and liberty." But political groups will differ greatly in regard to the forms these abstractions should take, and the means by which they should be striven for. I would prefer to put the same matter by saying that for all men there should be a maximum of cognizant voluntarism and social orientation in their ordering of their personal lives, of their work and of their leisure, and in their participation in the affairs of the community. To be practicable of attainment this ideal implies, of course, a high level of education on the part of the common man, the development in him of a deep sense of brotherliness for others, and, basic to both of these, his economic and social well-being.

The great political rifts in the world today are between peoples who are told, and for the most part believe, that they alone have the solutions to the problems of how these ideal-seeming relations among men are to be attained. So long as this is the case each group, considering its own position to be sacrosanct, must maintain its inner independence in regard to its own affairs. For conquest of one major power by another is out of the question since all sides would lose disastrously, and surrender would appear to each to entail the loss of the most profound values that mankind has achieved. Since, however, the "balance of terror," with the arms race that supports it, is so unstable that it would be likely before long to break down into war, even if inadvertently, the great question is, how shall it be superseded? How can the contending powers be brought to accept, in its place, a balanced reduction of arms, finally leading to their complete elimination, without advantages being opened to one side that would be regarded by its opponents as too dangerous?

POPE JOHN fully recognizes this problem. He has been criticized for not giving specific answers to it. However, at the present stage these would be premature. We may agree, for the time being, on these more general points that he has emphasized: the need for serious and courteous communication between the opposing groups, the need for sincere negotiations based on their realization that accords are in their common interest, and the need for an increase in cooperative efforts that could be undertaken by them in diverse areas. Certainly also the United Nations should be strengthened.

In addition to these it should be remembered that there is another equally important task if durable peace is to be

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achieved. That is the rendering, without condescension, of truly massive and effective technological and economic assistance to the less developed and less committed peoples. At the same time, it is imperative that their rights be safeguarded, preferably under agreed-upon auspices, to choose their own economic and ideological courses.

Departing from generalities, however, one specific feature of such aid that is an absolute essential, but that was not mentioned by Pope John, must be insisted upon. That is the imparting of information regarding the need for birth control, and regarding appropriate means of accomplishing it. This information should be accompanied by whatever technical and material assistance may be necessary in this connection. Otherwise population increase could undermine all other progress and destroy all foundations of peace. It would be insufficient, and it would often be inadvisable, to attack this difficulty by following the policy hinted at by Pope John of evening up population concentrations and economic inequalities by transferals of people and goods.

MODERN techniques and modern knowledge do make the world, potentially, one unitary community. The way to achieve this unity in the face of the existing schisms is to promote both common action and common thought. By engaging in joint enterprises and acquiring joint interests, the opposing groups will find their areas of accord gradually increasing, relatively to their areas of opposition, and this evolution will occur in matters both of practice and of theory. Pope John has recognized this as the main path of convergence. As a devout Catholic, Pope John must of course have been convinced that in this way the principles of his Church would at last attain general recognition. No doubt the partisans of the Soviet system would hold a corresponding view, and be just as confident that by this means *they* would prevail. It is fortunate that the most militant sponsors of each contending group of doctrines can adopt this attitude. For in this way men can indeed approach closer not only to peace but to objective truth, and to policies and practices that will better serve the interests of all humanity.

In his concluding section Pope John makes a major point that, coming from so authoritative a Catholic source, is especially noteworthy. He observes that there are great areas for continued and complex revisions in social, economic, political, and cultural life, inasmuch as "these must all be adjusted to the era of the atom and of the conquest of space. . . ." Unfortunately, such matters are little referred to elsewhere in the encyclical. But they involve what is at the same time the most critical and the most hopeful aspect of the situation. For, on the one hand, it is the increased knowledge and enhanced powers of human groups, issuing from the advances of science and technology, that have brought these groups to the present dire crisis in their relations. Yet, on the other hand, the still further advance of human understanding and of human practice, when conducted in behalf of mankind in general, could henceforth lead to the resolution of these conflicts, by providing the opportunity for effective common effort in the pursuit of ever nobler objectives.

Let us not accept science and technology grudgingly, and feel that we must make the best of a difficult situation. For they are in a way our sensory system and our motor organs, which have enabled us to behold the world as it is and to deal with it accordingly. Seeing, at long last, through the eyes of science, that the universe is incomparably greater than what we had dreamed, and learning of our own long ascent, we human beings can now more truly appreciate our own uniqueness and the awesome potentialities we hold. For science, setting men on this lofty peak of knowledge and granting them the wondrous capabilities of manipulating both the infinitesimal and the immense, has completely revolutionized men's prospects. By its means, in the technically advanced countries, the standard of living of the common man has already been enormously raised, and the richness of his life can still be greatly enhanced. Moreover, it is not only in these countries that poverty can now be eliminated and human dignity augmented. For if science is rightly applied, this can be accomplished everywhere.

Science, however, is far more than a means to ease and enjoyment. It represents a spirit within which is held the aspirations of all humanity. Let us not be afraid to carry this spirit forward into all realms of thought and action. Essential components of this spirit are adventurous and imaginative inquiry, balanced judgment, unrestricted but honest criticism and self-criticism, a willingness to build upon the work of others and to build with others, frank and lucid communication, maximally unbiased testing, searching observation, penetrating calculation, creative planning and execution, exhilaration in pushing forward both the material and the spiritual dominion of mankind. There must be an interweaving of this spirit with the spirit of sociality and with that of art, so that an integrated culture may emerge.

ABOVE all, the spirit of science is the spirit of progress. Science seeks no static utopia or heaven. It can afford men ever newer horizons and higher peaks to climb, materially, mentally, and spiritually. It can afford ever greater and more inspiring opportunities for cooperative as well as individual achievement. Its pathway leads not only outward into space and to other worlds than ours, but also inward into the recesses of life, of the mind, and of the heart. By its means we will ourselves assume the role of creators of ever lovelier worlds and of more sublime beings. By its means, too, we can reach increasing agreement regarding the nature of things, since the conclusions of science rest on objective tests.

As the earth's peoples increasingly join hands in these open-ended enterprises, their ancient hates and fears, as well as their more recent estrangements, must gradually wither. In a state of abundance, problems of distribution will become less acute. Where positive actions can achieve results, negative reactions and strife tend to lose their meaning. In the forward path of mankind there is room for multifold experimentation and variation, and men can freely share each others' diverse gains. Thus will the beast in man transcend himself, and the sublime burst forth in a mounting symphony of self-creation.

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4. The Revolutionary Truism

By EVERETT E. GENDLER

AS RECENTLY as ten years ago I can recall conversations among seminary students who found themselves wondering if traditional religion had anything really to say to the modern scene. Was there, finally, anything in the biblical and rabbinic tradition which, applied today, was something more than a truism, a generality, a statement of the obvious? In those youthfully naïve days, when nuclear delivery time was still measured in bomber-hours rather than ballistic-minutes, we had not yet realized how very penetrating and radical statements of the obvious and proclamations of truisms would soon come to be.

How should we have imagined then that a simple call to trust one another would sound so revolutionary? That to declare the mass killing of hundreds of millions of human beings "no possible instrument of justice" would sound so radical? That to assert men's basic rights and dignity should prove so critical of present social organization on this earth?

Yet all these things have come to pass, and it is now painfully clear to us that the once obvious is no longer obvious. Values once taken for granted, limitations once readily assumed, are no longer to be taken for granted or assumed; this is the singular religious and ethical fact of our age. It was to this condition that the much loved and much lamented Pope John XXIII spoke in his encyclical "Pacem in Terris," and it is to this condition that every one of us also must now speak. The reassertion of simple things is today a radical task which every tradition must again attempt, and it is one modest effort in its barest beginning that I would offer in appreciation and tribute to Pope John's stirring execution of his task. By such an approach I trust that some of the broad areas of agreement with emphases of the papal encyclical will become evident.

Where shall we begin? Clearly with our sense of cosmic purpose, for it is only within that larger scheme that our own limited place can be ascertained and appreciated. Two brief statements, one biblical and one rabbinic, help me, for one, to gain some idea of where we are and what it is all about:

> . . . the Lord Who created the heavens
> (He is God!),
> Who formed the earth and made it
> (He established it),
> He did not create it a chaos,
> He formed it to be inhabited!
>
> In the hour when the Holy One,
> blessed be He,
> created the first man,
> He took him and let him pass
> before all the
> trees of the garden of Eden,
> and said to him:
> See My works, how fine and
> excellent they are!
> Now all that I have created,
> for you have I created.
> Think upon this, and do not
> corrupt and desolate
> My world:
> for if you corrupt it,
> there is no one to set it
> right after you.

Of course, how simple and obvious! The earth is meant to be inhabited, cared for, and enjoyed by us! Can anyone, in tranquil moments of the spirit, not know this? Yet the lulling din of daily pursuits somehow drowns out the echo of this plain proclamation of planetary purpose, and it is only at moments of keen hearing that we reawaken to the appalling fact that the military means by which we now seek to attain certain ends jeopardize the very existence of human life on this planet so precious to us.

It is true, of course, that violence was resorted to and war waged throughout human history, often with religious sanction. But neglected in such a statement is the fact that classical Judaism was quite specific in limiting the application of violence for human ends, for it was well aware, even in those technologically primitive times, of the frightening uncontrollability of weapons and the tragic tendency of violence to become indiscriminate and unbounded.

It is well known and often asserted, for example, that Judaism recognized the preservation of one's own life as a primary duty. Less well known, however, is the clear rabbinic limitation set upon violations of the religious code in accomplishing this.

> In every other law of the Torah, if a man is commanded, "Transgress and suffer not death," he may transgress and not suffer death, excepting idolatry, incest, and shedding blood. . . . Murder may not be practiced to save one's life. . . . Even as one who came before Raba and said to him, "The governor of my town has ordered me, 'Go and kill so and so; if not, I will slay thee.' " Raba answered him, "Let him rather slay you than that you should commit murder; who knows that your blood is redder? Perhaps his blood is redder."

It is also well known that Judaism recognized the right of a person to defend himself against an attacker, to the point of killing him if necessary. Not so often noted, however, is the strict limitation of means imposed even upon this plain act of self-defense.

> It has been taught by Rabbi Jonathan b. Saul: If one was pursuing his fellow to slay him, and the pursued could have saved himself by maiming a limb of the pursuer, but instead killed his pursuer, the pursued should be executed on that account.

The same limitation, incidentally, applies also to a bystander who, witnessing such a murderous pursuit, is enjoined to intervene on behalf of the pursued. He too, if he needlessly slay rather than maim the assailant, is regarded as deserving execution because of that excess.

This same insistence upon limitation characterizes authoritative biblical and rabbinic rulings concerning the waging of war. Massive destruction of population and resources may have been thinkable, but it was clearly unacceptable to traditional Judaism.

> When seige is laid to a city for the purpose of capture, it may not be surrounded on all four sides but only on three in order to give an opportunity for escape to those who would flee to save their lives . . .
>
> When in your war against a city you have to besiege it a long time in order to capture it, you must not destroy its trees, wielding the ax against them. You may eat of them, but you must not cut them down. Are trees of the field human to withdraw before you under siege? Only trees which you know do not yield food may be destroyed. . . .

Can one imagine such a tradition sanctioning modern nuclear warfare or even modern "conventional" warfare? I cannot. Nor can I imagine it sanctioning the "mere" act of preparing for such modes of conflict. Genuine preparation, after all, is predicated upon the possibility of use in extreme circumstances, "credibility" being essential to a policy of deterrence. But if, as seems clear to me, the use is quite outside the bounds of permissibility in any circumstances whatsoever, the preparation itself is also illicit.

Pope John found it "hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice." Many of us in other traditions, basing ourselves on authoritative teachings of our own traditions, subscribe wholeheartedly to the finding that modern war

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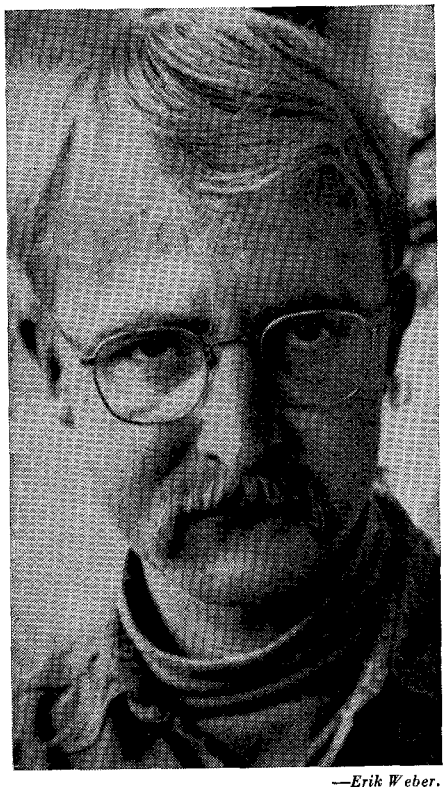

—Erik Weber.

Richard Brautigan — "promise after promise."

with a hip narrator-observer, presumably the author, who himself is something less than an IBM card-carrying conformist.

The result is a comic valentine from the subterraneans that rattles on like a tattoo on a bongo drum. Saroyan, Kerouac, and the ghost of Sherwood Anderson may have been looking over Brautigan's shoulder as he shaped his prose. For there is talent here. There is also a Look, Ma, I'm Dancing atmosphere, along with an extremely limited, four-letter-word shock vocabulary, which Brautigan, like so many young writers, relies on to make his emphasis, but which has long ceased to be emphatic. Here it's a drag that tends to erase whatever originality and freshness this young writer might have contributed to the Beat scene.

All the way through this short novel there is promise after promise that it will emerge a solid satire on Beat literature. But they are undelivered, and the result is fiction as innocent and dreary as a home-made fun movie. Better luck, and better discipline, next time.

Time and a River: After the vigorous sweep of *Where the High Winds Blow* (his best book) and the joyful lunacy of *Winter of Madness*, David Walker has returned to the quiet unpretentiousness, the apparently deliberately minor key of some of his well-written, skilful, but slight early novels. There is something very British—and very annoying—about this control of Walker's. In *Mallabec* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95) he uses all the classic ingredients of great tragedy—love, infidelity, jealousy, murder, guilt—but the brew he mixes with them tastes as mild as a polite drawing-room punch.

The story concerns the tangled lives and emotions of two families, recorded at two points in time more than twenty years apart. The Mallabec, the river that flows through John Hyde's New Brunswick fishing camp, is the symbolic thread across these years and between the two generations. Just as the peaceful Mallabec explodes at one point into vicious rapids, one waits for the other, and real, thread of the story—John Hyde's guilt—to snap and provide the novel's climax.

Hyde and his wife, Moira, return to the fishing camp in 1962 for the first time since 1939. Living near them is a young couple called Talbot, and they discover that Kate Talbot is the daughter of their neighbors of those twenty-odd years before. With the arrival of Hyde's son, Robin, and his immediate attachment to Kate, the circle begins to close. The emotional entanglement that led these two families into tragedy in 1939 is being repeated: the explosion can only be a question of time.

There should be a terrible tension, an unbearable passion permeating this plot, but Walker's characters are only unbearably mild and civilized. One of them says, of Hyde: "The natural world is John's real world, more real to him than people." And so it seems to be with Walker. He writes beautifully, movingly, of the river and the forest and the animal life around the Mallabec, but against the vivid colors and impressive dimensions of nature his people move like shadows.

This will probably be a popular book, as most of David Walker's have deservedly been, but what a pity that such a talented writer doesn't reach a little further beyond his easy grasp. If he would only let loose the passions of his characters, he might give them a chance to compete with a tension-filled plot and a superbly drawn background of vivid nature. —Eric Moon.

Candy with a Camera?: If *The Shy Photographer*, by Jock Carroll (Stein & Day, $5), succeeds it will be a triumph of marketing over contents. The dust-jacket is done in solid black with a pair of white eyes peering out quizzically. The title is in scorching red with the word "SHY" in blush pink. Across the bottom in white is this unnecessary—but, oh, so vital—information: "The Olympia Press Series Edited by Maurice Girodias, original publisher of CANDY and LOLITA." The back of the dust-jacket and the first words on the flap copy repeat the same legend.

To further sell the book, Stein & Day ask, on the flap copy again, "Have you read the Table of Contents? Have you read the one-page Foreword?" The contents page lists the chapter titles, all of which are the punch lines of locker-room jokes and all of which have next to nothing to do with the chapters themselves. The one-page Foreword is devoted to a brief scene in which a movie star fondles her breasts and discusses her brassière problems. It is a minor scene repeated later on verbatim in what—considering its build-up—is a surprisingly clean novel.

To quote again from the jacket: "They [*Infinity*, a photographers' magazine] said the only place you could buy it was at the bookstalls in Paris." Implying that the book was once banned over here, though all the statement is really saying is that when *Infinity* commented on the novel it had not yet been published in the U.S. I cannot imagine that this novel, originally issued under the title *Bottoms Up*, could disturb any group enough to cause them to attempt to ban it. There is more sexual harm in a sample vial of the cheapest French perfume than there is in all 254 pages of *The Shy Photographer*.

But enough of what the novel isn't. What it is is the picaresque story of Arthur King, a twenty-year-old virgin from the backwoods of Canada who wins a $25 Honorable Mention for a picture he took with his box camera. On the basis of this Arthur heads for the USA and a career as a photographer with *Light* magazine. Arthur doesn't drink, smoke, listen to off-color jokes, or hold any but the purest thoughts toward the opposite sex. By the end of the novel Arthur is selling out left and right. His improbable adventures along the Primrose Path are used by the author to satirize the American success story, the attitudes of the artist toward society, the journalistic world in general. The result at best is a good-natured, harmless spoof; at worst, it is dull, predictable, and devoid of sparkle.

—Haskel Frankel.

Dreadful Solitude: Offhand, it would be difficult to think of a more unpromising plot than one that concerns a truckdriver who chooses to retrieve his imbecile daughter from a sanitarium and raise her in the slums of Marseilles. Thanks, however, to a pungent setting and the original character of the father in *A Child Possessed* (Harper & Row, $4.95), R. C. Hutchinson has turned a faintly distasteful theme into an interesting novel.

Stepan Lopuchine is a Russian of educated and aristocratic background. Because he believes that reality can only be found among the poor, he is by choice a lorry driver whose home is a bare room in a slatternly Marseilles boarding house. In his past is a broken

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The Dream of Finding Reality

The Smile on the Face of the Lion, *by P. M. Pasinetti (Random House. 341 pp. $5.95), zeroing in on Italy's jet set, reveals puppets who talk but do not communicate. Sergio Pacifici, is co-editor of "Homage to Dante."*

By SERGIO PACIFICI

THIS second novel by P. M. Pasinetti is linked to his first—*Venetian Red,* published in 1960—by a world that is basically the same. Here again the writer takes us into a milieu that he knows firsthand and, at the same time, demonstrates his skill in using the latest narrative techniques—even though his work is, structurally speaking, traditional—to define what he regards as the central problems of contemporary existence: the general collapse of human values, the decay of the meaning of personal relationships, and man's loss of the sense of reality. It is not for nothing that time and again we are invited to ask, with his characters: What *is* relevant in today's confused world?

The hero of this curious tale, Bernardo Partibon, is engaged in a Proustian quest. Despite his magnetic personality, his worldly experience, and his extraordinary success as an art dealer and interior decorator, Bernardo is far from being a happy man. He is haunted by his past, bewildered by the present, uncertain about the future. He is also a pathetic failure as a human being, as his two marriages and numerous but meaningless love affairs eloquently attest. "You must really be a big mess," comments one of his mistresses. Yet Bernardo is determined to straighten his life out: his trip to Italy will enable him to visit old places, renew contacts with the living and the dead and, hopefully, discover new reasons to go on living by coming to grips with what he is and how he got to be that way.

Bernardo is at once immensely cosmopolitan and incredibly "provincial." The world in which he moves and operates with admirable ease stretches all the way from Santa Monica to mid-Manhattan art galleries, from the snobbish houses of Roman and Venetian *haute* society, to the intimacy of his mother's flat in Corniano. Familiar with many countries, at home nowhere, Bernardo is tenaciously anchored to the traditions of his native city, hopelessly caught in his own stories, and in a past he would do better to leave alone. Painfully, with an obstinacy bordering on madness, he tries to piece together a fragmented life—only to find that it is infinitely more sordid and wretched than the one from which he has been desperately trying to escape.

The numerous links connecting all his friends are ultimately irrelevant, for there exists no true bond between them. Superficially original and "free" in their actions, Pasinetti's characters (an Italian version of the "jet set") are ultimately conformists *sui generis,* for they too must obey the conventions and rules that govern any social group or clan. What does emerge out of the confusion that surrounds them all is an absorbing tableau of automatons, of puppets who talk but do not communicate, exist but do not live, make love without loving. The confusion Pasinetti so frequently mentions in his book is, in the last analysis, a confusion of human values and of human relations. And without resolving it, there cannot, alas, be anything but alienation.

—*Jerry Bauer.*

Pier Pasinetti—"tableau of automatons."

Rebels in the War with Life

A Confederate General from Big Sur, *by Richard Brautigan (Grove. 159 pp. $3.95), follows a former Meridian, Miss., lad as he drifts along the Monterey coast on a tide of misfits. It is an area well known to William Hogan, book editor of the San Francisco Chronicle.*

By WILLIAM HOGAN

RICHARD BRAUTIGAN's comedy of disaffiliation, *A Confederate General from Big Sur,* is a quaint, if unnecessary, contribution to the California Beat literature. Lurching between North Beach and the Henry Miller stretch of the Monterey coast, it focuses on a place of unwashed Peter Pans and the beautiful nihilism around them. However, more interesting than the main hip stereotypes who dominate this exercise in literary pop art are Brautigan's thrown-away characters—some of whom enter the proceedings for only a line or two. They are Saroyanesque: Thelma, the world's ugliest waitress; an eighty-four-year-old lady who lives on a pension of thirty-five cents a month; the owner of an abandoned house who is the current Class C ping pong champion of a rustic insane asylum. And the chief character's late great-grandfather, one General Augustus Mellon, CSA, who died the year of Halley's comet, and who may not have been a general at all.

But there is none of Saroyan's Armenian Christianity here to help make Brautigan's characters jell and breathe. The potentially interesting ones dissolve before they are formed. What remains are malformed grotesques who should be amusing creatures (for, as a writer, Brautigan is not without charm and exuberance), but, damn it, they never are.

Lee Mellon, whose adventures we are required to follow here, is a former Meridian, Miss., lad who considers himself to be something of a rebel general in the war with life. A onetime Kansas tractor driver who boned up on Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Kant before he drifted West on a tide of misfits, Mellon has a gift for getting his teeth knocked out and now is content to roll rich queers for a living, if that's the word. He shares the whole nonexperience of Beat life, sex, and the Monterey shore

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here"; and yet, for all the uncertainties of human existence, there is one truth: "we are, somehow we are." Whether or not we find satisfaction in Bronk's philosophy, his poetry of statement impresses with its clarity and precision of language; it manages to make metaphysics a subject of human emotion rather than a grand abstraction.

The first volume of poetry by Alvin Feinman comes highly recommended, with comparisons to Wallace Stevens and warnings of difficulty. Both points are well taken. In simple technical craftsmanship, *Preambles and Other Poems* (Oxford University Press, $3.75) gives no evidence of a "new" or "untried" poet. Its rhythms are appropriate; its images present uncontrived metaphysical associations. Occasionally a word or sentence jars ("The stern/Adequation I required of my eye"), but there are abundant felicities to compensate ("The end of the private mind/was in stone . . . ."). Everywhere there is Stevens's passionate quest for order through imagination, and if the subject calls for constant effort and attention, they are well spent.

While, as Lincoln Kirstein says, his *Rhymes of a PFC* (New Directions/Weatherhill, $3.50)—another first volume—owes something to Robert Service and Kipling, its greater indebtedness is to Browning's *personae* and Kirsten's own ironic point of view. Mainly through *personae*, Kirstein carries his personal narrative of World War II from the routines of training camp to British bases and French and German battlegrounds. Unheroic diction, deliberately awkward meter, and anticlimactic rhyme deflate the grandeur of modern warfare and emphasize the common soldier's concern for "making out" and "making do." In ballads, themselves a descent from Homeric epics, Kirstein finds that narrow area in which the individual can comprehend through the immediacy of physical and spiritual wounds, the enormity of events otherwise beyond his understanding.

For all the casual language, there is a precision of metaphor; for all the quietness, a moving force, and for all the commonplace experiences, a genuine significance in Vern Rutsala's first book, *The Window* (Wesleyan University Press, paperback, $1.85). Rutsala is a poet of the very real world, telling what it means to get out early in the morning and carry on the monotonous routine of the day, describing how it feels to settle in a new house, expressing the emotions accompanying birth and love and death. Even his titles—"Gardening," "Late," "Fear," "Illness at Home"—bear the mark of everyday occurrences. But when he talks of "Wallpaper/ [that] has memorized/ the places where/ their pictures hung" or "official portraits taken/ every ten years to falsify appearances," it is not merely authenticity but understanding and wisdom that speak out.

Add to these four books Miller Williams's *A Circle of Stone* (Louisiana University Press, $3.50), Thomas Whitbread's *Four Infinitives* (Harper & Row, $3.50), and Claire McAllister's *Arms of Light* (Knopf, $4)—all respectable first achievements—and Dickey's Jeremiad certainly seems excessive.

Had I nothing but this quarter's anthologies to judge by, however, I might indeed share Dickey's gloom. Each, despite the best intentions, fails in its purpose. *Of Poetry and Power* (Basic Books, $5.95) brings together "Poems Occasioned by the Presidency and by the Death of John F. Kennedy." Thoroughly representative, ranging from the academicians to the street singers, including the British "Movement" and the American *avant-garde*, offering the great names as well as those known only to initiates, its effect remains inadequate to the occasion, the book no more than a contrivance. No one has the right to demand a "Lycidas," an "In Memoriam"; but in a volume dedicated to a man whose life was poetry how disappointing it is to find no more than a few lines worthy of being called poetic.

Walter Lowenfels's *Poets of Today* (International, $5) emphasizes the social consciousness of the Left. Academic poets are excluded for their dedication to the Establishment; Beats are represented by uncharacteristic excerpts. For the audience Lowenfels anticipates—the "divine average"—the choice is intentionally didactic. While applauding his decision to give voice to poets rarely or never heard in a large public forum, I cannot agree that they constitute a genuine American *avant-garde*. As in the poems Lowenfels offers from Alvah Bessie and Dalton Trumbo, the sentiments are authentic, the qualities of verse too often inadequate.

EVEN less can be said for *Six American Poets* (Harvard Book Co., $2), which is more message than poetry. Its interest lies in its attacks on the Establishment, its attempts to liberate man from false values and to find survival in a world that easily prompts despair. Except for occasional Whitmanesque sounds by Roberts Blossom and infrequent epigrammatic pointedness by B. A. Uronovitz, the result is not poetry.

Let me not end on a sad note in a quarter that has had much to offer. Two critical studies and one translation make a happy conclusion. Joan Bennett's perceptive introduction to the metaphysical poets has not been diminished by the years since its appearance in 1934. Available now with an additional chapter on Andrew Marvell, properly placed at the culmination of the tradition, *Five Metaphysical Poets* (Cambridge University Press, hardbound, $3.75; paperback, $1.45) provides a reliable guide to a poetry that has come to be recognized as a major achievement in English literature. Containing sympathetic general articles and more detailed consideration of specific poems, *Auden: A Collection of Critical Essays*, edited by Monroe K. Spears (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), attempts to rescue the poet's reputation from attacks by Marxists, Leavisites, and secular liberals. For me it does not succeed, but it is a good try.

The translation is J. B. Leishman's bilingual edition of Rilke's *New Poems* (New Directions, $6.75). In 1907-8, under the Parisian influences of Rodin and Cézanne, Rilke turned from romanticism to a poetry that combined "outwardness and . . . inwardness," "objecttivity and subjectivity," "realism and symbolism." The result was one of the great events in modern poetry.

"Say, maybe we could book it as a kind of anti-lung-cancer act."

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tors. To what was lost, the sense of "first things and the power/and the ignorance that go to the receiver/of first things only," he finds an approach through the sweet and pain that inform the memory; and yet he discovers some satisfaction in being the first of his kind, speaking more than one language, speaking his own "in a way courts wouldn't laugh at." Ciardi can assess old friends like John Holmes, not ignoring their weaknesses while he expresses elegiac praise. With irony he can appraise the ciphers of the world—the filing clerk, the "girl in/no body worth wanting"—so that pathos overcomes ridicule. What it comes to, I guess, is that the poetry is the honest and effective expression of a man.

Although the personality of Robert Duncan that comes through in his poetry fails to arouse my admiration, I do appreciate his great poetic gifts. In *Roots and Branches* (Scribners, paperback, $1.95) he displays his vast talent, extending from disciplined academic poetry to the free-swinging, far-ranging methods of the San Francisco renaissance. Whatever his obligations to a literary past, he has developed away from the traditional, arranged it to new sounds, as in "Shelley's *Arethusa* Set to New Measures" or "Variations on Two Dicta of William Blake." At the same time, personal experience provides poetic awareness that informs such poetry as the sequence addressed to H.D. If I have more than personal qualifications in my praise of Duncan, it is only because he sometimes stands too clearly between his work and the reader.

Unlike Duncan, Samuel Yellen belongs wholly to the academic world. Let me choose one poem, "The Wooden Tiger," to illustrate the allusive quality, the irony and wit, the controlled verse form that characterize his *New and Selected Poems* (Indiana University Press, $3.50). Here Blake is reworked to comment on the beast whose "fearful symmetry" "Some *mortal* hand [had] framed" a century ago. In contrasting the mortality of that artist whose "hand .../Has long since disappeared" with the greater permanence of his creation "prankishly left behind," Yellen plays upon Shelley's *Ozymandias*. And yet, like the figures on Keats's urn, the wooden tiger, able to continue its pursuit, can never attain its quest, "But it prowls forever powerless, cut off from its jungle." The result, a clever pastiche, intellectually amusing, conveying a meaningful point of view, never takes an altogether unfettered poetic flight.

It is some distance from Yellen's academic groves to David Ignatow's uncloistered world. Ignatow is a nature poet who writes about the jungle of the city where rape and murder are the flora and fauna. Violence strikes at street corners and in narrow, dark alleys. Instead of peasants prancing on the grass winos and hop-heads roll on pavements; the atmosphere is redolent of their urinary release in moments of escape from a world that is too much with them. For Ignatow metaphor cuts through to reality, and, indeed, the knife is the chief symbol of his dramatic gestures. The old poems in *Figures of the Human* (Wesleyan University Press, hardbound, $4, paperback, $1.85) have fleeting touches of sympathy; the new ones are almost invariably savage in tone.

The late Oscar Williams shared Ignatow's view of contemporary life. Images of personal and spiritual loneliness in the Machine Age dominate his *Selected Poems* (October House, $4.50). It is a chromium age of false emotions in which

"Whatever we die of, we shall never die of compassion...." Before we do die (Williams chants, like a modern Thoreau) let us at least be sure we have lived; let us "walk out with naked feet" or "run naked down miles of disapproval." His poetry is romantic protest against the debilitating effects of a materialistic civilization. Honest in statement, interesting if not novel in imagery, it lacks the radical departure from conventional forms necessary to achieve poetic distinction.

From England come two books widely disparate in technique and merit. Perhaps the most interesting thing about B. S. Johnson's *Poems* (Chilmark, $3.50) is its use of syllabic rather than stress meters. Johnson employs it to "help him to use colloquial speech patterns," which itself seems no virtue in his already understated, unpoetic verse. Typically, his poems depend on inversions of expected conclusions; but the method is lost in the unexciting quality of his verse, so that his twists are diminished into neat little turns around tidy and uninspiring corners.

Like the other British "Movement" poets, Philip Larkin writes a kind of muted verse, but its effectiveness contrasts sharply with Johnson's failure. Larkin's quiet tones express the anti-heroic sentiments most natural to the modern temperament. It is a poetry of realism, earnest in its search for truth, blunt or ironic in its assessment of life, and more literal than metaphorical in its statements. The *Whitsun Weddings* (Random House, $4), with its attacks on the Establishment, its concern for the ordinary experience, including common materials of work and labor, constantly recalls Wordsworth—not the poet but the literary prophet. In a way that Wordsworth preached but never truly practiced, Larkin is committed to portraying life in the language of the people, presenting the ordinary in an unusual way. Success, then, must come not in the number of quotable lines but in the full texture of the poem, in its ability not merely to convey convincingly the feeling of marriage à la middle-class mode but to comment significantly upon the emptiness of the ceremonial. Resembling such colleagues as Robert Conquest and Donald Davie, Larkin has his own special quality, what he himself calls "vivacious melancholy," a haunting sense of time and death drawn out of the most trivial subjects. It is a quality of soul that marks him as a poet.

Three other books from England require only brief comment: *Man Does, Woman Is* (Doubleday, $3.95), new poems by Robert Graves, provides material that will no doubt be sifted out in the next edition of his continually changing *Collected Poems*; Elizabeth Jennings's *Recoveries* (Dufour, $3.50) deserves note for an interesting sequence of prose-poems, and Thomas Blackburn's *A Breathing Space* (Dufour, $3.50) for its honest although somewhat clumsy attempt at self-analysis.

Larkin's book, however, recalled Dickey to my mind. Since I share his opinion that Larkin is the best of the "Movement" poets, I worried that Dickey might be right after all about the present state of the art. I approached four first volumes of poetry with renewed caution, only to emerge again with greater optimism.

More than most collections of poetry, William Bronk's *The World, the World-less* (New Directions/*San Francisco Review*, $3) possesses an unbroken thematic unity. Existential anguish links poem to poem, so that lines from one might easily be coupled with those of another. It is not, however, a poetry of despair, for it begins with an acceptance of the fact that "We are here. We are here," and it recognizes our need "to make/a world for survival. . . .," since "One is nothing with no world." But Bronk will not settle for man's comfortable, conventional falsities and pretenses. For religious orthodoxy and promises of salvation he holds no hope: "Nothing is coming but what is already

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of information on our aid to the Allies. Morgenthau was all over the place, but mostly in the forefront since his department had to deal with British and French financing and was the legal locus too of some of the instruments of economic warfare. The President also gave Morgenthau added powers over procurement. The Secretary of the Treasury tried to do what he thought was right, what Roosevelt asked him to do, and what he thought Roosevelt would want him to do had the latter been ready to face certain issues more directly. In the process Secretary Morgenthau stirred up a good bit of trouble in Washington. Right or wrong, he made things move.

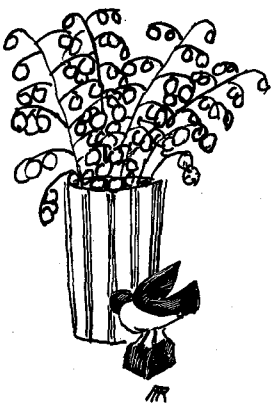
While there is undoubtedly little to be said in rebuttal to his criticisms of the War Department under Woodring, the State Department presumably had better reasons for some of its action (or inaction) than the explanations Morgenthau cites. Nevertheless, there can be no real doubt about the importance of his contribution to the national interest and to the ultimate Allied victory. Morgenthau's influence was altogether in the right direction, and he was well in advance of anyone of comparable rank. In the interplay of forces that determined government policy his was a goad we can all be thankful for.

THE issues were complex. It was often hard to aid Britain or France without violating the neutrality laws. Even those who favored assistance usually wanted to be sure it would help the United States stay out of war. To prove that the British were broke might make it illegal to let them place more orders. To paint the Allied cause too black would convince some that the supplies had best be kept at home because they might be desperately needed; moreover, the sale of a few planes could set an American training program back by months. General Marshall pushed himself to the limits of his conscience to declare weapons "surplus." Yet, to an extraordinary degree it was British and French armament orders that enabled U.S. military production to expand before Congress was ready to appropriate adequate funds.

It was a time when honest men, men of good will, were troubled, confused; and some of their reasoning looks bizarre to us now. They were involved, too, in subterfuge and prevarication on a scale that most of us have forgotten. It was a fault of our society that they had to be, and a blessing that they were. Professor John Morton Blum has employed the Morgenthau materials skilfully to remind us of a whole era, and to give us a sharp closeup of certain facets of it as seen by one of the principal participants.

A Way to Say What a Man Can See

By ROBERT D. SPECTOR, *associate professor of English at Long Island University in New York.*



ALARMED by James Dickey's *The Suspect in Poetry* (The Sixties Press, $2), I turned cautiously to this quarter's books. Dickey warns that poetry at all times "brings into being a truly remarkable amount of utter humbug, absolutely and uselessly farfetched and complex manipulation of language." What then could I expect to find in the genre, now further dulled by Yvor Winters's "academic homilies," isolated from the real world by Van Wyck Brooks's and Robert Penn Warren's remoteness, and debased by the Beats' artlessness? Which poets could be trusted after exposure to the pernicious influences of Wallace Stevens's "mannered artificiality" and William Carlos Williams's "prosiness"? The Lamont Prize, the Yale Series of Younger Poets—what do they mean? "Infallible badge[s] of mediocrity." Nothing there but "dismal" poetry, written to be judged rather than experienced.

Well, it proved to be not so bad as all that. My first selection restored my confidence, for, despite Dickey's contempt for Robert Lowell's later work, to me Lowell seems America's best poet, and constantly improving. And *For the Union Dead* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95) contains some of his best poetry. Maintaining that intense scrutiny of life which characterized his earliest writing, he has developed as well a craftsmanship that turns seemingly casual expression into profound comment. Nothing is wasted, nothing extraneous. The rhetorical flourishes—fine enough in themselves in "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket"—have now yielded to a sharper irony and understatement as he evokes a sense of the lost past in poems like "For the Union Dead," "The Old Flame," and "Florence." Through simple descriptions of apparent trivialities—water beating against rocks or a couple walking in a public garden—Lowell implies personal tragedy, particularly failures in human relationships. Correspondences between past and present, between places and people, between nature and man, become the poet's means of trying to understand himself, to universalize his own experience.

After Lowell I dropped Dickey from my mind to concentrate instead on the quarter's poetry. Whatever support it might offer to Dickey's suspicions, it included as well a proper share of work to be admired.

Everybody has a favorite poet, one without greatness but one who somehow sings naturally to him in a shared key. For me it is Winfield Townley Scott, born in Haverhill, Mass., now living in Santa Fe. The names, themselves like a poem, tell a great deal about his poetry, strong in a New England way, yet not parochial or regional but, rather, common to the American grain. In *Change of Weather* (Doubleday, $2.95) Scott continually seeks to discover that true self to which he must be faithful. Addressing his literary ancestors, he declares, "If we are worthy to follow you we should seem/Strange and annoying to you. . . ." Rereading the works of William Carlos Williams and seeking "Ways to be/More casual in the poem," he realizes that it must not be imitation, "Not . . . a way to write," for style is a personal thing. The obligation of the poet, Scott says, is "to see better and/ So to write it better. Most of all to stay alive," and to be oneself. His is a good self, yielding convincing portraits of American types, properly juxtaposing the lofty and ordinary, using lyric forms to narrate a lifetime's experiences and relationships.

John Ciardi is another poet who stirs me personally, perhaps beyond the objective merits of his work. In *Person to Person* (Rutgers University Press, $3.50) virility joins with gentle sensitivity in a way that I particularly admire. Tough-minded and realistic, Ciardi knows who and what he is, what he likes and feels, and he is not afraid to express his emotions and opinions. Trimming the branches of a tree, he can measure the distance between his intellectualized existence and the manual life of his ances-

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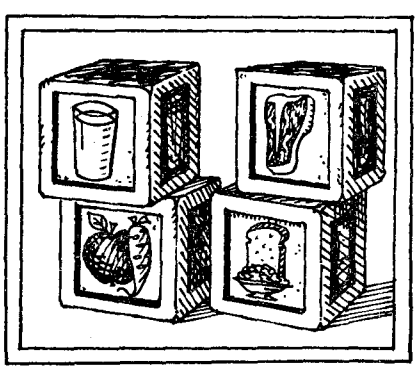
It's up to you!

Parents who are really interested in the health and happiness of their children cannot ignore the importance of cultivating good eating habits. Allowing a child to overeat or to eat a poorly balanced diet, with the hope that the child will ultimately outgrow these bad habits, is a good example of how some parents encourage the development of lifetime behavior patterns that cannot help but lead to unhappiness.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

There is nothing complicated about establishing a family meal pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet.



The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

Three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The four glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

Financing for Victory

From the Morgenthau Diaries: Years of Urgency 1938-1941, *by John Morton Blum (Houghton Mifflin. 443 pp. $7.50), the second of three projected volumes based on the personal records of FDR's Secretary of the Treasury, covers the period from the Munich Conference to Pearl Harbor. William Diebold, Jr., is senior research fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By WILLIAM DIEBOLD, JR.

AN OLD friend, neighbor, and helper of Franklin Roosevelt, Henry Morgenthau was believed by some of his Cabinet colleagues to have exceptional influence on the President. Perhaps he did; but, on the evidence of this book, that is not how it looked to Mr. Morgenthau. We see him worrying almost constantly about how to persuade Roosevelt to his views, and how to keep FDR committed once he has said yes. He watches closely the waxing and waning influence of others and notes the atmosphere of a session at the White House or the tone of a voice as intently as might the most minor political appointee (though probably with greater sensitivity). Several times—to friends and in his diary—he remarks that he is prepared to quit if he is overruled or undercut.

At one rather touching moment Morgenthau speculates that maybe the President wants him to go. Knowing better than most how FDR avoids telling people they are through and works around them instead, he appeals to Mrs. Roosevelt, who is sympathetic and reassuring. "I am quite sure that it is not correct that he wants to get rid of you," Morgenthau quotes her as saying, "because you can tell by little things that that was not so."

She praises a statement on taxes that Morgenthau reads to her, and agrees to talk to the President. Later Morgenthau interprets a passing remark and "a searching look" by FDR to indicate that the intervention has been successful; at any rate, he gets his way, at least in part, on taxes.

Taxes and other domestic matters occupy only two of the ten chapters in this book. "Recovery" remains the central problem for the New Deal. In the familiar conflicts within the Administration, Morgenthau sees himself as a kind of spokesman for business; but he bases his case for lower taxes largely on the theory that increased consumer demand will help bring prosperity—the best possible platform for a third term.

Years of Urgency is a prime source

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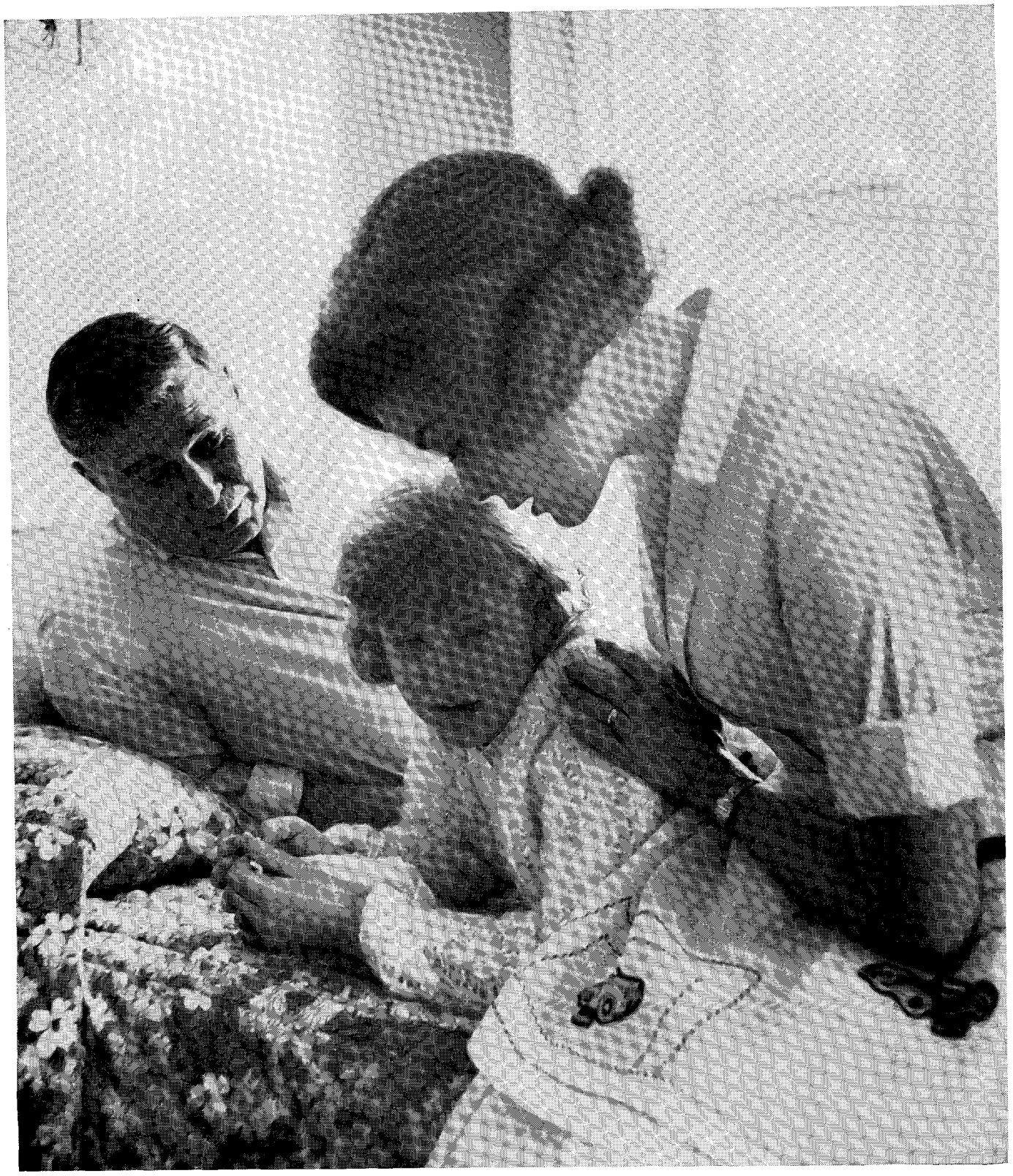

The kids at school call me "Fatty"!

HEARTBREAKING? Of course it is. Whoever introduced the notion that a fat child is a happy child never faced this situation.

Help end the cause of tearful homecomings like this one by establishing sensible eating habits for the whole family. For example, you can help bring meals into better nutritional balance with milk and other dairy foods because milk is an important source of essential food nutrients.

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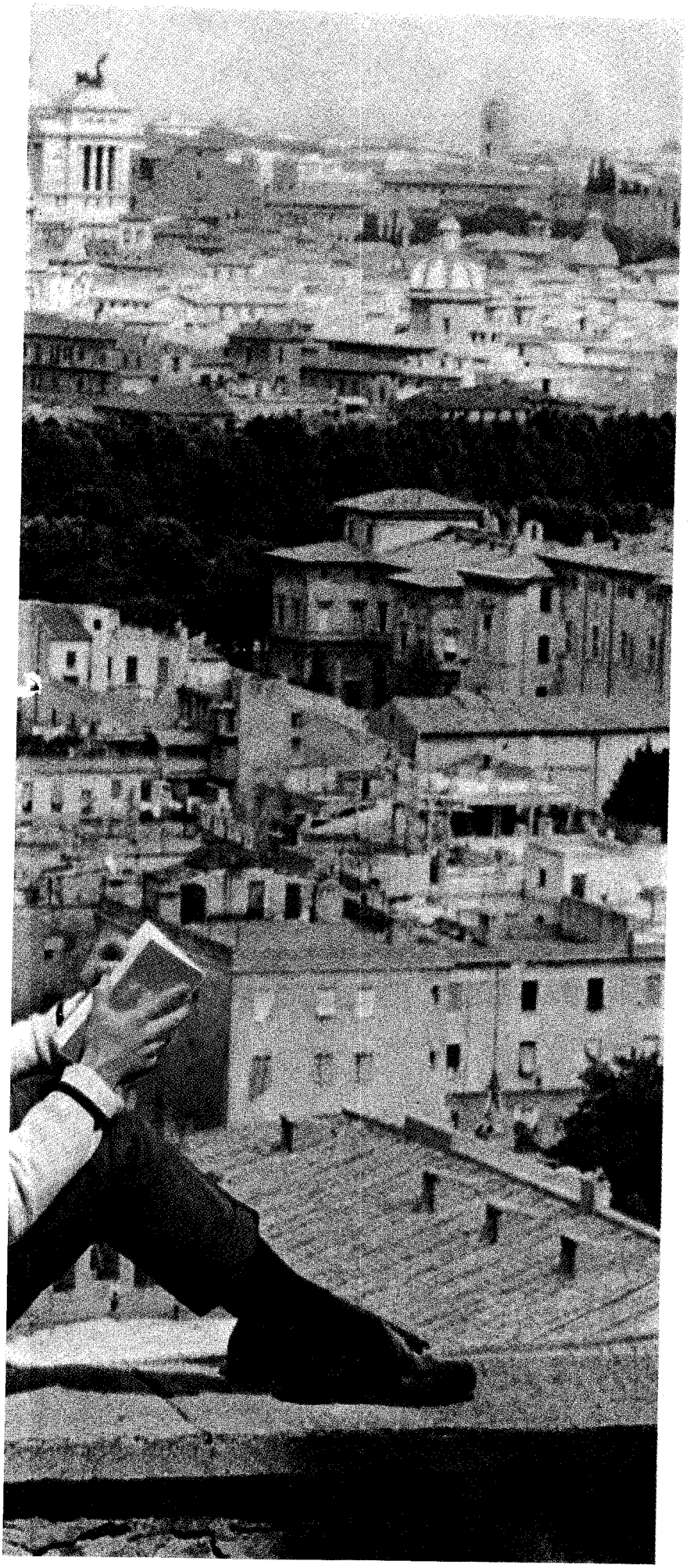

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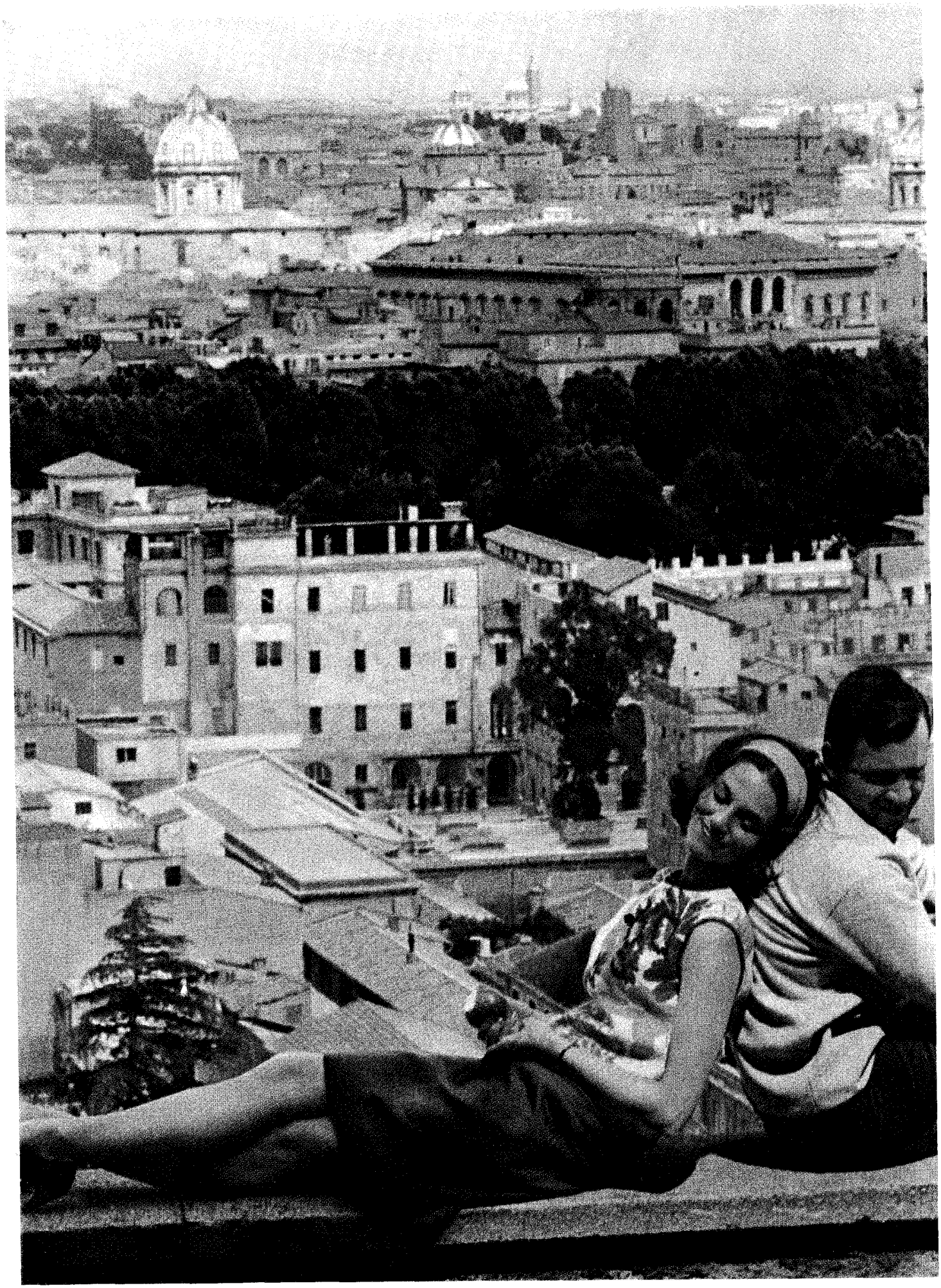

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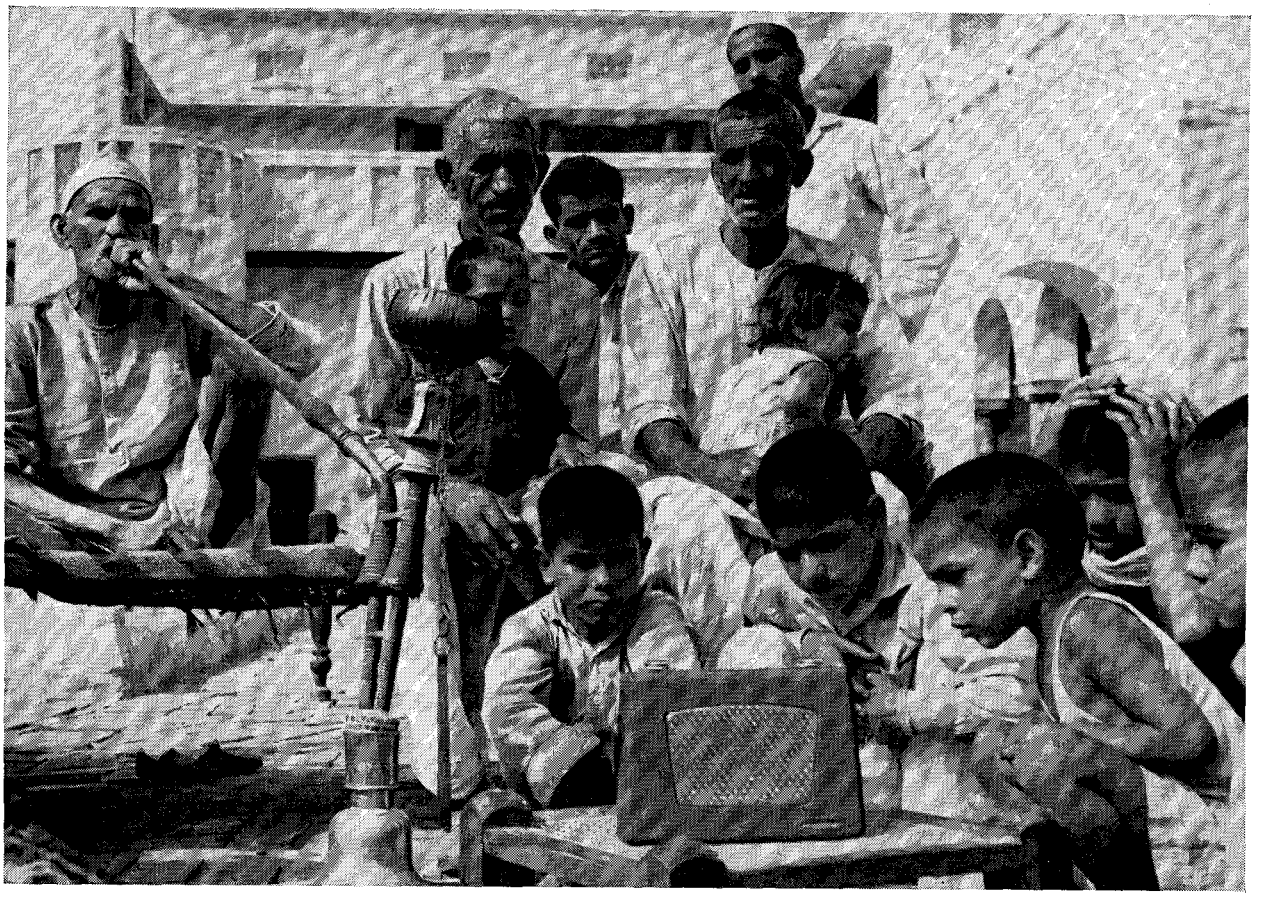

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The Soviet Power Shift

Political Succession in the USSR, *by Myron Rush (Columbia University Press. 223 pp. $5.95), analyzes the problem of transition from dictator to dictator in the Soviet Union. Harry Schwartz of the New York Times is author of the forthcoming book, "The Soviet Economy Since Stalin."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

THE DOWNFALL of Nikita S. Khrushchev found Myron Rush with a completed manuscript on the succession problem in the Soviet Union, but the study had not been prepared with the expectation that the event it looked forward to—the replacement of Khrushchev—would come so soon. We are all in debt to Mr. Rush and his publisher for having moved as quickly as they did to take account of the change and make the book available. That would not be true, of course, if this were merely a quickie hacked out to take advantage of the inevitable public interest in the Kremlin power situation following the ouster of the colorful last ruler.

The importance of Mr. Rush's volume arises from his thesis—which much history supports—that every period between the disappearance of one Soviet dictator and the final determination of his successor is inevitably a time of crisis in the Soviet Union. In that time of crisis, he argues, there is much greater flexibility in the Soviet regime than exists normally, and there is wider opportunity for outside nations to influence developments within the Kremlin's realm. At present, he believes, the Soviet Union's leadership is "more impressionable" than previously, and even gestures, such as state visits, can have an appreciable impact. Judging by recent developments, President Johnson and British Prime Minister Harold Wilson are acting on such an assumption. In stressing these potentials Mr. Rush is rightfully challenging the widespread notion that Soviet leaders "are like calculating machines that have been programmed according to the principles of Marxism-Leninism, and when given the politico-military facts of the world mechanically prescribe what must be done."

The body of the book, however, is concerned with the succession problem proper. Soviet life for most of the past forty-seven years has been dominated by rule of a dictator, but there is no provision for such a ruler in Soviet law and—a more serious flaw—no recognized, generally accepted means for passing on power. Khrushchev's problem arose from the fact that he tried to rule without terror and also to arrange for his succession on his own terms and at his own convenience. His failure in the latter effort—because, in part, of the impatience of his virtually designated successor, Leonid Brezhnev—may perhaps cause his ultimate successor to wonder whether it is really wise to rule without terror.

Khrushchev, like Stalin before him, tried to arrange for a successor, and at the same time avoid losing his power prematurely. The device both men employed was to have not only a candidate of their choice in the neighborhood but also what Mr. Rush calls a "counter-heir"—or rival—to lessen the possibility of the favorite's accelerating his accession to the throne. For Stalin, Malenkov was the heir-designate and Khrushchev the counter-heir. For Khrushchev the similar positions were occupied at the end by Brezhnev and Nikolai Podgorny. Clearly, Khrushchev came a cropper in large part because the counter-heir cooperated with the heir-designate in the successful conspiracy. Since the circumstances of Stalin's death are still unknown, the possibility that something similar happened in 1953 cannot be entirely ignored.

In the course of analyzing the intricacies of politics at the apex of the Soviet power structure Mr. Rush provides a good deal of useful and fascinating detail worth remembering as we follow the new regime in the months ahead. There is the role of the Ukrainian clique—men like Brezhnev, Podgorny, Kirilenko, Kirichenko, and others who served Khrushchev when he was master in Kiev and who progressed upward with him as he gained power in Moscow. There is the meteoric rise of Podgorny, Kirilenko, and Polyansky, who were not even candidate members of the Central Committee as recently as January 1956, but who today are among the key Moscow rulers. Most puzzling of course is why all or almost all of the chief beneficiaries of Khrushchev's helping hand double-crossed him last October.

For all its many virtues, this book is really only an introduction to the politics of the Kremlin. A large body of other evidence exists—some of it skilfully presented by Thomas W. Wolfe in his study of policy disputes on Soviet military matters—that sheds much light on the conflicts behind the scenes during the years of Khrushchev's rule. Mr. Rush seems to consider this material of subsidiary importance for he does not refer to it, but stresses instead the second word in his characterization of Khrushchev as a "limited dictator." Yet before his fall Khrushchev spoke to at least one American in terms that suggested he himself was often more conscious of the limits on him than of the power he commanded.

(*Book reviews continued on page* 45)

For Hildegarde Who Received for Christmas a Moon-Window in a Wall

By Jean Burden

HE let the tree in.
It was a gift few would have loved enough to make.
The wall itself
had been the first offering.
But enclosure was not enough.
(When is it ever enough?)
As though he had plunged his fist through the stones
he drew a circle about space
and let in the round air.
He brought before her eyes
a young maple,
gaillardia the color of sun,
and a sloping hill.
Being his own wizard,
he gave her an eye in the center of her sight;
and at night he gave her low stars,
and tree-frogs
leaping through the stone hoop.

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The New Continental Community

Decline and Rise of Europe: A Study in Recent History, with Particular Emphasis on the Development of a European Consciousness, *by John Lukacs (Doubleday. 295 pp. $4.95), envisions the nations west of the Iron Curtain being welded into a new greatness by cultural ties. J. Salwyn Schapiro, Professor Emeritus of History at the City University of New York, wrote "The World in Crisis" and "Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism."*

By J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

THE APPEARANCE after the First World War of Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West* created a worldwide sensation. Proclaiming the "decline and fall" of Europe, or the end of European history, Spengler's book was the forerunner of a number of volumes by other historians concerned with the same theme. Of these the latest is this work by John Lukacs. His study, however, differs from its predecessors in that Mr. Lukacs envisions a "rise" of Europe after its "decline."

Gifted with a speculative turn of mind, he propounds a thesis that he calls the "idea of Europe." According to it the peoples of the Continent, in spite of differences and conflicts, have had a common consciousness: they have adhered to common values—spiritual, cultural, social, and political. He develops this premise with cogent historical facts, with flashes of original thinking, and sometimes with exasperating challenges.

Mr. Lukacs holds that the historical development of the "idea of Europe" progressed from a religious through a political to a cultural bond. In the Middle Ages the "idea of Europe" was based on a religious unity, as Europe was then synonymous with Christendom. In early modern times the "idea of Europe" was political, envisaging a continent of independent nations united by the principle of the balance of power. And in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries "national consciousness," asserts Lukacs, "has been inseparable from the development of a European consciousness" that is fundamentally cultural.

For long "Europe" meant Western Europe; Russia was regarded as a separate region wedged in between Europe and Asia. Even after Russia entered the family of European nations in the nineteenth century she was, states Mr. Lukacs, *in* Europe, but not *of* it; since her cultural heritage and political and social systems have been unrelated to those of Western Europe, Russia cannot be regarded as an integral part of the European consciousness.

LUKACS describes how Europe, like ancient Rome, rose to be the center of world power. The expansion of what is really a peninsula of Asia is an amazing story of discovery of new worlds and of conquest of old ones. The nineteenth century witnessed the summit of Europe's dominance. European nations ruled nearly all of Africa, Asia, and Australasia. Descendants of Europeans ruled the Americas. European ideas, values, and systems had become universal.

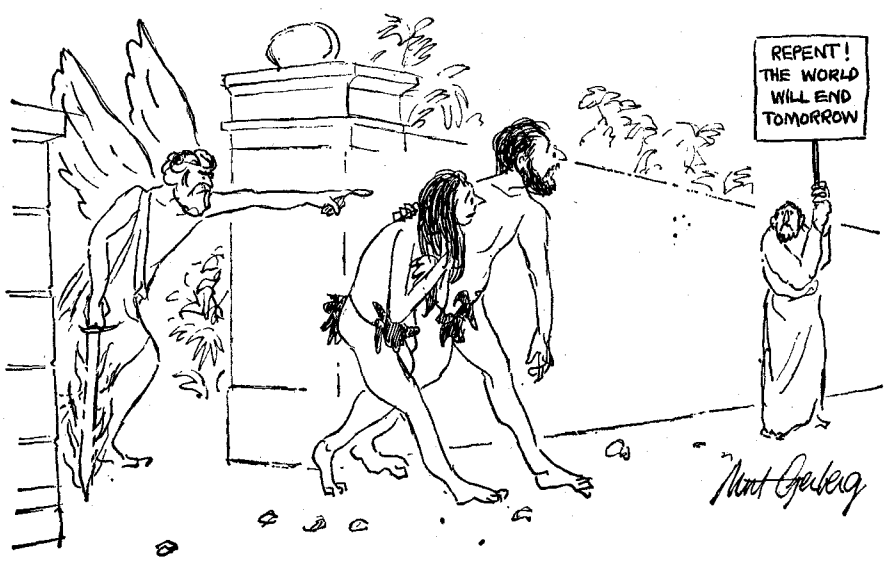
Unlike the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, which took more than three centuries, that of Europe was precipitous, requiring only some twenty-five years. It was brought about by the devastating effects of the two world wars, which were fought chiefly on the Continent and so weakened the European powers that their colonial empires broke away, in some instances almost without having to fire a shot. Europe itself was fragmented. Most of the east-central states fell under the control of the Soviet Union, which Lukacs vividly characterizes as "dark, anti-European, xenophobic, suspicious, and brutal." The Continent was now divided through the middle by the Iron Curtain. As before the nineteenth century, "Europe" again meant Western Europe.

Europe lay in ruins, on the verge of starvation. It was saved by the timely and generous aid furnished by America through the Marshall Plan, and by the protective shield of NATO against Soviet aggression.

A new Europe arose from the ashes of the old. The phenomenon of its miraculous economic recovery which the author calls the "rise" of Europe, astonished the world. The "idea of Europe" was transformed from national to international consciousness. A movement for unification, unprecedented in European history, arose with the establishment of economic Communities. Six nations—France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxemburg—forged bonds by organizing the European Community for Coal and Steel, the European Atomic Energy Community (Euratom), and the European Economic Community (Common Market). Economic unity was to serve as the first step toward political fusion in the form of a United States of Europe. Lukacs pays eloquent tribute to the founding fathers of the new Europe: the Frenchmen Jean Monnet and Robert Schuman; the Italian Alcide de Gasperi; the German Konrad Adenauer, and the Belgian Paul-Henri Spaak.

This new "idea of Europe," that of economic and political union, does not entirely meet Lukacs's hopes and expectations. He had envisaged it as one based chiefly on cultural ties. Hence he tends to denigrate the new Europe. His treatment of the Economic Communities is scrappy. He supports de Gaulle in the latter's opposition to a political union of the Six. The U.S. is suspect in Lukacs's eyes; he fears that the support given to the new Europe by America is motivated by a desire to dominate.

Despite these shortcomings, Mr. Lukacs's book is an important contribution to the study of Europe's development.



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English with Tears

THE American Translators Association, established in 1959, serves as a forum and clearing house for professional translators and "strives toward the goal of making the translator fully professional." This quotation, taken from the ATA's statement of purpose, can be translated, in its turn, to read in part: "and strives to get the translator decently paid for his work." For of all the stepchildren of publishing (and they are numerous) the translator is probably the most underpaid.

At the Fifth Annual Meeting of the association, held in Philadelphia late last year, plans were drafted for organizing a literary division (present membership consists almost entirely of technical translators), one purpose of which would be to draw up a "basic minimum contract" between translators and publishers, possibly in association with the Authors' League. Thus the profession is at last acknowledging the fact that writers recognized in the 1930s: prestige is no substitute for bacon.

At the present time literary translators are paid between $10 and $15 per 1,000 words of mss. A 100,000-word book, therefore, may net $1,300 for what can easily be a three-month job. By comparison, a translator of technical or scientific material, working through a contract agency, can command three to four times this fee; and since much of this work is done for the Government or the big corporations, price is seldom an obstacle. What's more, there is a sense of urgency about knowing what is in a Russian scientific journal that is lacking with the latest French novel, which indeed may turn out to be an anti-novel and better left untranslated.

Literary translators don't expect to match the technical specialists' rates, but they are convinced there is room for improvement. The question is whether publishers will move over. A translation fee is an added expense to what, in most cases, is already a marginal kind of book: not a few contemporary foreign novels, for example, sell less than 1,000 copies in their American editions, thus earning more for their translators than for the men who wrote the originals. An editor I know in one publishing house says frankly that too many books are brought over here from abroad. "Publishers travel much more than they used to," he explains. "They are wined and dined by a lot of foreign publishers, and when they get back home they discover that they have bought the rights to books for which there is no real market in this country."

In extenuation, the publisher is gambling on bringing at least one winning horse to the post out of a stable of, say, six or seven; but when he succeeds—with a best-seller such as *The Tin Drum*—the translator doesn't share in the purse, even though it may have been largely due to his skill that a difficult book (again, *The Tin Drum*, translated by Ralph Mannheim) is turned into an American success.

It is this unsatisfactory situation that inspired Alfred Knopf's proposal, addressed to the ATA meeting in Philadelphia, that translators receive a small percentage of the author's royalties. The idea is not without merit, especially from the publisher's point of view, since it would relieve him of paying a translation fee. Authors will probably take a dimmer view; and about translators I am not so sure. In many cases they would be worse off than they are now.

A more equitable solution might be to guarantee the translator a minimum fee, but cut him in on royalties after sales of the book reach a certain figure. In a sense, an arrangement along these lines is enjoyed by play translators, who have improved their status (and bank accounts) by calling themselves "adapters" and taking one-third of the American royalties. Nineteen years ago Lewis Galantiere, the distinguished critic and translator, adapted Jean Anouilh's *Antigone*. He has collected about $40,000, and is still receiving royalties. The point here is that, having contributed to the play's success in English, he has rightfully shared in the windfall.

Recently the Ford Foundation attacked the problem (sooner or later Ford attacks *all* problems) by a grant of $750,000 to establish a national translation center at the University of Texas, whose interest in advancing the art of translation was evidenced notably by a symposium of writers, publishers, and scholars they sponsored in 1959. The Foundation's grant will provide $150,000 a year for five years, to support four main activities: fellowships to writer-translators for projects requiring extensive work, and to promising younger writers for training in the art of translation; commissions for the translation of selected works at rates scaled to attract talented writers; an information service that will include an agenda of needed translations and a roster of skilled translators; sponsorship of reviews, for publication in recognized journals, that will evaluate the quality of translations of contemporary and earlier works. Publishers using the center's translations will be charged the normal competitive rate, and funds thus earned are to be used to commission additional works.

There are, it seems to me, two disadvantages to the plan. First, it attempts to solve by outright subsidy a problem that publishing should solve itself in its own economic frame of reference. Second, to be eligible for a Ford commission a book must have been published at least five years earlier in the original language.

But the plan does enhance the situation of the man who translates at least partly out of sheer respect for the author he is translating. Justin O'Brien, who has rendered Camus into English, would seem to fall into this category. Bernard Frechtman, an American living in Paris, translates Jean Genet in the spirit of a critic-interpreter; assisted by a professional translator W. H. Auden, without knowing a word of Swedish himself, "translated" Dag Hammarskjöld's *Markings* with a great deal of feeling; and, of course, Samuel Beckett translates himself—the perfect solution and, presumably, the perfect translation.

These, however, are exceptions. At present there are probably fifty literary translators in the United States, and of these no more than ten, by all estimates, earn a living at it. The small rewards have meant that even for these ten the profession has become a grind, so that many translations are carelessly made. Most publishers, therefore, employ someone to edit the translations. In the case of books originally translated in England, this may involve removing the Anglicisms and substituting our own colloquial expressions; but in altogether too many instances it simply means catching the obvious errors. Mrs. Judith Jones, who holds this post at Knopf, cites as an example the phrase "run down to the store and get a loaf." This is okay in French, but not in English. Mrs. Jones's job is to add: "of bread."

(*Continued on page* 78)

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countries now swallowed up in the great USSR. There continue to be references to genocide by the writers in exile. However, the monthly *Soviet Literature* looks at the Estonian novel and finds it sanguine in tone. For centuries Estonia has waited for the maturation that it now enjoys. Such novels as Rudolf Sirge's *Land and People*, Johannes Semper's *Red Carnations*, and Erni Krusten's *Hearts of the Young* are allegedly imbued with optimism over the fusion with Russia.

What about the Estonian novelists who managed to escape? What about Karl Ristikivi, for example, who made it to Sweden? According to *Soviet Literature*, the mere fact of exile dooms one's novels to failure and to implicit confessions of guilt. It takes as example Ristikivi's latest novel, *Night of Souls*: "The writer's present failure is doubly instructive. The novel's theme is tragic: it is bad to be in an alien home, a man cannot live without his country. In the admission of this tragedy there is of course a degree of confession of one's errors. . . . What we have is a man who has erred and whose life proceeds in a sort of dream." Writings in exile "lack synthesis" and "give no picture of life and society." Does this apply to Trotsky in Mexico and Marx in London?

The second volume of Mallarmé's correspondence, long planned by Henri Mondor, is appearing in France at this moment. It includes some 200 letters written by the poet between 1871 and 1885. Among these is an unusual tribute to the genius of Paul Verlaine, lines prompted by receipt (1884) of Verlaine's *Jadis et naguère* ("Yesteryear and Yesterday"), an omnibus collection of new and old poems, some dating back to 1867. This document is printed for the first time in *Le Figaro littéraire*, and we hasten to translate it:

19 December, 1884

My dear Verlaine, Your book read, reread, and learned; it is enclosed in my mind, unforgettable. Almost continuously a masterpiece, and disturbing as a demon's work. Who would have imagined, a few years back, that there was still so much in the French line-of-verse! I see: instead of plucking the chord at its fullest and with all the force of your finger, you caress it with your nail (forked even to claw it doubly) with a gay fury: and seeming scarcely to touch it, you skim it to death!

But what strikes me is the ingenuous look with which you adorn yourself to accomplish this delightful sacrilege; and before the wise wedding of your dissonances, to say: that's all there is to it, after all.

Your sense of true pitch, mental and physical, bewilders me. You can boast of having introduced our rhythms to an extraordinary destiny. And—leaving aside the astonishing, sensitive man that you are—it will never be possible henceforth to speak of the Verse without coming back to Verlaine. To sum it up, nothing seems less a caprice than your agile and sure guitarist-like skill; it exists; it imposes itself as the latest discovery in poetry.

Adieu, my dear friend. I am happy to know you are in the free air and rejoice that someone can breathe, especially when it is you. At the moment when, after long sorrow, I have felt somewhat free, an increasing enslavement has kept me at the school. It is to apologize for my delay in answering you that I tell you that I go straight there in the morning before daybreak and come straight back at night.

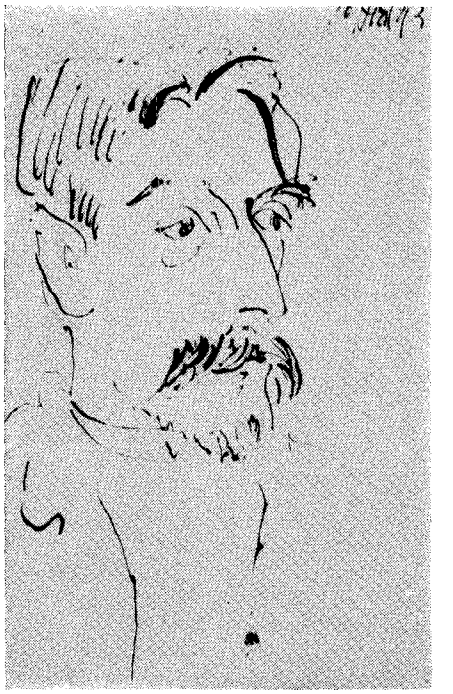
Yet I stick to my work like a dog to a bone, and I shall not finish without having bayed the moon sadly and given a few bites here and there, which will be remembered (not that it matters) by even those I miss. Thank you for this volume which we have talked about in the past at home among good fellows who love you.

Stéphane Mallarmé

The small but loyal group of old-timers who remember Colette with pleasure, and for whom the names of Claudine, Chéri, and Gigi evoke happy reading, will be pleased to know that the municipality of Paris has named a street after Gabrielle Sidonie Colette. But every such street newly named loses a name. Gourmets will be correspondingly unhappy to know that the rue de Beaujolais no longer exists.

Max Frisch's best-selling novel *Gantenbein* is already succeeded by another book almost as baffling, Herbert Heckmann's collection of twenty stories entitled *Schwarze Geschichten*. Like Frisch, Heckmann likes to improvise on the theme of identity. His stories concern another Max, one as ubiquitous as Kilroy and as changeable as Proteus. In "Die Fotografie" Max is a septuagenarian who hires a tutor to teach him reading and writing; in "Selbstmord" he is a man constantly attracted by the idea of suicide; in "Wer ist Wer" he is both himself and his Doppelgänger; in "Weltuntergang" he is only the wraith of a man who has hanged himself. The Thursday literary section of *Die Welt* is very happy about Herr Heckmann. "He has a cool, detached style which gives the absurd elements of his stories the illusion of being perfectly natural and a matter of course."

Poor, bedeviled John Cleland may yet become a benefactor to society. At least in the large cities like London and New York where infantile or perverted anonymous males telephone young women and titillate themselves by mouthing obscenities. It is obviously not too rewarding a perversion, since the startled young women usually hang up instanter. However, literature may solve this, like so many other social problems. For a few dollars these anonymous males may satisfy their libidos by buying an LP record of *Fanny Hill*, on which four lovelies with British names recite "all the lusty, intimate, climactic [sic!] excitement of this erotic masterpiece . . . about a forbidden world." However, there is a restriction. Psychos under twenty-one need not apply.



—*From a pen drawing by Picasso.*

Stéphane Mallarmé: "I shall not finish without having bayed the moon sadly...."

Remember the lady curator at Dr. Johnson's London home who used to flatter us by claiming that Americans know more about the portly lexicographer than do the English? J. A. Cochrane regains some lost prestige for the Crown by writing the first life (Routledge and Kegan Paul) of William Strahan, printer of Johnson's *Dictionary* and long-time friend of its compiler. Johnson was impressed by his personal qualities of "tenderness, benevolence, and liberality." So also was Benjamin Franklin, his "fellow journeyman-printer," and not even the Declaration of Independence broke up their friendship. Strahan was not merely a great personality, but also King's Printer and M.P. (he shocked Johnson by sleeping or reading during committee hearings). Publisher as well as printer, he put out some of the great books of his century, including Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Johnson's *Rasselas*, and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, for which work Smith was paid about £500, almost as much as Fielding received (without movie rights) for *Tom Jones*.

—Robert J. Clements.

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newspaper reports from Mississippi. Moreover, Chaze does not reduce the rights struggle into simple terms of good and bad. Whereas some of the white people are thoroughly despicable, others are well-intentioned and as moderate as they dare to be. Chris thinks: "If you subtracted the racial situation, there was no friendlier bunch of people on the face of the earth than the people of Catherine. But, of course, you couldn't subtract it. The disease was in terminal stage, inoperable."

Chaze has done a sound piece of journalistic fiction, both informative and exciting. He has some sex and plenty of violence, two of the standard ingredients of the popular novel. He has a nice feeling for the town he describes, and his people are credible, even if they are not presented in depth.

Is this the most one can expect from a novel that attempts to depict the race struggle at the peak of intensity it reached in 1964? I think that perhaps it is. Seen at such close range, the situation scarcely permits any subtlety of characterization. The responses of the reader are in large part determined by his own position on the race question, not by anything inherent in the novel. For the moment, this is the material of journalism, not of literature.

There is one strategy that is available to the writer who wants to create rather than to report, and that is to take some small segment of the struggle and make all that can be made of it. This is what Eudora Welty did in a remarkable story that appeared in *The New Yorker* and of which I have already written (*SR*, Aug. 3, 1963). Here we have the story of a white man who kills a Negro leader, told from the white man's point of view. There is no arguing, no moralizing, just the straightforward presentation of what goes on in the man's mind; but the story says more about the South today than I can find in Chaze's novel.

—Granville Hicks.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1123

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1123 will be found in the next issue.

FMR VTM TVPGODR RKRDNWE-

OMS OM QFXOWGBR RAVRZW

VETDTVWRD.

QWRMBETX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1122

A wise man will live as much within his wit as his income.

—Chesterfield.

The European Literary Scene

Italy has a rich dialect theater, and no one has done more to keep it alive than author-director-actor Eduardo de Filippo. Once again he has staged a new play in Naples. If gaunt, amiable de Filippo is not better known in Anglo-Saxon countries, it is because translators can never really come to grips with the eroded language of Naples. A proof of this is his masterpiece *Filumena Marturano*. When it was adapted and played on Broadway as *The Best House in Naples* it was a three-night flop. Backstage with me during the 1961 Rome revival of this classic play Don Eduardo charitably attributed this failure to the dialect barrier. Yet America is currently enjoying mightily the cinema version with Loren and Mastroianni, opportunistically entitled *Marriage Italian Style*.

When the Neapolitan critics last year called for a more vigorous local theater, the perennial trouper (born 1900) went to work on a new one-act play to be presented at the San Fernando playhouse (rebuilt after its bombardment). *Dolore sotto chiave* ("Grief Under Lock and Key") is based on the Pirandellian situation of a husband left ignorant for a year of the death of his invalid wife. A sister thus keeps his grief "locked up." The protective gesture backfires. The widower feels defrauded of sorrow appropriate to the moment, deceived in the year during which he was actually unattached, embittered over an illicit love and even a son lost because no one had had the courage to tell him he was a free man.

Probably no play ever had a more indulgent audience than that attending the recent performance of Racine's *Andromaque* at the Palais-Royal. On the double occasion of Racine's 325th birthday and the publication of *Racine et sa descendance*, by Arnaud Chaffanjon, the Comédie Française entertained more than 400 descendants of Jean Racine. (There was even unveiled an unpublicized portrait of Racine by the court-painter Rigaud.) The sexagenarian Racine got a late start at marriage in 1677, but atoned for this by siring two sons and five daughters. One wonders whether the state theater could have accommodated the crowd if Jean Racine had married thirty years earlier.

As a barometer of the Thaw, literature serves rather well. Current weather: variable. A warm weather mass was heralded by the visit of Anna Akhmatova to Italy, where she shared the 1,000,000 lira Etna-Taormina Prize, an honor won in previous years by Dylan Thomas, Supervielle, Quasimodo, and Tzara. The famous lady poet had not ventured outside the USSR since October 1917 (when she managed to get painted by Modigliani). Although her wartime poem "Courage" was acclaimed in 1942, she has a reputation for deviating from Kremlin tastes. The Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party in August 1946 condemned the poems of A. Akhmatova as "devoid of any principles or ideas," and she was smeared as an "adulator of the West." Recently the exiled young poet Brodski was criticized for being under the influence of Akhmatova.

There was apparently no rancor in her heart as she encountered in the shadow of Etna her compatriots Constantine Simonov and Tvardovski, editor of *Novy Mir*. In Taormina she endeared herself to her hosts by reciting the entire thirtieth canto of Dante's *Purgatory* and spoke of her translations from Leopardi. She regretted that her verses lost their lyricism when put into English, French, and Italian—but retained it in German. She spoke of the three-planed tragedy that she has been writing, *The Dream Within a Dream*. Whether or not she still adulates the West, her Western colleagues were obviously much taken with her.

Literary climate is cooler in the Baltic

Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni in "Marriage Italian Style"—"an eroded language."

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

At the Sound of the Whip

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50 Mallabec, by David Walker. The Shy Photographer, by Jock Carroll. A Child Possessed, by R. C. Hutchinson

51 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

AS ONE who watches with strong sympathy the Negro's struggle for civil rights, I have sometimes thought that here is the great drama of our time. The sudden growth of the movement from small beginnings, the leadership of Martin Luther King, the heroism of the young civil rights workers—"those wonderful kids," James Baldwin called them, while Howard Zinn wrote of "battle-scarred youngsters"—all this on one side. And on the other side terror: harassments, beatings, arrests, police dogs, bull prods, tanks, bombing of churches, murder. Lorraine Hansberry wrote of the young fighters at the end of *The Movement:*

> They stand in the hose fire at Birmingham, they stand in the rain at Hattiesburg.
> They are young, they are beautiful, they are determined.
> It is for us to create, now, an America that deserves them.

Surely there is drama here, and yet I don't know that I should advise any writer to choose this particular theme. There are the dangers that lie in any attempt to make literature out of material that is in the headlines. It may have been done a few times in literary history, but not often. The writer is at such close quarters with his material that his imagination hasn't room to operate, and the result is likely to be journalism or melodrama or both.

In *Tiger in the Honeysuckle* (Scribners, $4.95) Elliott Chaze has made a try. Novelist and newspaperman, the jacket tells us, he has spent much of the past year studying the racial conflict in Mississippi. And that is what he has written his novel about—Mississippi in the late winter and spring of 1964, day before yesterday.

Chaze tells the story from the point of view of Chris Haines, a newspaperman in his forties. After working for the Associated Press in New Orleans and Denver, Chris took a job in Catherine, a medium-sized city in Mississippi. Here he has been for some time, living up to the legend of the hard-boiled reporter and on the whole enjoying himself. Although he has never written anything to distress his segregationist employers or any of the leaders of the community, he is willing privately to admit that Negroes ought to have the right to vote.

Chaze builds his foundations solidly, using details in the O'Hara manner:

> The local reporter [*i.e.*, Chris Haines], a gray-haired forty-three-year-old man dressed like a teen-ager, leaned back against a concrete column. Rain dimpled his fawn-colored Ivy League corduroy slacks and grayed the butt of the Winston he was smoking. He smoked rared back as if he planned to scratch against the column, ankles crossed. Gray-ribbed stretch socks. Shoes of brushed pigskin in a shade described by the Hush Puppy people as Houn' Dawg. A poplin rain hat the color of wet sand. Smoky jacket and navy blue Gant button-down shirt cracked at the throat.

Although Chaze offers the usual disclaimer—"the events depicted herein are imaginary"—the identity of the town is made no secret, for Catherine, we are told, is at the intersection of Routes 11 and 49, at which intersection, if one looks at a map, lies Hattiesburg, scene of much violence in the past year.

Chris moves away from segregationism largely because of the pressure of his erstwhile friends. The minute he expresses the mildest doubts about the segregationist line, he hears the whips being cracked. When a Negro leader named Silk is charged with assault and battery with intent to kill, Chris, called by the defense, tells the truth as he sees it, and thereupon finds himself ostracized by most of his acquaintances. It turns out that Silk saved Chris's life when they were boys together. Thus, out of mixed motives, Chris has defied the community in which he earns his living, and he has to pay the price.

There is another complication. One of the SNICK (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) workers is a Negro girl named Jonee, whom Chris finds attractive. His brief affair with her, besides adding spice to the novel, contributes to his revolt against the segregationists. Whereas it was once said that Chris didn't have an enemy among the people (white people, of course) of Catherine, he now feels that he doesn't have a friend. One of his foes is a police officer with whose police dog he battles to the death. And this leads to an even more melodramatic climax.

There is something to be said for the book. It does give a picture of the race struggle that is likely to startle anyone who has not been keeping up with the

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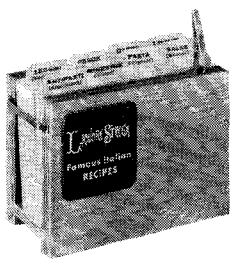
Sabatini/Firenze/8:30 p. m./Vincenzo Sabatini recommends: Petti di Pollo en Chaud-Froid, Tortellini Fatti in Casa alla Romagnola, Bistecca di Manzo Toscano, Pisellini Freschi alla Fiorentina, Vino Rosso Sabatini, Torta St. Honoré, Caffe' Espresso, followed by LIQUORE STREGA THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN LIQUEUR



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Mr. Thomson vs. Mr. Webb: a debate over the merits of a year-round gift carton for the world's finest Scotch.

George Thomson, Director and Master Blender, and Arthur F. Webb, Managing Director of John Walker & Sons Ltd., photographed in Kilmarnock, Scotland.

Mr. Thomson had a point. He contended that Johnnie Walker Black Label doesn't need to make a display of itself; that no trappings could embellish a Scotch blended from over 40 of the finest aged Highland malt whiskies and just the right amount of mature Scotch grain whisky. (He blended them himself.)

Mr. Webb agreed that Johnnie Walker Black Label is a most tasteful Scotch (he is Managing Director of the Company) and deserves to be so presented. He maintained that the carton would be properly decorous, nearly as impeccable as the Scotch inside. The same distinguished gift carton that attracted favorable comment during the holidays.

In defense of extending the season for gifts

Furthermore, Mr. Webb could see no reason why generosity should be limited by season. Might not thoughtful people find occasion to give Black Label throughout the year? And why not compliment their taste with a carton that complements their Scotch?

Mr. Webb was of the opinion that they should make the carton available for package stores in the United States. Mr. Thomson is not only the most knowledgeable of master blenders, he is also a reasonable man. He agreed.

We suggest you try the Scotch. The superiority of Johnnie Walker Black Label is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the U.K. that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Ask for Black Label tonight, with or without the new gift carton. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Echoes from London—Karajan's Nine—*Così*

IN A WEEK that offered a range of music from song to symphony and comedy to tragedy, the highest, noblest expression of its function came from London and the echoes of the state funeral for Sir Winston Churchill that filtered through radio and TV. Gathered with the mourners that thronged the streets were Chopin and Mendelssohn, Handel and Julia Ward Howe, each adding a note to the solemn chorus of lament and homage. If the conception, as has been said, was Sir Winston's own, the execution of it was worthy not only of the plan but also of the man.

Among more temporal matters, the most consequential was Herbert von Karajan's conducting of the First and Ninth Symphonies of Beethoven, which concluded a week-long, five-part review of the whole sequence by the Berlin Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall. It not only crystalized much about his treatment of the Nine; it also held up a glass to that classic sequence through which could be seen, dark or bright as preferred, the many facets of his musicianship and the single one of his personality. It matched, to the extremes of simplicity and complexity in that marvelous span of art, a comprehensive sense of line, texture, contour and tonal relationships, but an essentially limited appreciation of the ethos, pathos, and mores Beethoven wove into them.

The sum of it was a week of glorification of Beethoven the musical scientist, and a week of frustration for Beethoven the poet. Of the works I heard, the two qualities struck me as most nearly in balance in the First Symphony, for the reason, perhaps, that it is in the main a rejoicing of musical powers by a young man who has just discovered the orchestra. They were most widely at variance in the *Pastoral*, which glided by as on a series of Kodachrome views, suggesting less a leisurely stroll than a time-conscious spurt. The performance of the Second made much of abrupt contrasts and flashing surges of sound while missing by more than a little the humors and the spirit they were meant to convey.

For the Ninth, it appeared for a while that Karajan would gather all his forces, marshal all his resources for a compelling résumé of the elemental force in this work. What he was capable of in it was new neither to New York nor to Carnegie Hall, where he had conducted a series of performances with the Philharmonic in 1958. But after a tautly drawn first movement and an insistently restless Scherzo, it struck me that the interests of the performance were more in the resonant purity of the ten double basses (and how they played the enunciation of the chorale theme in unison with the celli!), in the relaxed perfection of the horn solo in the trio of the Scherzo (it sounded to be the work of Alan Civil, the English virtuoso who spends half a year annually in this ensemble), and in the shining line of filigree articulated by the virtuoso string section in the slow movement,than in the emotion they conveyed. In the end, for all the sizable structure he reared, one remained more conscious of what about it was Karajan's Ninth, rather than Beethoven's.

For his chorus, Karajan once more utilized the Westminster Choir, and its present membership gave him back all he asked of it. In addition to such familiar singers as Sándor Kónya, tenor, Yi-Kwei Sze, bass, and Lili Chookasian, mezzo, the solo quartet included Gundula Janowitz, a soprano of European repute not previously heard in this country. Hers is a sizable sound, rather coarse in this context, but with the kind of power conductors like to dominate the ensemble.

As an ensemble, the Berlin Philharmonic has changed by almost 50 per cent since it was first heard with Karajan in this country a decade ago. Its distinction and pride remains the large and well matched string section (the roster for the tour shows seventy names), whose membership would seem to constitute an élite within an élite. The woodwind and brass are less appealing to the American ear, though Karajan's preferences in doubling for Beethoven contributed to some thickness in sound. It is, under Karajan, a marvelously responsive instrument, which occupies something of a middle ground between the two other orchestras with which he has been primarily identified: the English Philharmonia and the Vienna Philharmonic. The capacity audiences and the enthusiasm they generated left no doubt there would be more of the same anytime they reappeared.

On the theory, perhaps, that one good deed deserved another opportunity, Rudolf Bing has persuaded Alfred Lunt to restore the Metropolitan's *Così fan Tutte* to the conditions of elegant amusement that prevailed when the Rolf Gérard-Lunt production was new a dozen years ago. It had, in the meantime, first become less elegant and then less amusing as normal attrition led to a restaging by Carl Ebert. There were high hopes of good things to come when the eminent actor-director stepped before the Metropolitan curtain to repeat his bit of pre-performance pantomime (lighting fanciful "candles" and motioning a cougher to desist), but they were only intermittently fulfilled.

Such veterans of Lunt's original staging as Richard Tucker (Ferrando) and Roberta Peters (Despina) were not only as good as they were then, but better. Theodor Uppmann's talents as a *farceur* and Mozart baritone have blossomed into a most likable, well-sung Guglielmo, and Donald Gramm, as a replacement for the indisposed Frank Guarrera, showed himself to be quite the best Don Alfonso the company has had since John Brownlee's retirement. With the amount of pliable voice at his disposal, and a handsome presence to go with it, Gramm could have an outstanding career as a Mozart singer.

But the women . . . "Ah, what women!" as Guglielmo and Ferrando sigh in the first scene. Neither Leontyne Price as Fiordiligi nor Rosalind Elias as Dorabella matched the prior standards of Eleanor Steber and Blanche Thebom either as voices for Mozart's music or as bodies for Lunt's action. Neither has a suitable acting technique to convey the elegance or the amusement that are inherent in Lunt's procedures, resulting in much that was awkward and unfunny. Even worse, neither has the vocal character or technical discipline to meet Mozart's requirements acceptably, let alone with distinction. When they sang together, as they are required to do at considerable lengths in this work, the sound came out opposite to the way it should; in her middle range, Miss Price has the heavy, broad sound of the mezzo, Miss Elias the lighter, more compact quality of the soprano.

To her credit, Miss Price made a musicianly effort to lighten the broad strokes she uses to paint her Verdi characterizations, and some of the legato singing was quite beautiful. But she didn't command the flexibility to manipulate the turns or embellishments of "Come scoglio" in Act I, or the ease in florid singing to combine accuracy with intensity in "Per pietà" in Act II. Out of consideration for her limitations, conductor Joseph Rosenstock tranquilized the latter to near practice tempo and in so doing, deprived it of the fervor and dramatic purpose which Steber, for all its difficulties, managed to preserve. Miss Elias left the impact of her important aria similarly in abeyance, which meant that, in both parts, the weight of "sincerity" that Mozart conceived as counterbalance to the clowning of the men was absent. Probably some broad strokes of posture and action that Lunt

(*Continued on page* 78)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Accent on Architecture

BRAVO! YOUR FEATURE "The New Architecture of U.S. Cities" was excellent. It is an indication of a growing realization by the public that the city is not only a place to live but also a place of immense beauty. More esthetics and less anti-architecture will help produce a more livable city.

ARNOLD M. MASLOW, President,
Organization of Rutgers
Planners.
New Brunswick, N.J.

THE DISCUSSIONS OF the apparent directions of American architecture are gratifying to read. It is only by a sharpening of the public consciousness of the role that the ordinary individual plays in the shaping of the man-made elements of his environment that any improvement in it will take place.

The ultimate responsibility for the quality of architecture in this country lies with the citizen. It is he who, as a taxpayer, philanthropist, and corporate shareholder, foots the bill for and suffers the consequences of today's construction. The whimsical projects of individual financial titans are a thing of the past. As never before, the appearance of buildings directly represents the esthetic will of the community.

Despite the hullabaloo over the paucity of "greats" known outside the profession, there are literally hundreds of artistically and technically superior architects living out frustrating lives in this country today. Their ability to provide the euphoric ambience so hypocritically prayed for by Joe Blow is not forthcoming because Joe, who pays the piper, calls a different tune, namely mood music to match his indigestion brought on by a mixture of gasoline and pizza pies.

ALLEN C. PARRETTE, AIA.
Wilton, Conn.

AS YOU PROBABLY have heard from many people by now, the photograph at the top of page 24 in your January 23 issue is not the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences but a prototype building constructed by the School Construction Systems Development on the Stanford campus.

ROBERT W. BEYERS,
Director, News Service,
Stanford University.
Stanford, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A number of other readers also pointed out the error. SR is grateful to them and to Mr. Beyers for setting us straight.*

MY PIECE ON New York architecture is quite misleading in one respect. In my text I quoted an unnamed architectural critic in Italy as referring to the kind of architecture represented by Lincoln Center as "Mussolini Modern." I did not elaborate on this comment—largely because I felt it was both unfair and premature. In any event, even if I were to agree that there were traces of "Mussolini Modern" visible at Lincoln Center, I would not have chosen Philharmonic Hall as an illustration.

Yet that was the picture chosen by you, and the caption, supplied by someone on your staff, implied that "Mussolini Modern" was *my* term for Max Abramovitz's building. I was greatly disturbed to see the juxtaposition of that picture and that phrase, and I imagine that Max must have been even more disturbed. In fairness to him, I hope you will publish this correction.

PETER BLAKE, AIA,
Editor,
Architectural Forum.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Blake is right; the juxtaposition of caption and photograph was unfortunate and regrettable.*

"Would you rather I went to some loan shark?"

Justice by Press Release?

THE MADISON AVENUE METHODS employed by Amnesty International, as described in Irwin Ross's article "Rescuing the Forgotten Prisoners" [*SR*, Jan. 16], proves that "sweet are the uses of adverse publicity"—but it also poses the problem of means *vs.* ends.

Granted that the ends—the freeing of political prisoners—are good and desirable, the means suggest to me a sort of blackmail by press releases.

The idea of Justice abandoning her scales and substituting the techniques of modern communications seems to bring the world even closer to the computerized age.

MRS. FRANK DUINO.
Index, Wash.

Recoil from *Peyton Place*

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT CHAIRMAN at a Tucson high school has asked me to assure readers of *SR* that my statement, "I am told one class in a Tucson high school is 'studying' *Peyton Place*" [*SR*, Jan. 16], cannot refer to a typical situation. My information came from a pupil in the class referred to, but I am assured that it is neither a usual nor an authorized procedure to permit a class to choose the books it will study.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.
Tucson, Ariz.

The Poet's Eliot

T. S. ELIOT'S INSISTENCE that the poet should "be able to see beneath both beauty and ugliness; to see the boredom, and the horror, and the glory," was perhaps an unconscious expression of his oft-acknowledged debt to Dante, and John Ciardi's fresh analysis [*SR*, Jan. 23] of that debt could only have been written by a Dante scholar.

He has given your magazine its finest piece in months.

RONALD B. MARTINEZ,
University of Michigan.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Can the U.N. Be Saved?

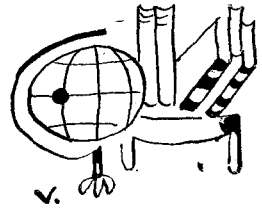
TWENTY YEARS after San Francisco, the United Nations is fighting for its life.

Whether any sense is made of the way nations behave in their dealings with one another depends largely on whether the United Nations is developed into an organization with the responsible authority to draw up the rules of the game and make them work. But the United Nations has never been given adequate means for sustaining itself. And an absurd situation exists in which nations like France and the Soviet Union can decide for themselves whether or not to meet their payments. Equally absurd is the insistence by others that they pay or get out. The United Nations is not a country club for privileged members who have access to the facilities so long as they keep up their dues. The United Nations is, or should be, a world constitutional body with complete jurisdiction in those matters concerning the common safety of the world's peoples. All our energies ought to be going into the attempt to get world attention for this objective, so that a framework will be created within which sources of income will not depend on voluntary offerings or payments, any more than individual citizens may decide when, how, and if their taxes are to be paid.

The irresponsibility of France and the Soviet Union in ignoring their obligations, as well as the ominous petulance of Indonesia in withdrawing from the United Nations, are chargeable not solely to the shortsightedness of the leaders of those countries but to the reluctance of all the nations at San Francisco in 1945 to invest a little of their sovereignty in making an instrument that could serve the sovereignty and security of the human race as a whole. What the nations, especially the larger ones, created at San Francisco was an agency that wouldn't impinge on their right to go it alone whenever they wished. This was the great failure; what is happening today is merely a lamentable but logical expression of a weakness that was built into the concept itself.

The issue of nonpayment cannot be settled either by expulsion or forgiveness. Expulsion would produce a hideous fragmentation within the U.N. Similarly, forgiveness would serve only to encourage default by anyone who happens not to want to pay. The real need is to make the question of nonpayment part of a total reconsideration of what is required to make the United Nations work. The United States could make a constructive and consequential contribution to the present debate if it surmounted the present irrelevancies and called for a thoroughgoing re-examination of what it is the United Nations must do in the world of today and tomorrow, what kind of structure is required to do it, and what the instruments of responsible authority and support ought to be.

A dramatic move in the direction of bolstering the United Nations would take on special significance because of Indonesia's defection. It is possible that Indonesia may have made a careful calculation based on its conviction that Communist China increasingly will dominate the development of Asia in the years ahead. The related probability is that China will attempt to create a world organization of her own, the main complexion of which will be Asian and African. If such is the case, it becomes all the more important for the United Nations to be invested with both luster and centrality in the shortest possible time. An attempt in that direction might have a tonic effect where it is most needed.



A review of what has been learned by the United Nations since 1945 has been long overdue. In any event, the existing crisis makes it imperative. The United States has been ambivalent on the question of Charter review whenever the question has come up. Generally, the position taken by the U.S. is that the U.N. is no better or worse than the desire of its members to make it work. This is aphoristic but non-historic. If the men who met in Philadelphia in 1787 had taken the stand that continuing common consent of the states, rather than constitutional obligations, would define their relations to one another, there would be no United States today. They held that it is historically false to expect fully sovereign states to do anything they are not clearly obligated to do. They recognized that states, like citizens, will keep laws only so long as machinery exists to enforce them. Obviously, the problem of world organization today is infinitely more complex than it was in 1787; but the principle remains the same. In matters concerned with the common safety, there must be a central and workable jurisdiction, clearly defined and just as clearly related to effective means of enforcement.

Even the consideration of these questions is a worthwhile end in itself. It would focus world attention on the principles that have to go into the making of a durable peace. It would create essential new energies as people connect their hopes for a world free of nuclear war to the specific means for achieving it. It would reactivate essential and great expectations. In any event, it is far better to have a serious and historic debate on what the United Nations requires if it is to be saved than the present volatile exchange over defaults.

If the United States is to assert the advocate's role for U.N. re-examination and review, the American people will have to call for it. On the largest questions in the world, government cannot move too far out in front of the people. It is pointless to debate whether this is desirable. This is the way it works. This is what is meant by public opinion.

—N.C.

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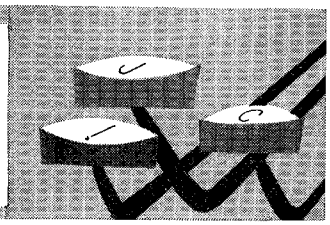
Manner of Speaking



Fractions: The universe, I am prepared to believe, is governed by strict laws about which all of us are in doubt. It is always reassuring, therefore, to see any part of the universal operation emerge into certainty. What does it matter if our certainties are infinitesimal as measured against the all? Any certainty permits the hope that another may lie beyond it, and another beyond that. It puts us in process toward hope again. One glimpse of law at work sets the conceptual pattern for all law. And though the sum of truth will not be said at once, nor perhaps ever, we are all restored to faith in the act of catching any flaking fraction of it.

It is such a fraction—perhaps no more than the flake of a fraction—that I am now prepared to pronounce as demonstrated law: *Whenever in time, and wherever in the universe, any man speaks or writes in any detail about the technical management of a poem, the resulting irascibility of reader response is a constant.*

I am, of course, as faithful readers will recognize, cleaning out my year-end files, and burning the scraps of 1964 in the lost hope of leaving myself breathing room in 1965. The file that has just gone into the fireplace began with a column in which I had discussed E. E. Cummings's poem, "What If a Much of a Which of a Wind," and gathered bulk as the airier souls on the subscription list wrangled back their scorn of all technical discussion as an offense against Pure Beauty.

For though poetry may not be at the exact center of the American passion, there are times when I am nearly persuaded that criticism is, at least as measured by that sub-central culture made up of *SR* readers—and let me hasten to say, in distrust of excerpt-lifters, that by "sub-central" I mean "a central subdivision of the whole" and not a subculture somewhere below the center. Perhaps the circulation department may even want to read "sub-central" as "subscription central," but be wary of putting all faith on address-o-graph. The gist of it is that we haven't the whole continent on the subscription list, but that we mean to go on thinking we have its heartland and its better settlers, even if the territory still contains aborigines in its unassimilated outposts.

The problem may be to distinguish between true and false aborigines. The true ones were often capable of a dignity and serenity that could outstare our frivolities. Who knows how low they might have rated us?

Pithecanthropus erectus,
Could he see us, might reject us.

Or so I muse by crackling files while in my hand I hold a copy of that Cummings column torn from *SR* for October 24, 1964. Across it, one reader has scribbled the single word "Baloney" (a variant of "Bologna") over and over in red ink, and to it stapled the following note:

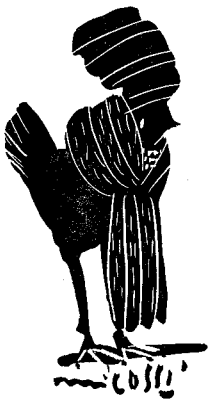
> Just how long do you and your literati confrères think you can make people swallow your defense of sick art?
>
> This is coming to you unsigned not because of cowardice but because it is my hope that soon my name will be legion.

Let me confess, dear Legion, that I am not sure why your multitudes cherish anonymity except, perhaps, the better to go night-riding through the imagination, but certainly any citizen in good standing should be free to subscribe to *SR* in any name he pleases. Very well, then, for this instant before the purifying flame you are legion as my mailbag attests, and a foreign legion as my sensibilities must insist.

For aid and comfort among the barren dunes, let me introduce you to another legionnaire of unknown name, a fellow scrawler on tearsheets. His cry is:

> Only a pedant (and I mean an idiot with degrees) enjoys dissection. Do you also rip wings off butterflies?

I am not sure that ripping wings off butterflies properly qualifies as dissection, but I do know a legionnaire when I hear one, and the sound is true. But true of what, whispers my bemusement before the flame to which I feed you together—to warm you, as I may hope, and not to sear. Must it be so painful to find the skill and management of a beautiful object discussed in detail that may be wrong but that is, nevertheless, trying to locate the sources of our sensation of beauty? I am asking, dear Legion, why your rejoinders always suggest the battle cry of a bull moose.



These thoughts (ending with moose) I had started before my smouldering fire, and there, by whatever starts whatever follows, I found myself working on the following poem. Heaven knows what poem it is, but why look a gift moose in the mouth? Let me rather, in grateful spirit of all irrelevance, dedicate it to the Legions.

NATURAL PROPOSITIONS
or
To hairy cows the hairy bull
Is handsomer than horrible.

Bull moose are beastly and
contrary.
Ornery, horned, humped-up, and
hairy.
It seems hard to imagine how
A bull moose could attract a cow.
But every spring the mooselets
come
To prove he must attract her some.
Perhaps because, though hornless,
she
Is just as downright ornery
At times, and as humped-up as he.
She's just as hairy, certainly.

Whatever it is that makes him seem
The answer to a girl-moose dream,
He's all the answer Mrs. Moose gets.
And every spring—here come
the mooselets.

It seems just as mysterious
To ask what makes *him* serious
About *her*. But we must allow
Ladies their secrets. Anyhow,
There are the mooselets every
Spring.
Proving—if they prove anything—
It must be true what Noah knew
About the animals two by two.

However beastly and contrary,
Ornery, horned, humped-up and
hairy
Moose (bull or cow) may seem
to be
To such non-moose as you and me,
Clearly, whatever first made moose
meant
To provide them some inducement
To shun mere sentimental looseness
And yearn for one another's
mooseness.

Else mooselets would be far
and few.
And so should I. And so would you.

—John Ciardi.

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"Men must seek more... harmonious solutions to problems by arbitration and discussion."

around to the idea of "hitting the enemy before he hits me first."

The crude simplicity of this view tends to recommend it to the average man who does not have time to do a great deal of thinking and who, in any case, does not have access to the more selective and thoughtful sources of information that might enable him to form a more sophisticated judgment. It is clear, and its sweeping ruthlessness gives it an appearance of realism. But unfortunately it maintains a moral and political atmosphere of fear and hatred in which it is more difficult even for "experts" to view things with objective detachment. Who is to say to what extent the statesmen themselves are influenced, in practice, by the horrendous mythology of the mass man? The leaders help to make a myth by their own pronouncements and slogans, and because the myth is so willingly believed by the common man they themselves assume that this is a kind of divine ratification. *Vox populi vox Dei.*

An important element in "Pacem in Terris" is Pope John's repeated insistence that one of the basic rights of free man is "the right to be informed truthfully about public events," along with the right both to basic and higher education, the right to form associations to defend their just aims, and to take an active (not passive) part in public affairs. One who merely echoes the opinions in the newspaper is not taking an "active" part in the life of his nation. Hence Pope John's paragraphs on human rights imply not only the privilege but also at times the obligation of dissent from a prevailing and passively accepted viewpoint. And this is extremely important when we consider the context of war and peace, since in a time of crisis and mass emotionalism the dissenter who maintains his insistence on the rights of peace is easily regarded as a traitor. Nevertheless, such dissent may acquire a decisive importance, and it should always be protected by law against arbitrary attack and suppression. Rights also imply obligations, and the "right to investigate the truth freely [is correlative] with the duty of seeking it and of possessing it ever more completely and profoundly." It is unfortunate that the advantages of freedom in a democratic society have been so little appreciated and that men have abdicated their right and neglected their opportunity in order to remain passive, confused, and hopeless, not using the sources of information and dissenting opinions to which they might have access.

If sheer arbitrary will and brute force are not to take command of everything, reason must seek more solid and more harmonious solutions to problems by arbitration and discussion. Men must collaborate sincerely in solving their difficulties. This is a basic Christian obligation. But rational collaboration is manifestly impossible without mutual trust, and this in turn is out of the question where there is no basis for sure communication. Not only is communication lacking: it is blocked. It is fiercely resisted by groups and nations that close themselves in upon themselves and refuse to communicate with one another except by ultimatum and threats of destruction. Not only that, but esoteric thought systems and complex vocabularies erect barriers that only a specialist can penetrate. Thus the failure of communication between the great powers leads to resentment, distrust, and disillusionment among the others.

"Pacem in Terris" certainly recognized that Catholics themselves were to a great extent out of contact with the rest of the world, enclosed in their own spiritual and religious ghetto. One of the chief contributions of Pope John's brief pontificate was that he opened the ghetto and told Catholics to go out and talk to other people, to Protestants, to Jews, to Hindus, and even to Communists. He realized that without this climate of openness the communication which was essential for the preparation of a climate of mutual trust would be out of the question. He insisted on making a clear distinction between "false philosophical teachings . . . and historical movements that have economic, social, cultural or political ends." It is necessary to communicate with those who hold different ideologies when we are confronting common problems that can only be solved in collaboration. If we speak different languages we must nevertheless attempt to find the essential points of agreement without which there is a permanent risk of disaster. We must therefore either decide to continue in a fatal rivalry or begin to trust one another in progressive negotiations in which peace may eventually be stabilized and guaranteed.

It is the attitude of openness prescribed by "Pacem in Terris" that must form our thinking as Christians in time of crisis, and not the closed and fanatical myths of nationalistic or racial paranoia. Only if we remain open, detached, humble in the presence of objective truth and of our fellow man will we be able to choose peace.

Anyone familiar with the writings of St. Francis and with his life is aware that the saint was always urging his friars to be at peace with each other and to go among men as peacemakers. A remarkable passage on missions among the Saracens (First Rule of St. Francis) anticipates the ecumenical ideas of our own time, even though it was written in the age of crusades:

> There are two ways in which the friars who go out [to the Saracens] can act with spiritual effect. The first is not to dispute or be contentious, but for love of the Lord to bow to every human authority and to acknowledge themselves Christians. The other way, whenever they think it to be God's will, is to proclaim the Word of God and then faith in God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit . . .
>
> All friars everywhere are to remember that they have given and surrendered themselves soul and body to our Lord Jesus Christ and for love of Him they must expose themselves to all enemies both visible and invisible, for our Lord says: "The man who loses his life for my sake shall save it in life everlasting."

And we know that St. Francis, toward the end of his life, made peace between the mayor and bishop at Assissi by sending one of the friars to sing his wonderful hymn in praise of God in His creatures in their presence. He thought (as did Pope John) that the best way to turn their minds to peace was to remind them of the goodness of life and of the world. The friar came, sang the "Song of Brother Sun," to which St. Francis had added two lines about peace. The mayor listened in tears. The bishop confessed his own haughtiness. And there was peace between them.

This is a charming story. No doubt we will need more than charming stories to bring peace to the world of our time. But the meaning is there: where there is a deep, simple, all-embracing love of man, of the created world of living and inanimate things, then there will be respect for life, for freedom, for truth, for justice, and there will be humble love of God. But where there is no love of man, no love of life, then make all the laws you want, all the edicts and treaties, issue all the anathemas, set up all the safeguards and inspections, fill the air with spying satellites, and hang cameras on the moon. As long as you see your fellow man as a being essentially to be feared, mistrusted, hated, and destroyed, there cannot be peace on earth. And who knows if fear alone will suffice to prevent a war of total destruction? Pope John was not among those who believe that fear is enough.

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tations of political reality. The different views of the situation prevailing in the West react upon each other, and all together they combine to create extreme difficulties and complexities. The question arises, then, whether man is really capable of choosing peace rather than nuclear war, or whether the choices are ineluctably made for him by the interplay of social forces. The answer to this question must depend on many factors beyond the control of any individual or any one group. But the fact remains that we cannot face the moral issue as free and rational beings unless we can still assume that our freedom and rationality have a meaning. If we are not able to choose to survive, then all discussion of the present crisis is pointless. If we are still free, then this essay can be considered as a very imperfect contribution to the work of moral renewal which is absolutely necessary if we are to make significant use of our freedom.

Freedom does not operate in a void. It is guided, or should be guided, by the light of intelligence. It should conform to a rational estimate of reality. It should not be simply an arbitrary exercise of choice. Blind affirmation of will is irrational and tends to destroy freedom. In any case, however, whether rational or not, freedom depends necessarily on man's concept of himself and of the situation in which he finds himself. If he is able to grasp clearly and realistically the truth of his plight, even though that plight may be desperate or confused, he can make good use of his freedom and transcend even the most tragic injustices and be more truly a man because of them. He can turn defeat into victory. On the other hand, the will that is obsessed with power can refuse to see and to assess vitally important realities. It can remain obdurate and closed in the presence of human facts that contradict its obsessions. It is often precisely the will to power that is most stubborn in refusing to accept evidence of goodness and of hope. The blind drive to self-assertion rejects indications that love might be more meaningful and more powerful than force.

One of our most important tasks today is to clear the atmosphere so that men can understand their plight without hatred, without fury, without desperation, and with the minimum of good will. A humble and objective seriousness is necessary for the long task of restoring mutual confidence and preparing the way for the necessary work of collaboration in building world peace. This restoration of a climate of relative sanity is perhaps more important than specific decisions regarding the morality of this or that strategy, this or that pragmatic policy.

And so this essay is concerned with the climate of opinion and thought in the years of crisis in which we live. Public opinion is intimately concerned with the decisions of authority, decisions that may affect the life and death of millions of people. It is therefore in the general climate of thought (or of thoughtlessness) that moral and sociological epidemics—of panic, hatred, destruction—take their origin. There are certain "climates" of opinion that make it practically impossible to solve civil or international problems except by resort to violence. When such a climate exists, certainly the fact ought to be recognized and something ought to be done about it. And that explains Pope John's encyclical, "Pacem in Terris."

IN A document devoted to the question of war and peace in the nuclear age, relatively little is said about war itself. The greater part of the encyclical concentrates on basic principles: the dignity of the human person and the primacy of the universal common good over the particular good of the political unit. Above all, Pope John realized that his main job was one of "clearing the air" morally, psychologically, and spiritually. To a world lost in a pea-soup fog of exhausting and intricate technicalities about law, economics, politics, weaponry, technology, etc., the Pope did not offer a series of casuistic solutions to complex and detailed questions. He recalled the minds of men to the fundamental ideas on which peace among nations and races must always depend. In other words, he tried to recreate for them the climate of thought in which they could *see* their objectives in a human and even a hopeful light, and invited them at least for a moment to emerge from the obscurity and smog of arguments that are without issue.

Without flattering ourselves that we are on the way to a quick solution of our problems, or even that the world at large has fully committed itself to implementing Pope John's encyclical of peace, we can at least recognize that such things are possible. We are not utterly condemned to think our way into an impasse from which the only issue is destructive violence. Human and reasonable solutions are still open to us. But they depend on our climate of thought; that is to say, on our ability to hope for peaceful solutions.

Though there are many good minds earnestly concerned with the technical problem of peace, and many plans have been proposed and even initiated, the details of this peace-thinking do not reach and illuminate the mind of the common man. For him there remains only the confused apprehension of a perilous situation in which force or the threat of force is a practical necessity, war a proximate danger, and peace at best a fond hope.

Pope John reflects on this climate of confusion and practical despair. "How strongly does the turmoil of individual men and peoples contrast with the perfect order of the universe! It is as if the relationships which bind them together could be controlled only by force." And he adds: "fickleness of opinion often produces this error: many think that the relationships between men and States can be governed by the same laws as the forces and irrational elements of the universe."

While praising and fully accepting science, Pope John protests against the common opinion that deifies pseudo-science and leaves man's freedom subject to a vague determinism of laws and forces, thus failing to see that man's freedom and intelligence are the instruments by which he elevates himself above his material surroundings and controls his own destiny by living according to truth, justice, and love.

Pope John's message of freedom calls man, first of all, to liberate himself from the climate of confusion and desperation in which he finds himself because he passively accepts and follows a mindless determinism.

THOUGH there are significant differences in ideology in the different power blocs, nevertheless the stratification of opinion is more or less the same everywhere. The extremists on both sides are mirror images of each other.

The thought that is obsessed with war puts aside other considerations and concentrates on the fact that one is threatened with attack, indeed with destruction. This type of thinker is convinced that only the strongest measures are of any use. He distrusts negotiation because he is sure that the adversary is an arch deceiver, and because he is so sure of this he thinks that he himself has to resort to deception whenever possible, so as not to be deceived. He is convinced that the enemy will attack him violently as soon as he thinks he can get away with it. In this climate of thought, strategy tends to work

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5. The Challenge of Responsibility

By THOMAS MERTON

POPE JOHN said in "Pacem in Terris," "We feel it Our duty to beseech men, especially those who have the responsibility of public affairs, to spare no labor in order to ensure that world events follow a reasonable and humane course. . . . Nevertheless, unfortunately, the law of fear still reigns among peoples. . . . There is reason to hope, however, that by meeting and negotiating, men may come to discover . . . that one of the most profound requirements of their common nature is this: that between them and their respective peoples it is not fear which should reign but love, a love that tends to express itself in . . . collaboration."

A man is said to be "responsible" in so far as he is able to give a rational and humanly satisfactory answer, or "response," concerning his acts and the motives behind them. Cain, for instance, after the murder of Abel, was asked where Abel was—a question of primordial and typological importance. Cain's answer was not clear.

In discussing the fateful problems of violence, hatred, and power politics in terms of Christian responsibility, we must first discover what question is being asked of us, and by whom. If we are willing to face the question along with the questioner, we may eventually become able to give a true and clear answer.

The question is not merely "Where is our violent and bloated culture leading us?" or "Can total war be avoided?" or "Will the Communists take over the West?" or "Will the West win the cold war?" or "Will the survivors of a nuclear war envy the dead?" From the standpoint of the present essay, such questions are irrelevant. Not that the issues they raise may not be vitally important, but the surmises and conjectures which might be offered as answers to such questions are really not answers to anything. They are beguiling guesses that seek to allay anxiety and that may well threaten to misdirect our best efforts if not to justify actions of which we ought to be ashamed.

The more important question is not "What is going to happen to us?" but "What are we going to do?" or, more cogently, "What are our real intentions?" This last question is probably seldom asked with sufficient seriousness. Let us suppose it is not simply something we ask ourselves. Let us hear it as a question that is proposed to us by the Lord and Judge of life and death. Let us bear in mind another such question: "Friend, whereto art thou come?" (Matthew 26:50). Judas, somewhat subtler and far unhappier than Cain, having learned some fundamental truths, happened to know that the acceptable answer to such crucial questions had something to do with love. So he kissed Christ. But his kiss was a sign of betrayal.

We are being asked the very same question, if not directly and openly by Christ, at least by history, of which Christians believe Him to be the Lord. I do not say that our love of Christ, desperate and confused as it is, is little more than a gesture of betrayal. But let us be sincere about facing the question, and hope, through God's grace, to answer it better than Judas.

Quite apart from what the Communists may or may not do, what are we, the dwindling and confused Christian minority in the West, going to do? Or at least, *what do we really want to do*? Do we intend to settle our problems peacefully or by force? Have we anything left to say about it at all? Have not the decisions been taken, to a great extent, out of our hands? Not yet. Among our leaders, some are Christians. Others cling to humanitarian principles that should be relevant here. These leaders will (we hope) take kindly to suggestions and to pleas that are based on Christian ethical norms. We have been very close to nuclear war, more than once, in the past five years. Has disaster been avoided merely by a healthy fear of the bomb, or have more humane and rational motives come to our aid?

"Freedom does not operate in a void. It is guided . . . by the light of intelligence."

The Christian is not only bound to avoid certain evils, but he is responsible for very great goods. This is often forgotten. The doctrine of the Incarnation leaves the Christian obligated at once to God and to man. If God has become man, then no Christian is ever allowed to be indifferent to man's fate. Whoever believes that Christ is the Word made flesh believes that every man must in some sense be regarded as Christ. For all are at least potentially members of the Mystical Christ. Who can say with absolute certainty of any other man that Christ does not live in him? Consequently in all our dealings with other men we must realize ourselves to be often, if not always, facing the questions that were asked of Cain and Judas.

If we are disciples of Christ we are necessarily our brother's keepers. And the question that is being asked of us concerns all men. It concerns, at the present moment, the entire human race. We cannot ignore this question. We cannot give an irresponsible and unchristian consent to the demonic use of power for the destruction of a whole nation, a whole continent, or possibly even the whole human race. Or can we? The question is now being asked.

In this most critical moment of history we have a twofold task. It is a task in which the whole race is to some degree involved. But the greatest responsibility of all rests upon the citizens of the great power blocs that hold the fate of other nations in their hands.

On one hand we have to defend and foster the highest human values: the right of man to live freely and develop his life in a way worthy of his moral greatness. On the other hand we have to protect man against the criminal abuse of the enormous destructive power he has acquired. To the American and Western European, this twofold task seems reducible in practice to a struggle against totalitarian dictatorship and against war.

Our very first obligation is to interpret the situation accurately, and this means resisting the temptation to oversimplify and generalize. The struggle against totalitarianism is directed not only against an external enemy, Communism, but also against our own hidden tendencies toward fascist or totalist aberrations. The struggle against war is directed not only against the bellicosity of the Communist powers, but against our own violence, fanaticism, and greed. Of course, this kind of thinking will not be popular in the tensions of the cold war. No one is encouraged to be too clear-sighted, because conscience can make cowards by diluting the strong conviction that our side is fully right and the other side is fully wrong. Yet the Christian responsibility is not to one side or to the other in the power struggle: it is to God and truth, and to the whole of mankind.

The moral options of our times are necessarily involved in various interpre-

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together with its preparation no longer lies within the boundaries of religious permissibility.

To hear this is frightening. For millennia we have—perhaps reluctantly, but with much religious sanction, reasonably clear consciences, and reasonable expectations of survival—put our trust in armed might, at least as the ultimate arbiter of human conflict. And suddenly, almost in spite of us, it is removed from the scene as a possible instrument of life both by conscience and by consequences. Had we deliberately, through trust and intent, abolished war simply by moral effort and human growth, how glorious a prospect the future should present. But it really was not we who managed, gradually but persistently, to put an end to war as an agency of human arbitration. In fact, war as a life option has been abolished; it remains now only as a death option. But its abolition in this sense has been accomplished more by technology than by our own intentions. And so we find ourselves naked and seemingly defenseless in a world fraught with terror and enmity.

We are terrified, true, and understandably so. But we are also liberated; never before have we been quite so free. Until now we have acted on insufficiently generous assumptions about human beings, and we have failed. We now find ourselves free to try far more generous assumptions about both others and ourselves. In a sense, everything is now permitted: everything, that is, which flows from generosity and largeness of spirit; everything, that is, which flows from the love and appreciation of man and his divine possibilities. For centuries circumstances have permitted us to forget; they now require that we remember. And by this remembering we shall come to claim with fuller awareness our membership in that universal human association, the Fellowship of the Beloved.

> Rabbi Akiba used to say: "Beloved is man, for he was created in the image of God. Extraordinary is that love which made known to him that he was created in the image of God."

We belong, and likewise all other human beings, though they may differ from us and our particular outlook. It is no simple matter to take such a teaching to heart and live by it. It requires, for example, that we stop playing the outmoded game of "friend-foe" in which the object is to defeat or destroy the "foe." We shall have to enlist all our religious and educative forces in freeing us fully for a radically different game. There are many ways in which we are already free to help men turn from evil.

> When Aaron would walk along the road and meet an evil or wicked man, he would greet him. . . . For the sake of peace, one greets idolators and inquires after their welfare.

Direct communication must not cease among men, however greatly they may differ in outlook.

And knowing that all of us are members of that Fellowship of the Beloved, we should neither scorn nor despair of that mediation which, appealing to the not-yet-actual but in-principle-possible, brings about the actuality of that generously sought.

By remembering that all men are sons of The King, we should also find some terrors diminished. There are certain representations of "the enemy"—specters of unmitigated, monolithic evil—which are more caricatures than portrayals of reality. Yet these distortions of perspective haunt us severely.

> "He stood, measured the earth, and beheld . . ." What did He behold? He beheld that the seven [basic moral] commandments were accepted by all the descendants of Noah . . .

Though these natural institutions of morality have often enough been disobeyed by all peoples (the "good" also, not only the "wicked"), the fact remains that in all men is planted that from which decency may spring forth. To see this is to see in some small measure as He sees; to see this is to see that from within the worst of tyranny goodness may arise—if there but be life.

Remembering that we are sons of The King, members of the Fellowship of the Beloved, should not, of course, blind us to another fact all too evident; we simultaneously find ourselves members of that equally universal human society, the Fellowship of the Imperfect.

Hence honest criticism is very much in order, toward ourselves as well as toward others. The great freedom, nay, the great demand to criticize the sacred power centers and politics of one's own nation, felt so keenly by the Prophets of Israel, should now be felt by every man.

The sobering awareness of our common imperfection also makes clear the fact that struggle will continue to be a necessary part of human existence. But by the same token we must make certain that the instruments of the struggle are appropriate to our imperfect state. Modern weapons of mass destruction are plainly not. And so, freed as never before from the constraints of traditional military strategy, we must now investigate thoroughly the power of nonviolence as a means both for the defense and for the attainment of human values. The accomplishments of Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr., suggest that Isaiah's dictum is not so much sentimentalism as it is "realpolitik" of the spirit:

> For thus said the Lord God,
> the Holy One of Israel:
> In turning and stillness
> shall you be saved,
> In tranquillity and trust
> shall be your strength. . . .

There is, let us grant, a tone of muted messianism in these brief remarks. But why should there not be? How dare there not be at this stage of human history? Viewed dispassionately and from a distance, the emphases of "Pacem in Terris" on coexistence, disarmament, trust, and world fraternity also sound somewhat messianic. They are. And precisely there, in that muted messianism, lie the power, the strength, the realism, and the relevance of that stirring encyclical.

> If you see the great powers contending with one another, anticipate the footsteps of the Messiah.

Here, too, the once fanciful has become hard fact, and the world will long admire and cherish the late Pope John XXIII for enunciating it that all the world might hear.

Not, of course, that one expects that full personal perfection from which peace would automatically result; nor that one anticipates that full knowledge of the Lord that would banish all hurt from among us. But to expect and insist that our unprecedented situation today be recognized and responded to in unprecedented and daring ways—that is both our privilege and our mandate!

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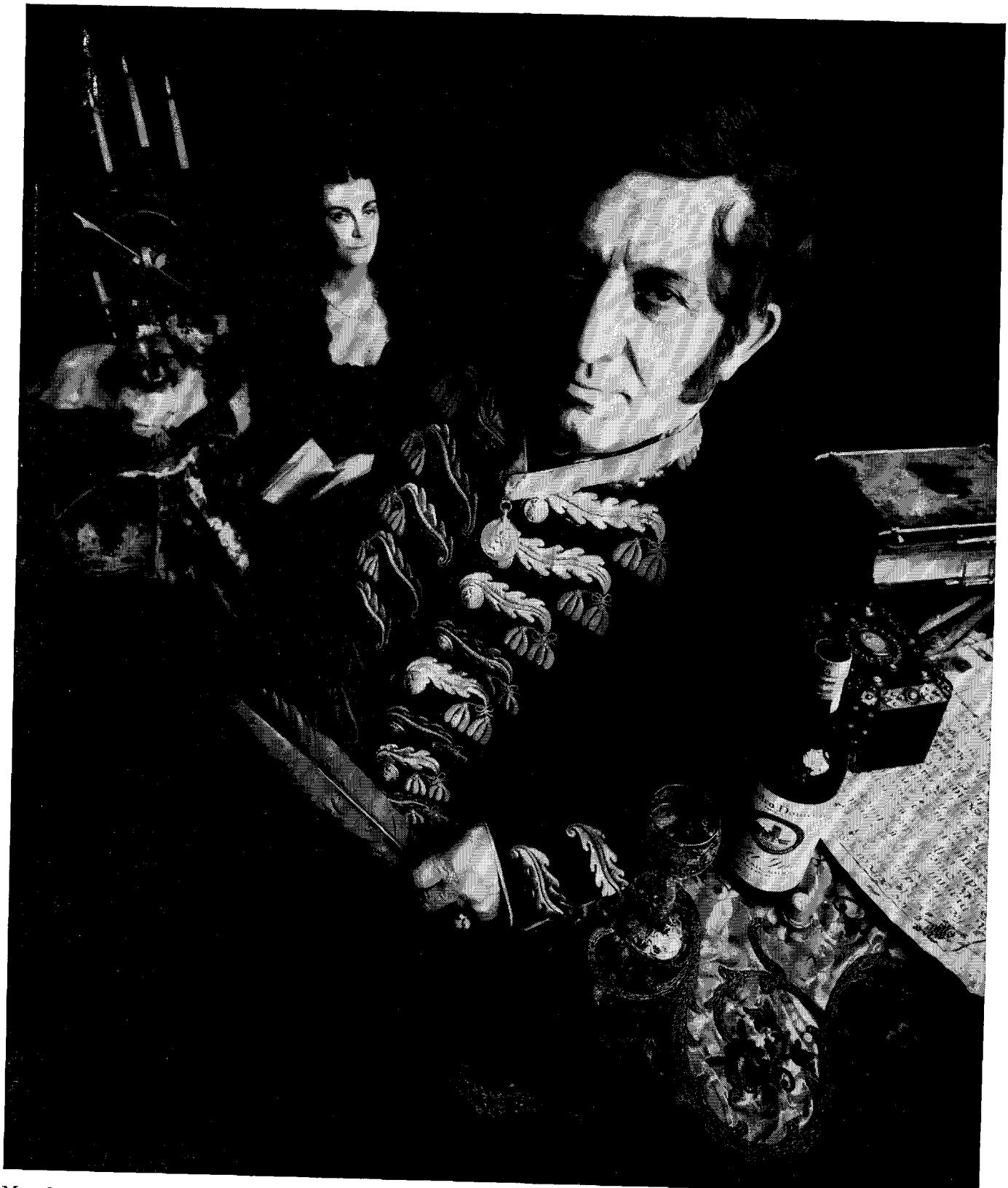
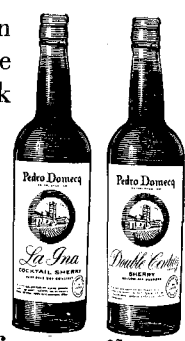


March 11, 1830. King Ferdinand VII of Spain may not be destined to go down in history as the greatest monarch of his age, but he has one streak of absolute genius. Ferdinand's taste for sherry is brilliant—and he proves it by granting use of his royal coat of arms to the house of Pedro Domecq.



La Ina, *the driest of the cocktail sherries, is the largest seller in Spain—the home of true sherry. Domecq makes a sherry to satisfy every taste.*

Double Century *is a more full-bodied, semi-cream sherry. Truly an all-occasion sherry, it is the largest seller in England—where sherry got its name.*

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marriage to the beautiful actress Hélène Milescu, and their defective child, whom he believes to be dead.

But when Stepan learns that Eugénie still lives, he behaves in what one can only consider a characteristically Russian manner: he removes the drooling, deformed girl from the Swiss hospital where she has been confined, and takes her to live with him. "For in the insensible body that twitched and fidgeted before him he saw with increasing conviction a life compassed by dreadful solitude; and in his own life was a chasm which must be filled by another's before it could grow and flower again."

The story Mr. Hutchinson has to tell is of this growing and flowering, not so much of Eugénie as of Stepan and Hélène. And if they are a little unbelievable, the background of Southern France is not; it vibrates with reality.

—Margaret Parton.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

The Diamond Bubble. By Robert L. Fish. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

The Lonely Side of the River. By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

Current Affairs

The Agony of the GOP 1964. By Robert Novak. Macmillan. $6.95.

Guerrilla and Counter-Guerrilla Warfare. By William J. Pomeroy. International. Paperback, 95¢.

In a Few Hands. By Estes Kefauver. Completed by Irene Till. Pantheon. $4.95.

New Zealand. By William J. Cameron. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Peaceful Coexistence: Its Theory and Practice in the Soviet Union. By John and Margrit Pittman. International. 95¢.

The Silent Explosion. By Philip Appleman. Beacon. $4.95.

Fiction

The Adventures of Colonel Sellers. By Mark Twain. (Taken by Charles Neider from *The Gilded Age.*) Doubleday. $4.50.

Fabliaux: Ribald Tales from the Old French. Translated by Robert Hellman and Richard F. O'Gorman. Crowell. $4.95.

Hotel. By Arthur Hailey. Doubleday. $5.95.

Justin Moyan. By David Weiss. Morrow. $5.95.

The Main Experiment. By Christopher Hodder-Williams. Putnam. $4.95.

Ravenscroft. By Dorothy Eden. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

The White Father. By Julian Mitchell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

Winds of the Day. By Howard Spring. Harper & Row. $4.95.

History

The Ageless Chinese. By Dun J Li. Scribners. $8.95.

The Farewell to Lincoln. By Victor Searcher. Abingdon. $5.95.

Freedom Under Lincoln. By Dean Sprague. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

Hostile Allies: F.D.R. and Charles de Gaulle. By Milton Viorst. Macmillan. $6.95.

Literary History, Criticism

Literary History of Canada. Edited by Carl F. Klinck. Univ. of Toronto Press. $18.

The Third Dimension: Studies in Literary History. By Robert E. Spiller. Macmillan. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.45.

Miscellany

Bardot M. P.? By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday. $4.50.

Buyer Beware! A Consumer's Guide to Hoaxes and Hucksters. By Fred Trump. Abingdon. $3.50.

The Glamour Magazine Party Book. By Eleanor Elliott. Doubleday. $4.95.

The House Guests. By John D. MacDonald. Doubleday. $3.95.

Invitation to Linguistics: A Basic Introduction to the Science of Language. By Mario Pei. Doubleday. $5.95.

The Love Fraud. By Edith de Rham. Crown. $5.

Philadelphia: The Unexpected City. By Laurence Lafore and Sarah Lee Lippincott. Doubleday. $9.95.

Victorian Book of Dreams. Edited by Marion Giordan. Stephen Greene. $1.95.

Music

Shakespeare in Music. Edited by Phyllis Hartnoll. St. Martin's. $10.

Personal History

Churchill: In Memoriam. Written and edited by staff members of the *New York Times*. Bantam. Paperback, 75¢.

Who Made the Lamb. By Charlotte Painter. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

The Worlds of Robert F. Young. By Robert F. Young. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Religion, Philosophy

Christian Pursuit. By Abbé Marduel. Kenedy. $4.50.

The Church Is a Communion. By Jerome Hamer, O. P. Sheed & Ward. $5.

Encounter with the New Testament. By Ingo Hermann. Kenedy. $3.95.

From Tokyo to Jerusalem. By Abraham Kotsuji. Bernard Geis. $4.95.

How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious. By Charles Merrill Smith. Doubleday. $3.50.

Jesus and Logotherapy: The Ministry of Jesus as Interpreted Through the Psychotherapy of Viktor Frankl. By Robert C. Leslie. Abingdon. $3.

Maturity in the Religious Life. By John J. Evoy, S. J. and Van F. Christoph, S. J. Sheed & Ward. $4.95.

Objections to Roman Catholicism. Edited by Michael de la Bedoyere. Lippincott. $3.50.

Planning for Protestantism in Urban America: How Long-range Urban and Church Planning Interact. By Lyle E. Schaller. Abingdon. $4.50.

The Priestly Amen. By Monsignor Roy J. Rihn. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

Revelation. By Werner Bulst, S. J. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

The Thickness of Glory. By John Killinger. Abingdon. $2.75.

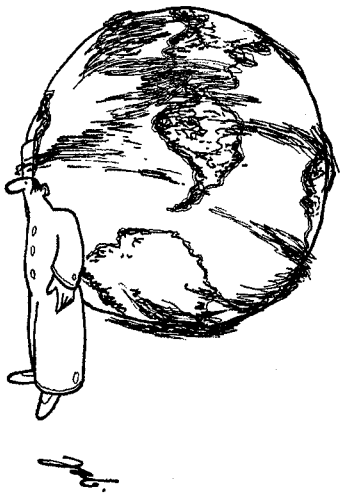
The Topical Bible Concordance. Edited by D. M. Miller. Revell. $15.

Ultimate Questions: An Anthology. Edited by Alexander Schmemann. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

Science

Internal Factors in Evolution. By Lancelot Law Whyte. Braziller. $4.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.



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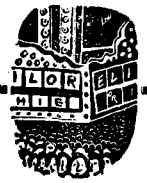

Lost Opportunity in India

NEW DELHI.

THE United States has just lost another battle in the cold war, with strategic India the scene of the encounter. Tragically, it was a loss by default. The third Indian International Film Festival, recently concluded, afforded entrants an access to the general public without parallel at similar events throughout the world. Some eighty in-competition and noncompetitive entries were shown at three-times-a-day screenings in six large halls throughout New Delhi, and most of them drew full houses. Most pictures were shown at least six times during the two weeks of the festival, a few even more often. But not the American ones. The representatives of the American companies in Bombay made it clear to the festival authorities that anything beyond a single day would be an infringement upon their commercial interests. The United States showed fewer films, and showed them less often, than any other major country.

Not only that; the American selections seemed singularly inappropriate to the occasion. The official entry, a last-minute substitution, was *Shadow of the Sea,* a fantasy independently produced by a documentary film-maker in Brazil. (Our original choice, Robert Radnitz's *Island of the Blue Dolphins,* was even less appropriate: The festival screening committee rejected it, not on grounds of quality, but because they felt its message and its characters so alien to the Indians that it would not be understood.) Out of competition were *America, America,* filmed mainly in Greece; the off-beat *Hallelujah the Hills,* a product of New York's "underground cinema"; and a short on Quebec. Of the face of America today—our problems, our attitudes, the way we live—there was not a trace. Nor was there any trace of the kind of lavish, glamour-filled, star-spangled movie for which Hollywood is justly famous, and which this glamour-starved festival would have adored. Without question, a picture like *My Fair Lady* could have walked off with every major award except the documentary. As it is, we left the festival without a single prize.

But awards are perhaps least important in an affair of this kind, and at this place. As a condition to granting the festival competitive status, for the first time placing it on a par with those at Cannes, Venice, Berlin, and Moscow, the International Federation of Film Producers insisted that all entries be screened free of India's rigorous censorship restrictions. Never before could the average Indian see a picture as its makers intended it to be, intact in its political, moral, or sociological statement. The immediate response was so overwhelming that the festival had scarcely begun before there was a flourishing black market in tickets. But did we press this advantage by running films like *Dr. Strangelove, Night of the Iguana,* or *One Potato, Two Potato*? Did we seize this opportunity to introduce to a large and relatively enlightened segment of the Indian people such excellent examples of our official propaganda as *The March* and *Nine from Little Rock*?

NEEDLESS to say, the Iron Curtain countries were far less reticent. Few of their pictures were masterpieces, but they ranged from historic epics like *Tudor* (Rumania) to Andrzej Wajda's acute commentary on contemporary youth, *Innocent Sorcerers* (Poland), and from bitter rehearsals of World War II like *Death Called Engelchen* (Czechoslovakia) to an eloquent and cinematic adaptation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (USSR). In addition to their films, however, these countries sent delegations that were fully equipped for every contingency—critics and historians for the conferences and symposia that figured importantly in the festival's planning, hard-eyed commercial people to negotiate deals and trade agreements, intelligent writers and directors to meet the press, and a few actresses to appease the photographers, who at times outdid Italy's famed *paparrazi.* By contrast, our own delegation of six (including an attractive young teacher of film appreciation in the high schools who just happened to be in New Delhi at the time) seemed woefully inadequate, being neither briefed nor supported by its State Department.

Actually, for reasons known best to itself, the State Department had decided to go easy on the entire affair. It brought no pressure on the film companies to send either top pictures or key personalities. It threw no official reception or cocktail party, nor did members of our embassy turn up at the many affairs offered by the other competing countries. Ironically, the festival attracted precisely that segment of the Indian public that our United States Information Agency spends hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to reach—the educated, world-conscious, well-to-do upper middle class. For this purpose, USIA puts out a costly, quality monthly magazine, *Span,* with a giveaway circulation of 90,000. An issue devoted exclusively to the American film is currently in the works. And each Agency office has its own small projection room—fewer than 100 seats—to show these same people our documentaries. But the festival provided daily over 3,000 seats for each picture during its two weeks at New Delhi, with the possibility of additional exposure for outstanding films in festival follow-ups at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

There is a further irony in a call that I received from a USIA official to ask if I thought that the festival had been rigged in favor of the Russians. My negative reply was thoroughly borne out by the awarding of the prizes. First prize went to a sensitive, if overlong, feature from Ceylon, *Gamperaliya;* the best-acting award was shared by the Russian hero of *A Tale of the Don* and the five leading ladies in the Bengali film, *Nirjan Saikatey.* As Richard Attenborough observed at the closing ceremonies, "Nowhere else have I seen such an atmosphere in the awards, so completely devoid of lobbying, bias, and prejudice." He might well have added that rarely has so distinguished a jury been called upon to judge such a thoroughly undistinguished group of pictures.

But film quality to one side, the Russians seized an opportunity that was equally available to us, and exploited to the full. They know well the value of motion pictures as a propaganda weapon, and one that is particularly effective when used outside of any apparent propagandistic context. They know well the value of film personalities as a means of reaching and influencing vast numbers of people. (At the first Indian Film Festival, in 1952, the Russian delegation—twenty-five to our two—made it a point to fly out a day or so in advance of the main party to hold "cultural" meetings in which the workers of the Soviet Union greeted the workers of India.) We, on the other hand, are still content to look on movies as simply an item of trade. The Indian market at the moment is not crucial to our film companies because, in an effort to conserve precious dollars. The Indian government has blocked remittances; the money that a picture earns in India must remain there for at least seven years.

On the other hand, India *is* crucial to the United States as a kind of half-way house between East and West. The reception accorded the American delegates by the Indian people at the festival left no doubt as to the warmth and friendship they feel toward us. Unfortunately, our films this time did little to justify that warmth—and provided nothing with which to buttress that friendship.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Theater That Made Milwaukee Famous

MILWAUKEE.

THE recent announcement that Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, founders and co-directors of San Francisco's Actor's Workshop, will assume the leadership of Lincoln Center's Repertory Theater is the most dramatic development to date in the emerging resident company movement. However, it is only one of a number of signs that these companies are developing high artistic standards while tackling more substantial dramatic material than is Broadway.

For instance, New York's currently successful *Tartuffe* is a sequel to the American premiere of the version that was given here at Milwaukee's Repertory Theater last season, just as the off-Broadway hit *Six Characters in Search of an Author* was a transportation of virtually the same cast and the same director that had first produced it in Milwaukee the season before.

This season's most popular production, *Uncle Vanya*, attests the continuing vitality and excellence of this company. Staged in its intimate 350-seat arena (surrounded on all four sides by the audience), it makes no attempt to imitate other productions. For its director, Adrian Hall, has encouraged his actors to perform Robert W. Corrigan's new translation of the Chekhov play with the utmost sense of urgency, the result being that the action is fast-moving and that each character's concerns bear maximum resemblance to situations in American life.

For instance, Philip Minor's Vanya emerges as any man who has the ability to make a better career than the self-effacing one he has permitted circumstances to push him into. Thus his hysterical outburst, which Mr. Minor performs at full throttle but without self-pity, is not the absurd complaint of an inept, melancholy man, but his legitimate anger against himself for having deludedly wasted his chances in a world where timely opportunism pays off. Indeed, almost every character seems to be a victim of bad timing and misplaced talent. Peter D. MacLean's handsome Dr. Astrov comes across as a sophisticated, slightly vain, impatient man with only a mediocre talent for medicine, but with a superb creativity which he exercises in his forest conservation hobby. Furthermore his self-knowledge, which inures him to his unsatisfactory life, also toughens him against falling deeply in love. Gail Rice, as Sonya, presents an uncloying demonstration of the irony that to love too much is less effective than to love too little. And Janis Young as the lusty young wife living in frustration with the old and self-centered professor offers us the exasperating spectacle of a woman who married too young.

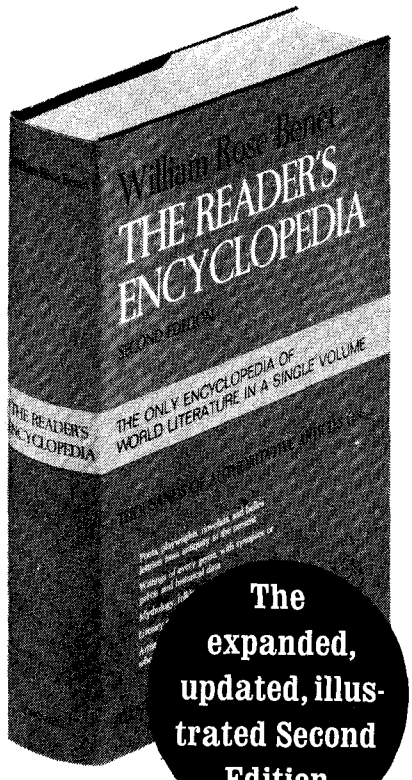
If this *Uncle Vanya* loses something in Russian flavor, richness of mood, and Chekhovian silences, it gains in immediacy and is an original conception that makes it possible to compare it with the best productions of this play. The off-Broadway one was funnier, and the British National Theater presentation last season caught more of the grotesquery of city visitors coming and upsetting the lives of some country people and blithely leaving unaware of what they had done. But this *Uncle Vanya* is beautifully acted and expresses, more fully than the aforementioned ones, these people's justifiable anger at the cruel misfortune fate has visited upon them.

A glimpse of a rehearsal of the Milwaukee Repertory Theater's *The Tempest*, directed by Stephen Porter, fresh from his triumph with the *Man and Superman* (currently delighting audiences at New York's Phoenix Theater), reveals a similar level of intelligence and stress on direct action. One can readily understand how this company has won the confidence of the community and the support of a board determined that Milwaukee should have a resident theater company offering skilled productions of important plays. The company's youthful producer, Jack McQuiggan, and its general manager, Charles R. McCallum, appear to have found a working formula, made possible by a Rockefeller Foundation Grant, in which the long-range advantages of working together can be maintained by creating a pool of directors and actors who can leave and return as particular plays demand. This means better cast and better-directed productions with performers and directors who have found a compatibility with this theater.

Milwaukee is building a 550-seat theater with an open stage (surrounded on three sides by the audience) in its Center for the Performing Arts. It is scheduled to be finished by the fall of 1967 and is being paid for with three-year pledged donations from local citizens. The irony is that these pledges have exhausted funds that might otherwise have supported the company that is counted on to occupy with distinction the completed edifice.

—HENRY HEWES.

Ready now!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TV AND RADIO

The Ghostess with the Mostest

HAUNTED castle enthusiasts who crave an ectoplasmic rendezvous with the ghost of Nell Gwynne had better hie themselves to England before long or they'll never see their Nellie any more. Tom Corbett, an English clairvoyant, standing in the crown chamber of Salisbury Hall—the seventeenth mansion where the celebrated *amour* of Charles II loved and laughed during the Restoration—said recently that he perceived Nell's manifestation. "She's very definitely here. She's fading. I don't think she'll come to this house much longer. She's finally reaching her state of rest." This was an ill-considered piece of second sight. Mr. Walter Goldsmith, the present squire of Salisbury, who was in the chamber with the clairvoyant, may have doubted the propriety of the statement. It's bad for business. Think of all the half-crowns he stands to lose if American tourists abroad, bereft of Gwynne, pass up Salisbury for more promising ghostly walks. The error, fortunately, was minor on *Stately Ghosts of England*, the hour-long NBC News television color special. Mr. Corbett, accompanied by Margaret Rutherford, the English comedienne, and Stringer Davis, her husband, did very well, on the whole, for the haunted castle business. They visited Longleat and Beaulieu, two other English mansions boasting ghosts. They heard the ghost stories from the proprietors, stalked the apparitions, and maintained unfailingly the necessary posture of hushed credulity—particularly Miss Rutherford with her mobile, leathery face and acrobatic lorgnette.

Hers was an exercise in subtlety uncommon on television. Without it this curious program would have missed a beguiling touch. Consider the problem. With the contemporary trend in "let's show you the place" programs (White House, Kremlin, Louvre, etc.), someone thought of England's haunted halls. Proprietors, naturally, would cooperate—provided the ghost-hunting were taken seriously. Still, from the viewpoint of many in the audience, it must not be taken too seriously. The trick is to play along, yet signal the spoof. NBC News persuaded Joseph C. Harsch, their respected London correspondent, to set the tone of the show with a tongue-in-cheek introduction that placed haunted castles in the context of tourist attractions. Casting Margaret Rutherford as the ghost hostess was an inspiration: she can spoof anything with a dead pan. With Mr. Corbett as an expert ghost dowser, and her husband in a supporting role, Miss Rutherford played straight man for ghosts at the three haunted halls. At Longleat, near Stonehenge, they tracked the phantasms allegedly produced by the spirits of long-dead lovers: at Salisbury, a Royalist soldier of the Civil War and an unnamed woman shared spectral billing with Nell Gwynne.

AT Beaulieu they waited—expectant, believing, hopeful—for a glimpse at midnight of cowled monks chanting requiems for dead brethren. The producers stoked the hallucinatory fires with shadow shots, ectoplasm exhibits, flickering candles, off-camera sobbings, and music appropriate to psychic research. But none of the trio nor any of the proprietors actually saw a ghost: only one farmer admitted to seeing "the monk in brown." The total testimony, otherwise, was hearsay or based on questionable perception. A photographer said he sat up all night in a light-blocked corridor with a "time-lapse" camera (all that raw stock rolling!) to trap a ghostly corridor-haunter. The allegedly exposed film showed a vague patch of light moving toward a door. The sixty minutes of *Stately Ghosts of England* trembled on the razor edge of the absurd. Miss Rutherford could have destroyed the dream with one broad, knowing wink at the camera. Her restraint was superb. With wide-open eyes, suitably awed, she drank in the ghostly evidence.

Every time she lifted her lorgnette to her eyes and peered across precise English lawns in earnest effort to see beyond the veil, it was plain—if you wished—that she was kidding the affair delightfully. It was clear also—if that is what you wished—that she, like Lord Byron, whom she quoted, chose to believe that the dead return. Margaret Rutherford, in *Stately Ghosts of England*, accomplished the difficult task of serving two masters—Britain's balance of trade and the quiet risibilities of any skeptical American viewers. What matter if Nell Gwynne fades forever from Salisbury Hall? Miss Rutherford can always walk again for NBC with the Son of the Ghost of Nell Gwynne.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

(This is among the last of the LITERARY I. Q. columns prepared by Yetta Arenstein in collaboration with Mr. Winterich. Miss Arenstein, a member of the English Department at Hunter College in New York City, died on January 31 at the age of fifty-three.)

BY GEORGE!

Here are some plays, novels, and books of poetry, each of them written by a person whose first name is George. Ron Smith of Laramie, Wyoming, asks that you match the titles in the first column with the proper writers in the second column. Answers on page 78.

1.	*New Grub Street*	( ) George Orwell
2.	*You Can't Take it With You*	( ) George Gordon Lord Byron
3.	*Esther Waters*	( ) George Barr McCutcheon
4.	*The Temple*	( ) George Eliot
5.	*King of the Mountain*	( ) George Bernard Shaw
6.	*1984*	( ) George Kaufman (with Moss Hart)
7.	*The Mill on the Floss*	( ) George Gissing
8.	*The Show Off*	( ) George Meredith
9.	*The Last Puritan*	( ) George Cabot Lodge
10.	*Brewster's Millions*	( ) George Kelly
11.	*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*	( ) George Moore
12.	*The Village*	( ) George Herbert
13.	*Major Barbara*	( ) George Seldes
14.	*The Song of the Wave and Other Poems*	( ) George Crabbe
15.	*Sawdust Caesar*	( ) George Garrett
16.	*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*	( ) George Santayana

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A Whale Tale and Other Stories

NOT SINCE Johnstown, not since the Florida real estate busts of the Twenties, had there been so much land under water. But this time it was done purposefully, for profit and especially for pleasure. Mission Bay Park, the dream of San Diego's city planners for thirty years, is now a watery playland that covers 4,600 acres, all of it reclaimed from a swampy mudflat. When the Spaniards came they called it Bahia Falsa, False Bay. Now it is a city park, one of the world's first city parks more under water than out of it. Mission Bay has 2,200 land acres, 2,400 water acres, and the rim that encloses it all measures twenty-seven miles of shoreline.

A channel entrance leads in from the blue Pacific, where yachtsmen can steam up to Mission Bay Headquarters, check in at Hospitality Point, and find out where to fish, sail, snorkel, waterski, sunbathe, buy bait, rent a room, or tie up for the night. For those who come by land or over it, there are already 1,500 rooms available in five hotels, all of them unusual. In case you want to steer your yacht straight to a hotel and sleep a night or two on land, most hotels will take your reservation at dockside. If you've left your yacht at home you can rent a thirty-six-foot charter cruiser. Also available are kayaks, pie pans, catamarans, catboats, rowboats, and canoes. A hydrofoil rides the waves, making regular excursions from Sea World, a porpoise park, a junk occasionally catches the wind, and in warmer seasons the spritely are out on paddleboards.

Every summer's night and every Friday and Saturday night in winter, an old Mississippi Riverboat, done up in damask and dark paneling, puffs from the Bahia Hotel to the Catamaran within the watery limits of Mission Bay itself. It carries an ice cream parlor and a jukebox on the first deck, a cocktail lounge and an orchestra for dancing on the second deck, an excursion area on the third deck, and everywhere a full complement of lively participants who are content not to pull into the pier until two in the morning. Sailboat racing is held every weekend no matter the season, nor is there any season on chartering a cruise-it-yourself yacht. The thirty-six-foot cabin cruiser costs $165 a day including the skipper, bait, fuel, and insurance, but it is not obligatory to get into that kind of expense; paddlewheel boats rent for $1 an hour, rowboats for seventy-five cents an hour.

In season the open-party boats chug off to the La Jolla Kelp Beds and make half-day trips to the Coronado Islands. The activity is likely to be lively: a blackboard recording a few days' catches read one day:

Monday 13 passengers
117 rock cod
19 calico bass
1 Ling cod

Wednesday 20 passengers
157 bonitos
3 sculpins
14 rockfish
1 Ling cod

A fish market stays open throughout the year, canning and smoking. The catch could include, aside from the posted entries above, yellowtail, albacore, blue fin tuna, and marlin. Half a day aboard a party boat comes to $5.50 plus tackle, which can be rented at dockside. Albacore, a midsummer specialty, requires an overnight trip.

One of the most exciting sports, now in the prime of its season, is whale watching. At least two boats take passengers out to have a look at the migrating California gray whales en route from the Arctic to the breeding lagoons in Lower California. Both boats carry marine biologists who lecture during the trip.

Coincidentally, the whales begin their migration about the same time the swallows come back to Capistrano, arriving off the California shoreline a few days before Christmas. The parade lasts through February as the forty-ton, submarine-shaped mammals dip, dive, and spout in review. En route from the Bering Sea off Alaska, they will spend the late winter and early spring mating and calving in Baja California, the extension of the peninsula that runs into Mexico. One of the world's irrepressible travelers, the gray whale spends four months in the Arctic, two months off Baja California, and the rest of the year on the road.

While it is in the Arctic regions it is feeding, inhaling all sorts of tiny fish, none more than six inches long. When it is on the eating kick, a whale can gain as much as 12,000 pounds, a binge that sends him straight to Slenderella. On the way to Baja California, doubtless thinking about love, the whale is on an absolute diet. On the way back he diets, too, but the return trip is made by a direct route far out to sea and not too feasible for whale watchers.

Gray whale hunting became such an active endeavor, first during the period from 1850 to 1890 and again as recently as the 1920s and 1930s, that the whale herds were almost killed off. Finally, a treaty was signed by Canada, Mexico, Russia, and the United States and gray whale hunting has been forbidden since 1937. Although the whale population numbered fewer than 1,000 at the time, the count this year is expected to rise to 7,000.

Whales are counted not only by scientists, but also by amateur whale watch-

San Diego's Mission Bay Park—water, water everywhere.

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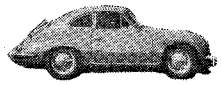

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ers who gather in large flocks at Cabrillo National Monument in San Diego. A Sunday in January or February is likely to bring out 28,000 people for the purpose of watching, and counting, from forty to perhaps seventy-five whales in a single day. The amateur record is logged at eighty-seven.

For those who want a closer look, the whale-spotting boats maneuver close enough to hear the whoosh of the spout and even feel the spray. The skippers of the whale watchers know the pattern of whale behavior. An adept skipper can pilot his boat above a whale just before it surfaces, stop his engines and be, hopefully, just behind the whale when it comes to the top. All this costs $2.50 for adults, $1.25 to $1.50 for children.

The great beauty of Mission Bay is that it is self-contained. Staying at one of the five hotels, one has merely to migrate as far as the water's edge to find the aquatic activity. In Del Webb's Ocean House, where I stayed, I found myself installed in a duplex arrangement, which with its nautical overtones made me feel as if I had leased the whole fo'c'sle of the *Constitution*. The gray beams, the model of a sailing ship that had been planted on a bureau, led me to expect to find barnacles in the bathtub. There were none, but there is one restaurant wing which, contained by a railing and overhung with a reasonably exact likeness of a prow, made it seem as if the whole thing were going

Mr. Meccano

By Doris Holmes

DO you know why she left him at last?
She had a funny dream,
nightmare or revelation.
He walked through her dream,
naked, in full light.
There was nothing ominous
or even persistent.
He was going, well,
not dancing, or flying,
Just operating, in sunlight.
There were vague trees
or people here and there.

But he was square. Or, how to say it?
All his edges were neat,
like the edges of boxes
Packed by the druggist.
His arms moved like levers,
Not clickety, but with
the grace of machines,
Hair, knees, genitals,
in perfect mathematics,
The only hyperbole the white smile.
It wasn't frightening;
it was just so clear.

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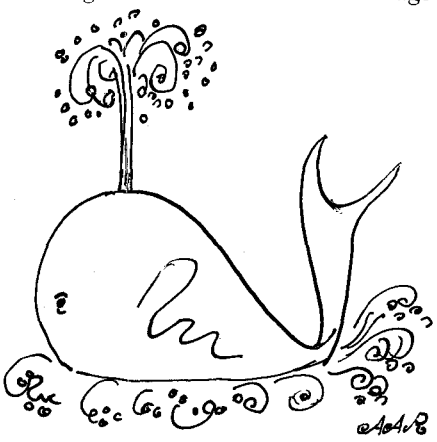
to take to sea at any moment. Ocean House has 200 rooms—or maybe they ought to be called staterooms—which let roughly at from $16 for two in winter, and from $19 in summer. There is no charge for children under twelve who occupy the same premises as their parents.

Vacation Village Hotel, perhaps the most bizarre of all the sanctuaries, is planted on an atoll called Vacation Isle. A fanciful dream no matter how you look at it, Vacation Isle is dappled with reedy lagoons, connected by arched bridges, splattered with a pitch-and-putt golf course, and spiced here and there with pergolas topped by Siamese-shaped umbrellas. It has 150 rooms in adobe-like huts, each with its own lanai. Doubles start at $12 in winter, $14 in summer. There are three heated pools in the reserve, a play area for Lilliputians, and a playland for adults called the Barefoot Bar, easily recognized by the cutouts of a pair of giant feet that lie in brilliant orange splendor on the dunes. The bar is built inside the dune, so to speak, but there is also an outdoor terrace fitted with radiant heating lamps in case the sun is weak. Topping this whole extravaganza is the Vacation Village



Tower, a giant tangle of ironwork that looks as if Steinberg had been set loose with a blowtorch.

I must also mention that the Bahia Hotel, home port of that famous bay barque, the *Bahia Belle*, has 177 units ready for rent, about a third of them equipped with kitchens. It also has a heated pool, a private beach, a boat dock, and, as you might expect, a restaurant and cocktail lounge. Rates are as low as $10 for two until the end of May. That leaves the Islandia, in the marina area, which has its own pitch-and-putt course, and the Catamaran, which has eighty-eight chambers and a South Seas look. Tucked up in one corner of this lashup, near the Boat and Ski Club and the Mission Bay Golf Center, and hard by the Pacific Coast Highway, is the final lodgment, not hitherto recorded, the De Anza Trailer Park, a special accommodation for those who have hitched their wagon to a mobile home.

—Horace Sutton.

As It Happens

Skiing is so "in" that a cast is a status symbol.

✓ ✓ ✓

It's "Bottoms Up!" for people who drink heavily before skiing.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Washington *Post* says that when portraying contemporary problems, television doesn't show suffering. Viewers suffer enough already.

✓ ✓ ✓

With the growth of educational foundations, talented students can easily obtain fellowships or scholarships. As long as you're up get me a grant.

✓ ✓ ✓

As this is written, guerrilla warfare has quieted in the Congo, on Cyprus, and at Curtis.

A scientist claims that if you stare long and hard at the strange geometric figures called Moiré patterns, you will get an eerie, disembodied feeling. You can get the same feeling, of course, by leafing through last month's bills.

✓ ✓ ✓

This season's plunging necklines make it more difficult to remember young ladies' faces.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Vatican's newspaper deplores the Eternal City's wild night life. The Roman candle is burning at both ends.

✓ ✓ ✓

Ex-government economist Walter Heller figured out how he did financially in Washington. He was a minus-$5,500-a-year-man.

✓ ✓ ✓

General Taylor believes victory is possible *if* Saigon becomes serene. Buddhists! Contemplate your navels!

—Fred Sparks.

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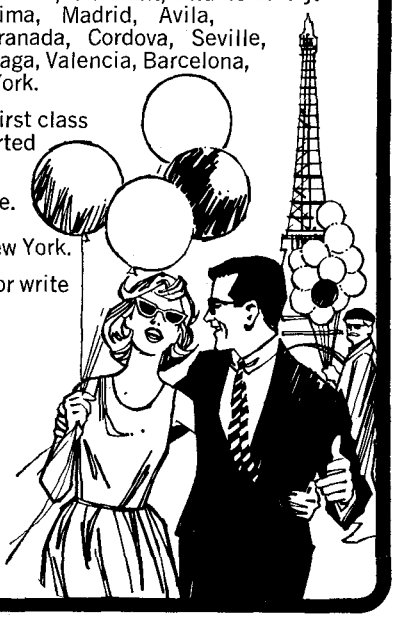

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The Young Art of Gary McFarland

By ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON

THOSE who encountered the works of composer-arranger Gary McFarland in the first three years of this decade found themselves immediately rewarded. The freshness of his art seemed to define sound as a door that opens every morning upon a different landscape. Naturally, the key to such insight was difficult, perhaps impossible, to isolate. A true artist, Gary McFarland defines his style in one composition and then in the next ballad eludes it completely. Yet by 1962 at least one constituent of his wit seemed to be clear: a gifted control of voice and countervoice, of hard structure and vapor, of length and humor. His very first LP, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (Verve V6-8443), recorded in New York City in November, 1961, boasted virtual seminars on how to surprise a theme above and below with the right sort of countertheme, on how to surprise the consequent complication with countercomplications of weight, mood, and pacing.

Against such tricky distances and nearnesses, ever crisscrossing, paradox seems a handy tool of criticism. (McFarland's riffs, for instance, are sterling silver in terms of quality, feline in smoky elusiveness and sly directions, and athletic in every sense. A case in point is his version of *Love from a Heart of Gold*. To begin with, the piece brims with intelligent echoes and sparkle. McFarland strings sizzle and blare onto the same chords, knots them occasionally into clumps of old-fashioned jazz, relaxes the strings and allows his puppets to swing, then lights his stage with the clash of opposed musical dictions: he has a saxophone blow its chops with energetic jazz while, simultaneously, as through an open skylight above a cabaret, the ear perceives the impudent lolling of a brass figure in another mood and at relaxed tempo. Dissolve. Enter new shapes. They come and they go.

Who is the man behind these accomplishments—the one whose talent has already prompted one critic to pronounce him the most gifted arranger since Duke Ellington? He is an amalgam of laziness and ambition. He is a man who will tell you on the telephone with one breath that he finds the special refrains of mambo corny—until he finds out that you esteem mambo—whereupon, with the next breath, he takes pains to mention that, of course, some mambos are superb. He will tell you in person with some pride that "my old man had a hell of a good ear, one of those show-offs on a bus always grabbing the harmony part of a song, and always singing in tune," and he will tell you later with equal pride that he has listened and learned from the raw music of Mexican trios, "you know, the ones who sing just enough out of tune to be interesting." There is an internal wholeness to all of this. As Marianne Moore would say, it's all connected. McFarland blends rural glee and urban guile, essays fast shifts from one end of a continuum to another, smiles and looks vaguely worried at the same time. He is very much like his music. He is certainly an embodiment of life in America in the mid-Sixties. I feel certain he is destined to become a permanent vogue in New York.

—*Bill Page.*

Gary McFarland—"rural glee and urban guile."

He was born, however, at the opposite side of the continent—in Los Angeles—in 1933. Music sifted through his early years; his mother had taught herself piano, his father dabbled at mandolin. Then came a sudden shift of location. "You're just a slave to the caprice of your parents, man," McFarland drawls, by way of explaining that his parents separated and then came together again at Grants Pass, Oregon.

"There we were, twenty miles out of the nearest town, population 300, where they had a tent church, cloth over a potbellied stove and two-by-fours." McFarland heard, of course, plenty of church singing. One can well imagine the smell of wet pine needles, the strict musical intervals, the well-meaning braying. "And then," McFarland says abruptly, "I got out of that."

One road was the blues, specifically the piano blues of boogie-woogie, which he picked up from time to time on the radio. Just as a certain Protestant minister in the rawhide Texas of an earlier era passed the intellectual ammunition by teaching his daughters Latin, McFarland had found in the Negro blues a personal gunpowder: "I used to listen to the *America Dances* program, fifteen minutes of Dixieland, Pinetop Smith, and Albert Ammons. Dixie I did not dig. But the boogie numbers, I used to lay for those. The honky-tonk train, bluesy quality always got to me." Thus, McFarland outgrew Oregon.

A second road was that unsung university, the peacetime United States Army in the Fifties. With wry accuracy McFarland has described the seemingly unpromising transition from Oregon to his military service: "I had no self-discipline whatsoever. I was really a sort of nickel-and-dime hedonist. I tried to learn trumpet but I soon gave that up. I bought a valve trombone, and that lasted a little longer—about six weeks. I tried taking piano lessons, but I got bored."

The chronicle is only apparently dispiriting, however, for McFarland was clearly sweating out, by and for himself, instrument by instrument, a search for his own voice. A rudimentary sense of music, perhaps first parsed by his mother's piano and his father's mandolin, then surely fixed by contact with the blues, was driving him behind a mask of boredom to find out if, artistically, he meant anything.

It was in Oklahoma that he found out he did mean something. McFarland was stationed at Fort Sill (near Lawton) and like many musically inclined young Americans (the year was 1954) found the peacetime Army not without its stimuli. At least in his off-duty hours he had the friendship of a jazz enthusiast—"one of the wealthiest privates in Lawton"—who owned an excellent collection of records, of a musician implausibly named Drum who talked McFarland into buying a set of olive-drab vibes, and of a radio announcer who talked him into playing his newly acquired instrument in a local talent contest. (He played *Blue Moon.*) This, in turn, aroused the interest of other musicians at the base, some Negro, some white, who led McFarland to a series of Sunday sessions in "soul town"—that is, the Negro quarter of Lawton. With a laugh McFarland recalled: "This was, of course, before I knew chord changes.

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I had to relate everything to the key of C. The musicians were moving all around. Gradually, they hipped me to what changes were. . . . Later, this soul sister came up to me and said 'You're sure playing a whole lot better than you were last Sunday.'"

The moral support of the Negroes of Lawton, no matter how provincial, no matter how anonymous, was a mark of McFarland's self-discovery. They had the taste to recognize his gift years before his name appeared in *The New Yorker*. Significantly, one of the major liberating influences of McFarland's later years was a Negro, a San Jose, California, flutist named Santiago Gonzalez. (". . . . when I got out of the service I went to the University of Oregon. I couldn't cut it. In the fall of 1957 I went to San Jose City College. That's where I met Santiago Gonzalez III. He was very much influenced by John Lewis and the MJQ. He went to San Francisco so I went there. . . .") McFarland whistled to Gonzalez tunes that were beginning to write themselves in his mind. The flutist asked him to write them out. McFarland replied he didn't know how. Whereupon Gonzalez, according to Gene Lees (liner annotation, Verve 8518), "archly told him that if, possessing a gift for melodic invention like that, he didn't learn to write, he was an idiot." So McFarland learned to write. He sent taped samplings to John Lewis and Cal Tjader and Ralph Gleason; they speedily sent him on a scholarship to the Berklee School of Music in Boston. "But, all that time I knew I was gunning for New York." McFarland learned that Gerry Mulligan was booked into the Village Vanguard in September 1960. Friends arranged a meeting and Mulligan promptly bought a McFarland arrangement. His career at last was sealed. The character and content of his beginning can be weighed in the recently released Atlantic 1425, which includes some compositions (in *Essence*) from this early period, played by John Lewis. The compositions were actually recorded about two years ago and include the first recorded arrangement McFarland ever wrote. They make very engaging listening.

The next step was the bossa nova, which, in 1962, found McFarland to be a man who grasped a point quickly: bossa, among many bonanzas, was a splendid way of enlivening the dead weight of the jazz ballad. "Bossa nova is a nutty way of playing ballads without going to sleep." Bossa in 1962 was that extremely rare quantity, an art music in popular demand, hence artists-and-repertoire creatures and other munchkins of the recording industry were briefly swayed by good taste. In this fleeting context McFarland managed to arrange and conduct for Stan Getz a landmark in the history of the genre, *Big Band Bossa Nova* (Verve 6-8494). The fragments of melodic meanders which run along and behind the splendid writing of this LP are obviously closely linked in style with some of the opening and background statements of *How to Succeed. Big Band* seemed to insist retroactively that the crackling harmony and zest of *How to Succeed* were in search for comparably involved percussion action that strict jazz drumming simply cannot supply. Bossa nova opened McFarland's eyes to what—being unaware of the patronizing ring of phrase—he calls the musicality of Afro-Latin traditions.

YET McFarland moved to another planet in his next LP, *The Gary McFarland Orchestra* (Verve 8518), and put the promise of his neo-Latin fire on ice. This superb collection of improvisations and written-out material is a deftly shaded penciling of jazz around the shy musings of Bill Evans on piano. The weight and shading of the writing exactly conforms to the idiosyncratic gradations and delicacy of Evans's jazz piano, thus providing triumphant evidence of McFarland's fine ability to play host with his music.

The McFarland Orchestra, recorded in December 1962 and January 1963, provides in this matter of "artistically hosting" a subtle fascination. Evans must have been well-nigh abashed to find himself surrounded by sounds whose every cut and gesture were consciously made with his normal aims in mind. Evans, to judge from this LP, is a sort of musical *Stiller Geniesser*, a "quiet-enjoyer," a man who likes nothing so much as to build himself a quiet alcove of sound in which to turn on a shy charm for a few selected friends. McFarland at no point disturbs the tissue of his confrere's tastes. Thus when Evans makes a Persian miniature, in a sense, of a bold figure McFarland has improvised at the beginning of a piece called *Night Images*, a faint but remorseless rising sequence on strings adds just enough color to the background to suggest the deepening of Evans's private emotion. Should McFarland ever wander into the world of ragas and raginis, he ought to feel at home, for he has already mastered the Indian musician's craft of knowing which mode to match with a windy day, which figure flatters a retiring man, which challenges a vigorous one's expansiveness.

Point of Departure: The Gary McFarland Sextet was recorded in September 1963 on the Impulse label (Mono A-46, Stereo AS-46). This album conceals another McFarland minor masterpiece, *Pecos Pete*. The title is appallingly accurate. The composition is startlingly narrative; the ostinato pattern that flows throughout the piece and unifies the whole easily conjures up the lanky loping of a cowboy-braggart, thumbs cockily inserted behind the leather of his belt, dressed in the sort of superbly faded shirt, levis, and boots made famous by the paintings of Peter Hurd, and out on the town. The composition is intrinsically narrative because the *Pecos Pete* theme flows on a straight line past a series of background and foreground variations which are descriptive. One of these complications along the way is an internal tour de force, for it is perhaps the only mambo played by a jazzman (or by an Afro-Cuban, for that matter), without recourse to the pounding of congas or the scratching of wood on *guiro* or the striking of sticks on chrome rims. McFarland for a few delicious instants had the vision to see that it is mambo *music* which is intrinsically percussive and staccato, intrinsically forceful and sharp in attack and dynamics, whether or not it is expressed melodically, as in this piece, or with the dinning aid of percussion. Into the maelstrom of this secret mambo McFarland aims some of the canniest notes on vibes yet heard in a "Latin" context. I await his triumphant rescue of the big-band possibilities of American mambo when and if the recording powers-that-be release his solid gift in this direction.

At the moment, they have him playing Beatle tunes as bossa novas. Fortunately this is not as disastrous as it sounds, for the Beatles, in contradistinction to the interchangeable screams of rock-'n'-roll, are composing real tunes, tunes which are recognizable and, what is more, sometimes so drenched with tasty harmony that one wonders if these impish Skouses (Liverpool denizens) are not leading rock-'n'-roll back toward one of its legitimate roots, the Elizabethan ballads. These roots coil around some of the best hillbilly music in the USA but ultimately got lost on Tin Pan Alley. One friend of mine claims he can even detect traces of *Greensleeves* in some of the harmonic dressing of their songs. Perhaps. What is sure, here, is that McFarland has salvaged the best of their tunes and made especially danceable, and often witty, stuff of their materials. He hums and whistles quite a bit on this LP (*Soft Samba*, Verve VG-8603) and although I personally find this very pleasing, others, notably my wife, who at one point interjected with "Rudy Vallee, won't you please go home," do not. I trust this is an experiment and that McFarland will move on to higher territory and sounds fully worthy of his blessings. In point of fact McFarland has been approached by a Broadway producer and has written some compositions for a forthcoming show. We will, to coin a phrase, hear much more of him.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Count Basie: *Basie Land*. Basie, piano and leader; with 15-piece band. Verve V-8597, $4.98; stereo V6-8597, $5.98.	The ten numbers in this collection were all written and arranged by Billy Byers, who again shows himself thoroughly conversant with contemporary Basie formulae. If there are few surprises, there are plenty of those swaggeringly confident ensembles, as well as a perceptible—though small—increase in the solo space taken by the modest pianist. The best of the other soloists are Al Aarons, a young but impressive trumpet player, and the tenor saxophonists Eric Dixon and Frank Foster. The emphasis, however, tends here to be less on individuals than on the band as a whole. It copes skilfully enough with fast tempos like those of "Rabble Rouser" and "Doodle-Oodle," but seems happiest at an easy, middle-tempo rock as on "Yuriko" and "Instant Blues."
Ethel Ennis: *Eyes for You*. Ethel Ennis, vocal; Jimmy Jones, piano; Walt Namuth, guitar; Jimmy Wells, vibraphone; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. RCA Victor LPM 2984, $3.98; stereo LSP 2984, $4.98.	Every year at the Newport Jazz Festival a new female vocalist is gallantly championed by those critics who are predisposed toward the species. Carol Sloane was acclaimed in 1962, Ada Lee in 1963 and Ethel Ennis last year, though none was entirely adequate as a jazz singer. What was perhaps unavoidably lacking was the discipline and taste of such predecessors as Ella Fitzgerald, Helen Humes and Billie Holiday, who grew up in a very different jazz milieu. Miss Ennis has a pretty voice, one well suited to tender and soulful ballads, but she was unwise to essay "Summertime," "God Bless the Child," and "Yesterdays."
Coleman Hawkins: *Meditations*. Hawkins, tenor saxophone, with quintet and sextet. Mainstream 6037. Chu Berry: *Sittin' In*. Berry, tenor saxophone, with two different quintets. Mainstream 56038, $3.98; stereo 6033, $4.98.	Each album groups all the selections recorded for Commodore by Hawkins and Berry respectively, and though all of them have already been reissued on Mainstream 6002, 6008, 6009, 6017, and 6019, it is good to have the classic sessions in this handier and more logical form. The quality of the music, in fact, justifies the short playing time. Though Hawkins's superiority in terms of tone and imagination is particularly evident when ballad interpretations are compared, Berry was a swinger who played long, sinuous phrases at medium and up tempos with astonishing and exciting vehemence. There is marvellous playing, too, by the supporting casts, which collectively include Roy Eldridge, Cootie Williams, Lips Page, Benny Carter, Clyde Hart, Art Tatum, and Sid Catlett.
Woody Herman: *The Swinging Herman Herd Recorded Live*. Herman, alto saxophone, clarinet and leader, with 15-piece band. Philips 200131, $3.98; stereo S 600131, $4.98.	Well-recorded in a Nevada nightclub, this is even better than the three previous Herman sets. The program is more varied and there is closer attention to orchestral dynamics. The trumpet section, from which Billy Hunt emerges as an increasingly attractive soloist, remains a powerhouse, but it is used more discreetly to greater effect. Joe Carroll makes his debut as vocalist with the band, his humorous imitation of a plunger-muted trombone on "Wa-Wa Blues" being replied to with equal humor by the real thing in the hands of Phil Wilson. Of the five arrangements by Nat Pierce, the Basie-styled blues, "Dr. Wong's Bag," is notably successful. Herman seems to have no trouble in finding capable tenor saxophonists, or so the solos here by Andy McGhee and Gary Klein suggest.
The Jazz Crusaders: *Stretchin' Out*. Wilton Felder, tenor and alto saxophones; Wayne Henderson, trombone and euphonium; Joe Sample, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Monk Montgomery, bass; Stix Hooper, drums. Pacific Jazz 83, $4.98; stereo S 83, $4.98.	Much is made of "The Texas Sound" in the notes, but apart from their unusual instrumentation the Crusaders sound like many another "modern" jazz group. Only on "Robbins Nest" do they shed the clichés and conventions and get down to unmannered swinging. Here Wilton Felder really stretches out and shows an original train of musical thought. Monk Montgomery makes a splendid rhythmic contribution on bass and the little that is heard of Joe Pass is refreshing in this context.
Gildo Mahones: *Soulful Piano*. Mahones, piano; George Tucker, bass; Jimmie Smith or Sonny Brown, drums; Larry Young, organ (one title); Leo Wright, alto saxophone (one title); Kenny Burrell, guitar (one title). Prestige 7339 (two records), mono and stereo, $4.98.	Another of Prestige's bargain reprints (two records for the price of one), this can serve as a handsome introduction to Gildo Mahones, a pianist of more varied experience and scope than his years might suggest. He has a fast right hand, which he uses for color rather than exhibitionism, and the "soulful" in the album title is justified by the sound he draws from his instrument—a sound that at times evokes memories of James P. Johnson's. Mahones's playing is generally less loud and forced than that of his contemporaries, but when he wants to swing he does so without equivocation. The well-chosen program includes originals that indicate his considerable compositional gift, and show tunes and standards that reveal his feeling for a pretty song.
Horace Silver: *Song for My Father*. Silver, piano; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Teddy Smith, bass; Roger Humphries, drums. Blue Note 4185, $4.98; stereo 84185, $5.98.	The inclusion of one number by his previous group shows that Silver's new quintet has not yet achieved a comparable corporate identity. The number, "Calcutta Cutie," also happens to be the most rewarding in the set. The Indian flavor Silver wanted is well brought out in his own solo, where he uses "minor thirds with the seconds on the bottom." Though he seems to feel there should be a world-wide empathy for jazz, he doesn't laminate jazz and foreign idioms together as is often the case, but lets jazz grow and take its shape from the unfamiliar.
Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer: *Tonight*. Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums. Mainstream 6043, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The Terry-Brookmeyer quintet was formed in 1961 and has since been heard frequently in New York, so that this, its first album, is not a little overdue. A generous rapport exists between the two leaders and it embraces a sense of humor that often results in a detached, mocking kind of wit, as most obviously here in the Salvation-Army-in-Dixieland treatment of Charlie Parker's "Hymn." Terry plays flugelhorn on all but two numbers and tonally it consorts well with the valve trombone, an instrument which even in Brookmeyer's hands sometimes sounds opposed to jazz. The rhythm section, building on Bill Crow's sure foundation, is intently formidable, and pianist Kellaway pulls surprise after surprise in dashing solos.
Frank Wess: *The Award Winner*. Wess, tenor saxophone and flute, in sextet, quintet and duo. Mainstream 56033, $3.98; stereo 6033, $4.98.	These recordings were made in 1954, a year after Wess joined Count Basie's band, in which he was originally featured as tenor saxophonist. Subsequently, he was largely responsible for popularizing the flute in the jazz world of the Fifties, bringing it to a prominence it had not known before. These performances reflect his musicianly approach, and he is accompanied by such polished players as Joe Wilder, Jimmy Jones, Oscar Pettiford, and Osie Johnson. Since his flute playing has become the more familiar, greater interest may attach to his tenor saxophone solos, which, with their smooth tone and phrasing, belong to the line of Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry, and Don Byas, rather than to that of the then more influential Lester Young. His one duet with Jimmy Jones points to an intimate direction never successfully followed by the jazz flutists. —Stanley Dance.

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Toscanini "Favorites"

WAGNER: *"Faust Overture," "Ride of the Valkyries" ("Die Walküre").* MENDELSSOHN: *Scherzo ("Midsummer Night's Dream").* TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Romeo and Juliet, Overture-Fantasy."* BACH: *Air (from the Suite in D).* PAGANINI: *"Moto perpetuo."* STRAUSS: *"Don Juan."* RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloé" (Suite No. 2).* GLUCK: *"Dance of the Blessed Spirits" ("Orfeo").* BARBER: *Adagio.* KABALEVSKY: *"Colas Breugnon" Overture.* STRAUSS J.: *"Tritsch-Tratsch Polka."* ANON: *"Star-Spangled Banner."* RCA Victor LM 7032, $9.96 (mono only).

In this collection of matter too miscellaneous to be called a miscellany, only one fact is constant and unifying—Toscanini's absolute conviction of what he was doing, whether it is a superb "Ride of the Valkyries," an overwrought and non-consecutive *Romeo and Juliet*, a tightly organized *Don Juan* of Richard Strauss, or an unbending *Tritsch-Tratsch Polka* of Johann Strauss (a composer for whom his sympathy was much less than his affection). The time span is from April of 1939 (Paganini *Moto perpetuo*) to January 1952 ("Ride of the Valkyries").

As the list of contents suggests, this is less a collection than a catch-all, with one lengthy work to a side, and as many short pieces joined with it as time permits. The exception is Side 3, which joins the *Faust Overture* and the *Daphnis et Chloé* Suite No. 2. Plainly the purpose is to bring together as many currently unavailable Toscanini performances as can conveniently be accommodated on four sides. There will, of course, be some penalty to persons who have acquired such things as *Don Juan* or *Daphnis et Chloé* or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Scherzo on prior LPs, but, so far as I am able to determine, the quality has in every instance been upgraded.

As is known to some, when Toscanini gave up conducting at the Metropolitan in 1915, he devoted part of his time in wartime Italy to conducting band concerts at the front. What the results may have been like is suggested by the jubilant performance of the Sousa *El Capitan*, itself the product of another wartime fervor. It doesn't strike me that the most fitting place for the imperious performance of his own orchestration of *The Star-Spangled Banner* is at the very end; if it had any proper place in a Toscanini ceremonial, it would have been at the beginning of an evening. But nobody can quibble with the quality of the effort itself, or with the fact that it, too, epitomizes this musician's absolute conviction in the rightness of what he was doing. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Kenton at the Pavilion

Los Angeles.

SAID Friedrich Gulda, "The classics are my parents and jazz my siblings. If you try to wed the two, do you know what happens? Incest!"

He spoke at a rehearsal of the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra just prior to his appearance at its inaugural concert January 4 in Los Angeles. The Viennese-born Gulda is equally fluent in classical and jazz music and thus enjoys the best of both possible worlds, displaying syncopated *Gemütlichkeit,* as conductor, composer, and pianist. Los Angeles heard him in the latter two capacities as he performed his *Music for Piano and Band No. 2* at the brand-new Music Center under the dynamic urging of Stan Kenton. The work—in essence a concerto—climaxed an exciting evening of experimentation aimed at a corporate merger of big-band jazz and classical form: uninhibited swing within the framework of classical discipline.

No stranger to the on-again-off-again courtship of these two musical extremes, Kenton was the logical choice to be the conductor of the Neophonic. More important, he is its music director, and under his guidance this ensemble will give three more concerts later this season.

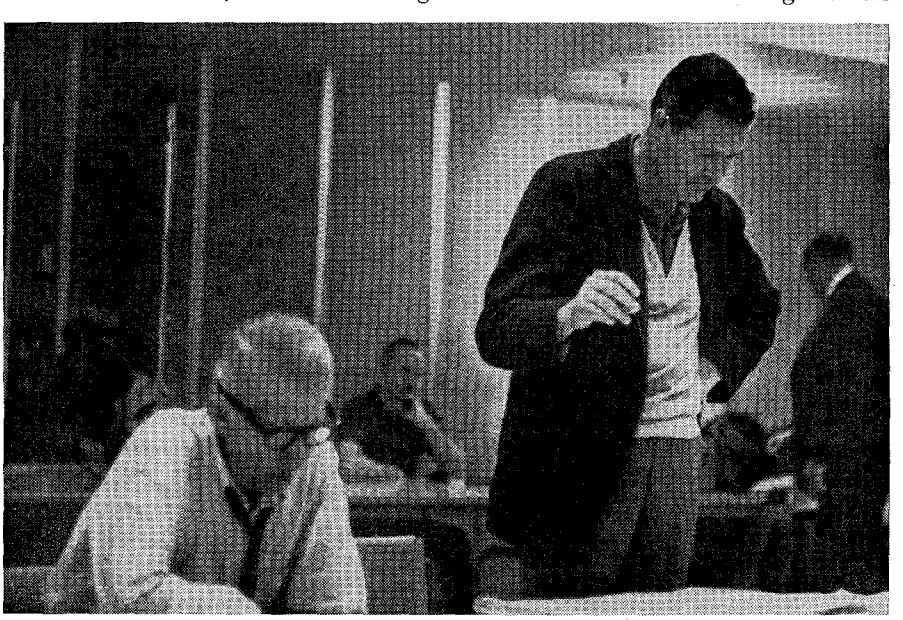
The Neophonic enters the scene at a time conducive to "new sounds." Jazz, in its brief tenure, has run a gamut similar to the older music (from plainsong to electronic sounds), but it has done so with typical American haste. Another trend finds certain jazz artists willing to look back and integrate the techniques and devices employed by classical predecessors.

Many of the composers and performers affiliated with Kenton's venture are conservatory graduates. They write and perform film and TV scores of such complexity as to obliterate the line separating jazz from classical. This current breed of composer and executant is what launched the Neophonic last week with what must be described as dignified excitement.

The program opened with Hugo Montenegro's *Fanfare to the New,* voiced for brass and tympani. In spite of its brevity, the work showed considerable eclecticism: harmonic overtones of Barber; a melodic fragment from Borodin's Second Symphony; and the muscularity of Shostakovich, especially in the liberal use of snare drums.

Former Kenton arranger Johnny Richards contributed two pieces: *Commencement* and *Artemis and Apollo.* The former was too brief and undeveloped to leave a lasting impression; the latter, while weighted down with mythological symbolism programmatically, utilized horns to advantage and scored the brass so that trumpets and trombones were clearly defined.

Another Kenton alumnus, Pete Rugolo, was also represented by two works: *Lush Waltz,* an aptly named serenade more suitable for a dimly lit ballroom than for a concert hall, but nonetheless remarkable for its contrast of Laurindo Almeida's tender guitar solo



Stan Kenton, on left, studies a score at rehearsal with composer Bill Holman.

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against sotto-voce brass comments; and *Conflict,* a highly fragmented episode of forced dramatics and psychological effects (quarter tones played by trombones and guitar) that betrayed the composer's frequent commissions for film and TV scores.

Stan Kenton showed his compositional wares with the very demanding *Opus for Tympani.* Its simple theme, tossed from horns to saxes to brass, was made more meaningful when duplicated by nine pitched kettledrums. Tympanist Frank Carlson earned enthusiastic applause from the large audience.

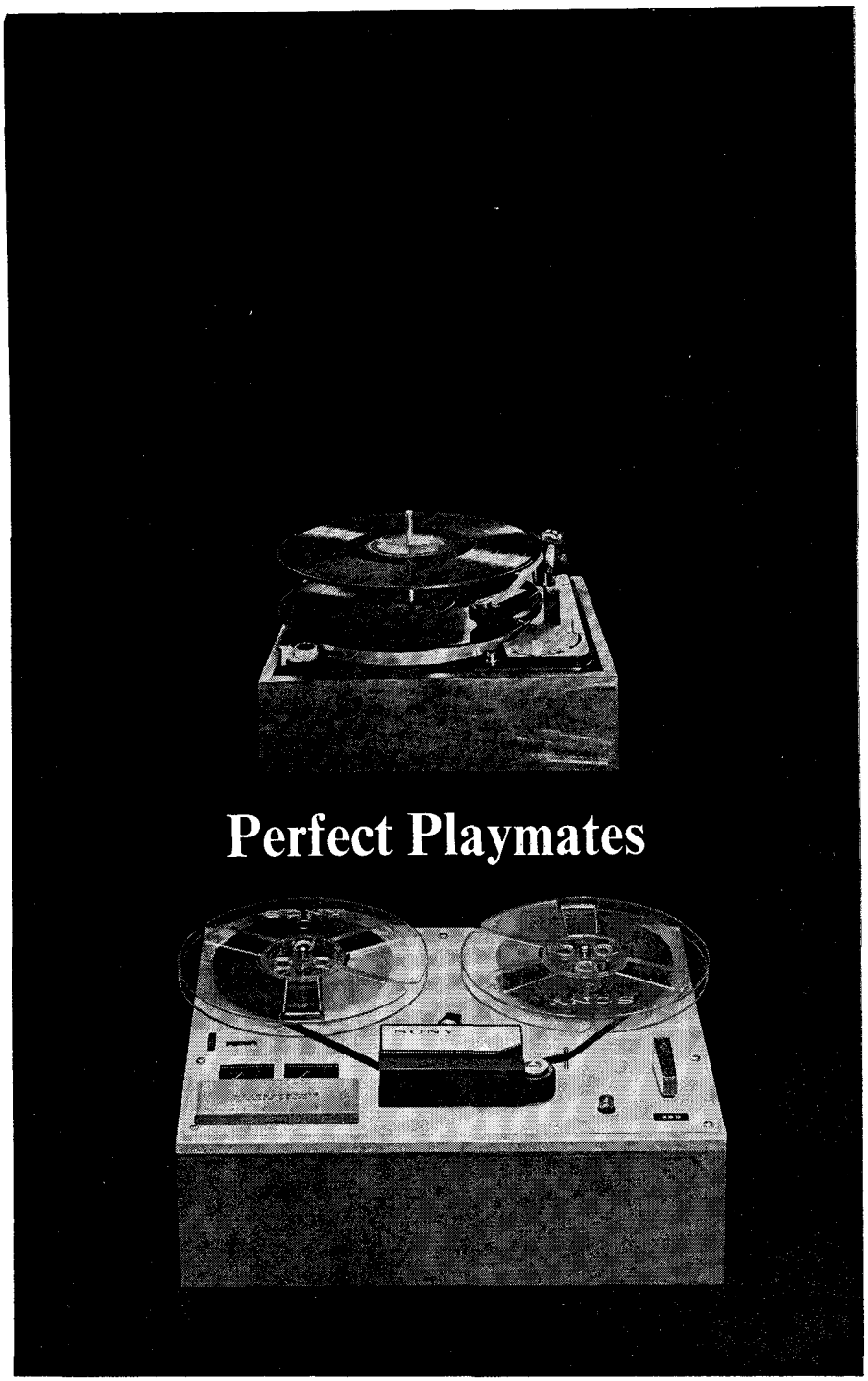
An excursion into the realm of traditional fugue—*The Sphinx,* by Lalo Schifrin—proved to be anything but enigmatic. It swung unabashedly, pitting section against section, occasionally conjuring up Stravinsky's *Sacre.* The only thing buried in the sand was the fugue itself. Poorly executed unison again erased interesting voicings—this time in Marty Paich's *Color It Brass,* but his other composition, *Neophonic Impressions '65,* received a much more creditable reading. Bud Shank provided the right touch of phrasing in his solo alto passages.

A miniature concerto for orchestra—with the focus on sectional statements—came from the pen of Bill Holman. *Trilogy* was an excellent study in contrasts, not only of movements, but also of rhythmic and dynamic shadings. His arrangement of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* was an affectionate tribute to the first American work to make a lasting use of this idiom.

As for Gulda's work, it seems to be a logical evolution from Gershwin's Concerto in F. The first movement features a brooding, minor theme over constantly shifting, sequential harmonies and a freely pulsating rhythm section. The second theme, in contrast, is a sprightly clarinet figure chased canonically by the flute—always against a swinging beat.

A Mancini-type riff leads directly to the cadenza that opens the second movement, an adagio that also ends with a cadenza. Between the two extended solos is heard a song of plaintive charm. But the bouncing of the bass—the slight anticipation or slight dragging behind the beat, whichever fits the mood at the time—transforms it into a ballad of subtle jazz.

The exploding brass of the finale at jet speed might be compared with the conventional presto of a classical concerto. At times reminiscent of the big-band sounds of the late Thirties and early Forties, the momentum of the third movement exuded such a fever pitch of excitement that its final exclamation gave rise to a spontaneous outburst of applause. The crowd would not be silenced until Mr. Gulda repeated the finale. —HARVEY SIDERS.



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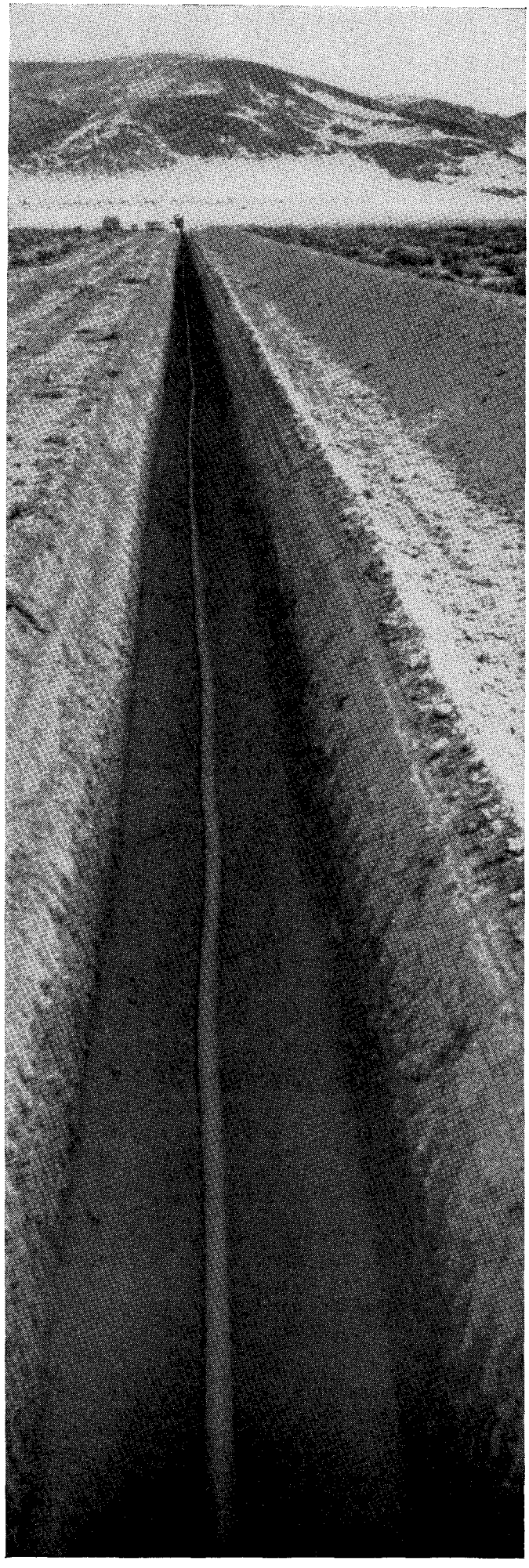

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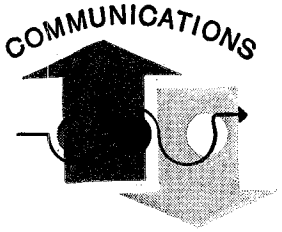

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For Want of a Word

A BRIGHT NEW year has begun as usual with overenthusiastic forecasts of higher and greater plateaus of progress for an ever-expanding and burgeoning United States. The American economy will set new records, the gross national product will rise to unprecedented peaks, and our people will never have been so content as they will be in 1965, if we are to believe the deluge of boastful optimism lately poured upon us. In the field closest to our hearts, readership and book use have never been at a higher level in the U.S. and the explosion of print has been accompanied by a new explosion of culture. More people are now engaged, we are told, in reading, writing, painting, composing, sculpting, playing music, singing, acting, and having fun than in any other period of our history. Private and public financial support of the arts (and education) has, though belated, never been higher. This is the consensus of the forecasts as 1965 begins to turn its pages.

But Peter S. Jennison, executive director of the National Book Committee, held a more sobering view when he addressed the American Library Association recently in Washington. His report ought to have wider distribution and the most careful attention. Mr. Jennison told the librarians that 18,000,000 Americans still have no public library service whatsoever, that more than 110 million Americans have inadequate library facilities, that more than half of U.S. schools lack centralized libraries (a condition Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel called "a national disgrace" in a recent issue of *McCall's*), and that 57,000,000 Americans living in rural areas have virtually no access to bookstores and mighty little to any sort of bookshelf. At least 53,000,000 urban Americans, the speaker reported—men and women living in cities of fewer than 100,000 inhabitants—are badly served, if served at all, by bookstores. Many of these Americans are, then, people without words, at least words in printed form. And, to paraphrase the English poet George Herbert, for want of a word the reader was lost, for want of a reader, the world was lost—all for the want of a simple thing like a word.

"The poor and the affluent are not communicating because they do not have the same words," said the National Book Committee spokesman. "When we talk of the millions who are culturally deprived, we refer not to those who do not have access to good libraries and bookstores, or to museums and centers for the performing arts, but those deprived of the *words* with which everything else is built, the words that open doors. Children without words are licked before they start. The legion of the young wordless in urban and rural slums, eight to ten years old, do not know the meaning of hundreds of words which most middle-class people assume to be familiar to much younger children. Most of them have never seen their parents read a book or a magazine, or heard words used in other than rudimentary ways related to physical needs and functions. Thus is cultural fallout caused, the vicious circle of ignorance and poverty reinforced and perpetuated. Children deprived of words become school dropouts; dropouts deprived of hope behave delinquently. Amateur censors

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blame delinquency on reading immoral books and magazines, when in fact, the inability to read anything is the basic trouble."

We are, as Mr. Jennison has so brilliantly observed, an appallingly uninformed nation, despite mass communications. A recent University of Michigan survey showed that more than one-third of the people polled did not know there was fighting in Vietnam, or that the mainland of China is controlled by a Communist government. In such an atmosphere of illiteracy and unawareness it is little wonder that *None Dare Call It Treason* and such trash have been so widely distributed—and believed.

Take a look at magazine readership: 90 per cent of all readers of the general magazine are now high school graduates or better. And as education falls in the scale magazine readership plunges. In

other words, there is an enormous widening gap nowadays between those who can and do read intelligently (read *and* write, since the two intertwine) and do so habitually, and those to whom the printed word means little or nothing. Our great democracy is, then, in urgent peril of being split into the classes of society our ancestors fled Europe to avoid: those who can read and write and those who, for all practical purposes, cannot. Our classless society explodes then and all the fatuous year-end boasting will not be able to put the egg back together again. We shall have lost our great experiment, our last best hope, all for the want of a word. —R. L. T.

JAMES WEBB YOUNG, retired senior consultant of J. Walter Thompson and a frequent contributor to *SR*'s Communications Supplement, has given the University of New Mexico his land holdings in the Jemez region. Jim moved on January 20, his seventy-ninth birthday, from his famous ranch to a new home at 800 East Garcia Road, Santa Fe. The land gift to the university includes the nationally known "Old Jim Young" orchards and is valued at about $400,000. It covers 9,550 acres bordering the Rio Grande. One of the pioneers in the world's largest advertising agency, Jim once told us that the secret of his longevity was an ice-cold shower every morning of his life.
—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Cliché Experts All

IN R.L.T.'S EDITORIAL on clichés [*SR*, Jan. 9], how can you have overlooked the favorite of critics, "flawed"? I don't object to this word so much when followed by an object, as "flawed by one of the worst second acts in the history of the theater," but when left unexplained or used as an adjective, it always leaves me with the feeling that something was wrong, but no one is sure just what.

B. DAVIS.

Detroit, Mich.

I DON'T KNOW to which papers R. L. T. was referring when he said that "half a century ago no one simply died; invariably he 'crossed the dark river' because the 'grim reaper' had called." I assure you that the Blairstown *Press* (founded 1877) was much more poetical and kind. When people around here died they "entered eternal rest" or "joined the celestial choir and one more star is added to the heavens" or "the angel of death called for him." Once in a while they were victims of the demon rum or a dissipated life, though perhaps the prize is the obit on a young girl who went swimming on Sunday and drowned; of her the *Press* said, "Sometimes Sabbath desecrators receive their just award."

ELOISE LEHNERT.

Blairstown, N.J.

YOUR REPORT on the cliché-catching contest was interesting but I demand a recount. What happened to the gems "operation," "hard core," "a dialogue with . . .," and "a study in depth"?

TOM BAHTI.

Tucson, Ariz.

GLAD TO SEE THE A.P. is "spearheading a drive against clichés." I hope they will spearhead a drive to obliterate "spearhead."

MRS. DUVAL H. TYLER.

Middleburg, Va.

MY FAITH IN computers, always a little shaky, has been dealt a death blow by the announcement that a Univac 1105 found that "hailed" wins the cliché contest. My own candidate for the honor would be "dialogue." It started with the Ecumenical Council, I believe, and has spread until no difference of opinion, from the Sino-Russian split to public driver education, can be treated in print without it. Not only did my word fail to take top honors; it did not even appear among the runners-up. Those machines are just not to be trusted.

MRS. ALBERT A. GAGNE.

Huntington, N. Y.

I ENJOYED R. L. T.'s editorial "Hail to the Cliché," as I do the entire communications section. However, I am going to pick a nit from the cliché piece, and purely for humanitarian reasons.

You stated that "kids" counts half a headline unit shorter than "tots." In the theory under which I work, they count the same, because the "t" counts half a unit just as well as the "i." And in practice "tots" actually is shorter, mostly because of the "K," which is almost an "M" or a "W" in disguise:

Tots
Kids

Now to my motive: I hope that John Tebbel will see that "t" is added to the half-unit letters in the head-writing courses at NYU at once—and you can sneak "r" in there, too, if you're careful. The thought of what just one half unit of leeway will save his fledgling deskmen in ulcers, cigarettes, and chewed pencils during their careers is staggering.

WALLACE LINDELL,
City Editor,
Fargo *Forum*.

Fargo, N.D.

HAIL TO THE cliché, huh? Headlines, O.K. But must we read all the time how something "triggered" something else? (I mean, down in the lead sentence, not in the headlines, where, thank the Lord, it's too long.) And must we hear how everything for sale on TV or radio "lets you" do whatever the gadget wants you to do?

HARRIET BURDSAL.

Bellaire, Tex.

NEWSWISE, YOUR confrontation of the year's cliché-ridden reporting should be hailed, coming as it does in the wake of racially troubled thousands marching to jam-packed polls where violence not only flared, but occasionally erupted in a grinding crash of death and destruction; kicking off, amid strife and riot-torn communities, already comparable to tinder-dry woodlands (facts often met by the cautious "not available for comment" attitude, if not flatly denied by otherwise usually reliable sources), resulting, to say the least, in a political backlash, far more newsworthy than, say, the story of some fire-gutted tanker of an oil-rich nation limping into port.

B. CARROL ANGERMEIER, C.S.C.,
Librarian,
St. Edward's University.

Austin, Tex.

IN THE BATTLE of the cliché, my pet gripe is the misuse of the terms of endearment "Mom" and "Dad" by the headline writers. When a woman who happens to be a mother steals something the papers scream "Mom Nabbed Looting," but even worse are the headlines when she kills someone, especially one of her children. We read,

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"Mom Strangles Tot," doubling the cliché. And, when father comes home with a snootful and knocks off the little woman and the kids with a poker, they say, "Dad Brains Mom and Tots," tripling the offense.

My second nomination for oblivion in cliché-writing goes to those who try so desperately to vary the monotony of wedding announcements on that page devoted to clichés—the woman's page. We read of couples altaring, splicing, twoing, doubling, welding (no kidding—at least not until after the wedding), merging, tying the nuptial knot, harmonizing, betrothing, connubializing, spousing, wedlocking, and, sometimes, marrying.

ABE KOPPELMAN.

Miami Beach, Fla.

Coastal Wheeling and Dealing

"WHEELING AND DEALING ON THE COAST," as described in your January 9 issue, is a lot more fun and profitable if your agency is a member of the Western States Advertising Agencies Association. At least more than 180 active and affiliate members of the Association in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Sacramento, San Diego, Phoenix, and Hawaii think so.

The annual conference of the association, monthly dinner and luncheon meetings, educational training program, management conference, and other activities are an integral part of the Western and Los Angeles advertising scene.

The existence of such an active and effective association of local advertising professionals in what Mr. Lazarus defines as a "neophyte advertising center" may be an oddity to him, and this probably accounts for its omission in his otherwise interesting article.

ROBERT C. FROJEN, President,
Western States Advertising
Agencies Association, Inc.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Ivory Towers and Agents

PAUL R. REYNOLDS'S article "Should Every Writer Have an Agent?" [*SR*, Jan. 9] seems to be another version of that old saw, the employment advertisement, "Recent graduates wanted, ten years experience." According to him, only a remarkably good novelist can get the services of a good agent and then he says that their novels would probably sell anyway. So what is the point? In the ivory tower world of publishing, agent, and professional writers, do only the brave deserve the fair? Don't ordinary, plodding, would-be writers, attempting to write with some kind of honesty, ever get a chance at the jackpot?

GLORIA HACKEL.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Problem Children

JOHN TEBBEL'S "FM: Radio's Problem Child" [*SR*, Jan. 9] fails to bring out clearly the good points of FM. The medium of FM, despite lack of public interest for many years, is gaining swiftly. There are more FM-only (no AM companions) than the article suggests, and an increasingly large number of AM-FM owners are separating their facilities.

Concerning the rule that all FM stations in markets of 100,000 or more must have 50 per cent separate programing, this is a necessary step. Many AM-FM stations, most of them owned by chain networks, have in the past had complete duplication. The motive is that the ownership wishes to hold an FM license in case FM radio ever "makes the grade," but refuses to have separate programing at additional cost. In cities like New York, Chicago, and Boston, many "clear channel" AM stations duplicate on FM, with FM coverage area only a fraction of the AM. Smaller AM stations, however, can send their duplicated FM signal beyond the limited AM range.

The statement that FM's range is limited to the horizon is a serious misconception. With a good FM receiver (anything more than a pocket transistor model), reception may reach 100 miles. Class C FM stations (permitted in those areas of the nation where there are fewer and smaller cities, therefore less crowding) may be licensed with up to 100,000 watts, which, with the 2,000-foot antenna height allowed, would render an excellent signal for well over 100 miles.

In conclusion, FM is not a problem, but rather a great blessing for lovers of good music and stereophonic broadcasts, and for citizens of rural communities where AM reception may be poor, or only a daytime AM station exists.

W. BRUCE DEAN.

Seekonk, Mass.

I DON'T SUPPOSE anyone will get really upset if I pick a few—well, ants—out of John Tebbel's "FM: Radio's Problem Child," so here goes:

The truest of the true words John Tebbel spoke is that "broadcasting is a business." Lots of people like me, who grew up in radio and who chanted loud hosannas when the immortal Major Armstrong invented FM, are disgusted with the present state of broadcasting sound but can't do much about it. Incidentally, it's no job at all to reproduce high frequencies with good fidelity—the job is to reproduce low frequencies, from 100 cycles per second down. Most of music falls in the range below 1,000 cps—highs contribute many goodies, even if the range goes up to 100,000 cps without appreciable distortion—but good low-frequency response is both difficult to get and expensive to reproduce.

Of course, as long as broadcasting junk sound pays off it will be broadcast. The difficulty is that people who have listened to distorted sound for the greater part of their lives just don't know what good sound sounds like. Half the time these sound-starved people don't like live music because it doesn't have the built-in distortion to which they have become accustomed. Every time I have to knuckle under and listen to a jukebox or an airport PA system or a sound truck's blast I wonder why we were so fussy about trying to eliminate distortion from 1924 on.

So, naturally, FM will broadcast only slightly better sound than a good AM transmitter. The source of the sound will be the cheapest thing the broadcaster can latch onto—telephoned news reports with or without beeps, records, indifferently recorded tapes, and what not. It's free, isn't it, so what right does anyone have to kick?

If anyone *is* interested, FM can be marvelous, even monaurally, just as a well-photographed color print can be as real as stereo. We can have good FM but it will mean: 1) great improvements in many broadcasters' equipment and 2) for network FM, point-to-point FM transmission, instead of telephone lines that, in most cases, peter out at 4,000 cps. Of course, it is possible for a network to buy high-fidelity lines, but the cost would be astronomical.

What gripes me is, or should be, clear as day to any old-timer in radio. We worked for years and in tears to improve ways of recording and reproducing sound, and now that it is possible to broadcast with almost perfect fidelity—low noise, low distortion of all kinds, minimum phase shift, and on and on—there is no money available in the richest country on earth to broadcast really good live (or recorded) sound. The big money goes into promotion, "artists," and to the talk-boys.

If we had an FCC that was really interested in better broadcasting, something might be done. But as far as I can see, our FCCs are composed of politicians and their little helpers out to make a reputation for themselves on this government way station to big jobs in the broadcasting business. You're right, Mr. Tebbel, it is a business. Do you hear the Major turning over in his grave?

JOEL TALL.

New York, N.Y.

Selling Short?

NORMAN L. CAHNERS'S article [*SR*, Jan. 9] is all well and good enough, but I think he sold business papers short. Reading his article you would think that the business press has just recently found out how to write and to go about doing its business. There are a number of publishers who have printed very worthwhile papers for many years. I rather think, too, that the article had too much of an apologetic tone. I believe that the business press too often takes an apologetic position, which in my opinion it has no need to do.

LOUIS W. FAIRCHILD,
Fairchild Publications, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

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THE LITTLE GIANT OF NASSAU COUNTY

***Newsday* advertising poster—"a note of high optimism."**

By JOHN TEBBEL

IN THE changing American newspaper scene, one of the most significant developments of the past two decades has been the gradual decentralization of the press. Big-city dailies continue to die or merge, inspiring premature reports that the newspaper, if not the printed word, is on the way out. Meanwhile, the total number of newspapers continues to rise, fed by the offset revolution that has been taking place in small dailies and weeklies, and by the steadily increasing growth of the suburban press.

The suburban paper is sitting, as Red Barber put it so memorably, in the catbird seat. It is not competing for the television advertiser's national dollar, and its retail trade area is likely to be wide, dense, and growing with the population. Since it provides purely local news, it offers a service that neither television nor the big daily can duplicate.

As the great cities have burst their old limits and become far-flung regional megalopolises, an ideal situation has been created for the growth of suburban newspapers. Once these papers were regarded lightly in the business as shoppers' guides, or struggling enterprises depending largely on job printing for their survival. Today metropolitan publishers view them as competitors taking the circulation and advertising bread from their mouths in a time of crisis and transition.

THE incredible Los Angeles two-county metropolitan area, for example, has more than 100 newspapers of various kinds, twenty-six of them dailies and one with more than 150,000 circulation, but in the city itself (if, indeed, there can be any such designation) only two major publishers remain. Only a monumental compendium of advertising like the Los Angeles *Times*, with its giant 400-page editions, could hope to withstand the pressure of these numerous satellites. In Chicago, another major city reduced to two publishers, the competition in Evanston and elsewhere has unquestionably hurt, and has been a major factor in the reduction process.

New York has succumbed more slowly to this inevitable change. For one thing, the city has always had more, if not better, papers than other major cities. Suburban competition has not been large enough to be threatening. Today, however, in neighboring Nassau County, a little giant is sitting on Manhattan's Long Island front porch. It is *Newsday*, published in one of the nation's richest towns, Garden City. *Newsday*, with its circulation currently at more than 400,000, is not only the largest suburban daily in the United States but the eighth largest evening newspaper as well, and the seventeenth largest of all American dailies. Its weekday advertising lineage is larger than that of any New York paper, a fact that has contributed to the dangerously weak condition of some of these "big" dailies. *Newsday*'s circulation has gained 300,000 in fifteen years, 100,000 of it added within the past six years. In 1963 it carried more than 47,000,000 lines of advertising and well over 12,000,000 lines of news; both of these figures have increased considerably since. Its daily size varies from 108 to 160 large tabloid pages.

WHERE suburban newspapers were once badly written and edited for the most part, bearing the marks of both carelessness and mediocrity, today they are often smarter typographically than their big-city rivals, and the level of competence in their newswriting is rising constantly. Even so, *Newsday* is far better than most of the others. Its staff has won no less than twenty-two major awards for journalistic excellence, including a Pulitzer. Last year alone it won six awards.

Like all superior journalistic products, *Newsday* is the result of strong, creative direction from the top. It was originally the idea of the late Alicia Patterson, whose father, Captain Joseph Patterson, established the New York *Daily News* in 1919 and made it the largest daily paper in America. Miss Patterson inherited some of her father's extraordinary newspapering talents and his flair for journalistic enterprise, if not his right-wing political views. (Captain Patterson made the complete swing from socialism to Goldwater-like extremism in his lifetime.)

Miss Patterson began her career as a $75-a-week book reviewer for her father's paper. Her first marriage, to an ex-Colgate All-American tackle named Joseph Brooks, ended in divorce, but by 1939 she was happily remarried to Captain Harry J. Guggenheim, former United States Ambassador to Cuba. It was a union that endured until her death in July 1963.

A woman of exceptional talent and restless energy, Miss Patterson was not one to lapse into the social pleasantries of life with a well-to-do husband. Her

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dream was to have a newspaper of her own, and Captain Guggenheim forthwith asked the celebrated Max Annenberg, circulation manager of the *Daily News*, to keep his eyes open for a likely property. One day in July 1939, while the Captain and his bride were inspecting Dr. Robert Goddard's workshop and rocket experiments in Roswell, New Mexico, Annenberg called to say he knew where he could buy the machinery and other remains of a defunct newspaper that had enjoyed a brief nine-day career in Hempstead, Long Island, under the auspices of T. Harold Forbes and Samuel Newhouse. (Later, Captain Guggenheim described the short, unhappy life of this paper to his friend George Backer, whose New York *Post* was then losing several million dollars a year, and Mr. Backer sighed enviously, "Just think, it lasted only nine days!")

The Captain was enthusiastic about Annenberg's discovery—his roots were in Nassau County and the property was only a half-hour's drive from his home—but surprisingly, Alicia balked. She was, in fact, ready to give up the whole idea, dismayed by the prospect of taking on such serious responsibilities. Her husband, however, stood firm. They had decided together to buy a newspaper, he said, and it was her duty to go through with it. Alicia consented at last, and characteristically, from that moment until she died she was a woman totally dedicated to the newspaper she edited with devotion and ability.

WHEN the Guggenheims came to Hempstead and surveyed their acquisition, the prospect was not one to enchant a businessman. The defunct newspaper's equipment, including some old Goss presses, was mounted in what had once been the service department of an automobile sales agency. In this large, barnlike room at the rear of the agency, *Newsday* was launched on September 3, 1940. The population of Nassau and Suffolk, the two counties in which it intended to circulate, was then 604,000. These counties were not only served by the New York dailies, but locally they were dominated by the conservative, long-established Nassau *Daily Review-Star*, which faithfully reflected the counties' then rock-ribbed Republicanism. (*Newsday* was to be nominally independent politically, but it leaned toward Democratic policies from the first, in line with Alicia's liberal mind, so unlike her father's.) All told, it was a circulation field that a good many experts predicted the Guggenheims would not be able to crack.

But the experts did not foresee the phenomenal growth of population in the two counties, which today is 2,400,000 and still growing fast. It is, moreover, a market that has the highest consumer spendable income in America—more than $9,000 a year per household. *Newsday* goes into seven out of ten homes in this market, a higher saturation than any other American daily publishing in areas of more than 500,000 population can boast.

There were seven lean years before *Newsday* began to penetrate its field, but when it did, it ran the *Review-Star* into the ground and then began to dip into the Long Island circulation of the New York dailies. Meanwhile, the Guggenheims had built a newspaper staff composed of young, talented recruits who carried out enthusiastically the astute plans Alicia formulated as editor.

When the Captain's brilliant wife died, nearly two years ago, there was a pause in the day's occupation at the paper, which had moved out of Hempstead into its own plant, at the outer limits of nearby Garden City. There was only a moment of uncertainty, however. Captain Guggenheim, acting temporarily as editor as well as publisher, wrote a reassuring editorial in the issue of August 5, 1963, pledging his responsibility to keep the paper "fair as well as forceful, gay, interesting, educational, and helpful to its readers." A publisher, he declared, "must expose wrong and endlessly fight the abuse of power in whatever high or low place it lurks. That will continue to be the aim of the publisher and editor of *Newsday*."

He soon acquired high-powered help in the presence of Mark Ethridge, long one of the nation's most distinguished journalists, who had just retired as board chairman of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, after fifty years in the profession. Ethridge had hoped to settle peacefully in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, with his author-wife Willie and teach journalism at the university, but the Captain persuaded him to join *Newsday* as vice president and editor. In the resulting realignment, the paper's able managing editor, Alan Hathway, who had held that post for more than twenty years, became executive editor. It was Hathway who had directed the *Newsday* crusade against racketeering that won a Pulitzer prize in 1953. Hathway's assistant, William F. McIlwain, a former Nieman Fellow and an author in his own right, succeeded him.

One of the first moves Ethridge made as editor was to do something about that perennial problem, the Saturday paper, which so many newspapers have tried to solve without success. It was a problem that had been on the Captain's mind. In New York the Saturday circulation losses were ranging from 12.3 per cent to 58.3 per cent; even the *Times* was losing 22.3 per cent. *Newsday* was in a different situation, however, since more than 90 per cent of its circulation is home-delivered. Ethridge's answer, after long staff consultations, was *Weekend with Newsday*, a twenty-four-page Saturday issue, drawn partly from existing features but containing twelve new pages of fresh editorial matter. The magazine now is usually forty pages, running sometimes to forty-four or forty-eight, with 60 per cent editorial matter and 40 per cent advertising. The staff that produces it is directed by Joseph A. Albright, Alicia's nephew, and the magazine has been a solid success.

Another addition has been the paper's syndicate, *Newsday Specials*, which distributes writers like Marguerite Higgins, formerly the *Herald Tribune's* global correspondent and Washington columnist; Louis Harris, the pollster; Edmund Stevens, the Pulitzer Prize-winning cor-

***Newsday* city room—"the wave of the future."**

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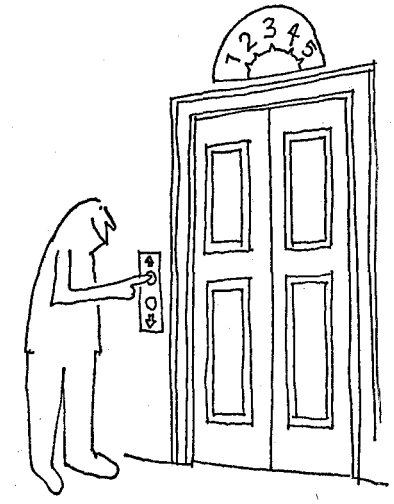
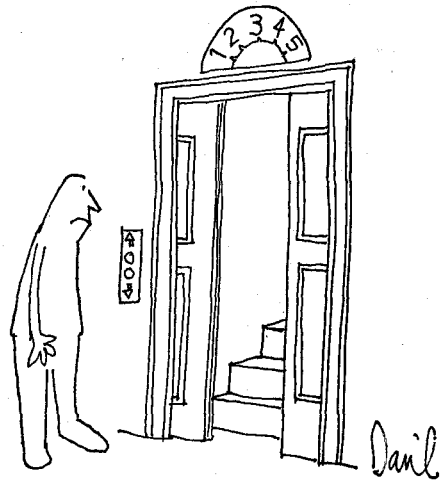
respondent, writing from Moscow; and Ruby Hart Phillips, who was the *New York Times*'s girl in Havana before Castro ejected her and now covers Latin America. The paper also has a four-man Washington bureau. The newest addition to the syndicate is John O'Hara, who may be the best reporter in America as well as one of the best novelists. Captain Guggenheim persuaded O'Hara to become a syndicated newspaper writer by the simple expedient of writing him a letter. In answering (favorably), O'Hara recalled that his grandfather had once told him of entertaining a young traveling salesman named Guggenheim one night somewhere in Pennsylvania. Could it be a relative? It was, in fact, the Captain's grandfather, then in the early stages of acquiring a fortune by peddling home products door-to-door across Pennsylvania.

Newsday is enlarging its plant these days, and the note of high optimism that permeates the management seems to be more than justified. *Newsday* represents the wave of the future in newspaper publishing, and has demonstrated to the most skeptical that a first-rate daily newspaper does not have to be published in the heart of a big city.





ADVERTISING EDUCATION:

The Pariah of Academe

By CONRAD R. HILL, *assistant professor of marketing, School of Business, Western Michigan University.*

IF Calvin Coolidge's aphorism "the business of America is business" contained any validity in his time, it certainly doesn't today. Modern phrasemakers point out that the business of modern American business is to get business—at home and abroad. This means marketing; and because marketing is in essence communications, this means that our uniquely American institution—advertising—has a central role.

Historically, American advertising has trumpeted a key idea: that life doesn't necessarily have to be short, nasty, and brutish. Unlike Europe's restrictive feudalisms, our idea has been that any economic pie can be larger so that more persons may enjoy its nourishment. For instance, to what degree has advertising—particularly television advertising—contributed to the Negroes' recent impatience for the means to obtain their share of our economy?

Despite those underlying humanitarian functions, advertising suffers barbs from assorted critics. Survey after survey reiterates that Americans, by any demographic classification, confess an anti-advertising bias. Laymen, businessmen, advertising practitioners, and academicians share that cultural stereotype.

It's relatively easy to criticize advertising for its unquestionable vulgarities, venalities, and vociferousness, but is it logical to kill the patient to cure the disease, as some critics suggest? Are there means, short of federal intervention, to make advertising's performances more respectable and acceptable and hence more efficient?

Advertising education seems to offer one solution. But, unfortunately, advertising education, along with advertising, suffers a tarnished image. Periodic surveys indicate that academicians are cool to the idea. Many advertising practitioners agree. David Ogilvy, in *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, offers this insight for advertising neophytes:

> If you write lucidly, it doesn't matter what you studied in college—*so long as it wasn't advertising.* (Ogilvy's italics). . . . Undergraduate courses in advertising are a waste of education.

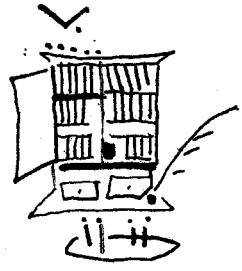
A recent *Advertising Age* editorial concurs:

> Let the college students pursue the kinds of knowledge colleges were set up to teach. And when the student has completed his four years let him take a brief vocational course in advertising if he wants to.

Apparently there's something rotten in advertising education. A clue to a major weakness comes from advertising agency personnel directors:

> Advertising majors are not as well qualified for our training positions as are liberal arts students. . . . If the individual prefers the non-creative side of advertising . . . specialization in a School of Business is better than a general B.A.

That conclusion points to a reigning assumption among advertising practitioners and educators. Accordingly, there are said to be two kinds of advertising: one for buyers of advertising and one for the creators of advertising.



Business schools are said to prepare future buyers with the requisite skills while journalism schools are involved with the creators. That split, however, smacks of sophistry; it is unrealistic and demeaning because it helps perpetuate what's deplorable in modern advertising. Basically, it misrepresents the functions of advertising for students.

This *Mediascope* editorial points to an inevitable outcome of this bifurcated approach to advertising education:

> Schools of business . . . are obsessed with the idea of [turning out] good managers. . . . The danger is that it . . . turns out managers who cannot manage because they have no knowledge of special areas. . . . A common complaint among advertising agencies is that there is a lack of understanding among corporation managements of the function of advertising and accordingly a lack of sympathy for advertising expenditures.

And, it may be added, a lack of un-

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derstanding or sympathy for creative communications.

John E. Matthews's *The Copywriter* notes that ad agencies are becoming topheavy with management types to the detriment of creativity types. According to Matthews:

> Nine out of ten management types are afraid of good creative people because good creative people are not easy to control. But mind you . . . some day mis-management will come out . . . and find that all its really good ad-makers have gone away.

Matthews concludes categorically that "in the top agencies of this country, 90 per cent of the best creative people are unhappy with the way management is running the agency."

Creative ad-makers propose; management types dispose!

That alleged trend may suggest a self-protective bureaucratic law of personnel gravitation—a sort of Gresham's Law of management: if you can't lick 'em, join 'em. In other words, as the ad agencies' creative founders step up and out, management types step in and up. The reason, according to the law, may be that agencies, ever sensitive to the vagaries of client moods, have learned that management types alone can communicate with client management types. This gambit may preserve client-agency relationships, but is it good advertising?

But what about advertising education?

A recent analysis indicates that relatively few colleges offer advertising majors. In fact, only thirty-nine of our 11,000 colleges and universities have major programs. Of these, seventeen are in accredited business schools and twenty-two in accredited journalism schools. But given a foothold, advertising courses flourish—at least in numbers. The University of Houston lists ten advertising courses, Michigan State University lists nineteen; others offer from eight to twelve different courses as a rule. The University of Southern California has one in drugstore advertising.

THIS proliferation is not new, it has afflicted our traditionally ivied disciplines for years; as such it represents academe's version of bureaucratic empire-building – the more courses, the more budgets. Advertising, however, as an academic parvenu, needs to resist such tendencies lest it be branded with uppityness as well as illegitimacy.

If you grant the assumption that advertising possesses sufficient national economic importance to merit consideration for academic respectability, what must ad educators do to measure up?

First, they need to resist empire-building and "share-the-carcass" drives as indicated by the bifurcated rationale currently in vogue. It is important that all advertising offerings within a university be consolidated into one department, either business or journalism, depending on the talents available. Northwestern University, for instance, saw fit recently to combine its into the Medill School of Journalism. The particular home is not important as long as advertising curricula are not divorced.

SECOND, educators need to prune and consolidate splintered courses. A maximum of four seems justifiable, thus giving majors the opportunity to study related liberal arts and business subjects.

Third, closer educator-practitioner cooperation is mandatory to supply the industry with future manpower needs. Because advertising is becoming institutionalized for a variety of reasons (the fee system is one), yesteryear's predatory talent raids are now outmoded. Norman Strouse, board chairman of J. Walter Thompson, advises agencies to hire one graduate yearly for each 100 employees so that growth may be assured. At that rate, agencies alone among advertising practitioner employers will require about 500 new graduates annually.

Materially, this cooperation should be in the form of scholarships, internships for students and professors, and teaching aids. Psychically, cooperation should be in the form of more exchanges and visitations between educators and practitioners.

In addition, it is mandatory that agencies sponsor more research to determine, if possible, advertising's exact economic, cultural, and psychological impact. Although it is generally conceded that some advertising for some products in some media have some effects on some consumers, the exact nature of the effects are unknown at this time. Consequently, the charges leveled at advertising by such writers as Vance Packard are not only poor sociology—and deplored by sociologists as such—but misleading and pure flapdoodle. No one knows to what degree mass culture, mass media, mass consumption, and mass advertising reduce the masses to asses. It would appear that advertising practitioners and educators owe a responsibility to themselves and to the nation to try to find out.

Finally, if it's true that distribution, marketing, and consumption are major problems today, then inevitably advertising will assume an increasingly important role. Therefore the mental and economic health of our nation, and of the free world, depends to some extent on efficient advertising. It seems logical that academicians should replace outworn emotional blinders with an active, clinical interest in advertising.

"Better live it up, kid—the water table's falling."

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WHEN EXTREMISTS ATTACK THE PRESS

By JAMES F. FIXX

WHEN BILL SANDERS, editorial cartoonist for the Greensboro, North Carolina, Daily *News*, moved in mid-1963 to the Kansas City *Star*, it didn't require a Nostradamus to predict fireworks. Readers in Kansas City had become accustomed to cartoons that were not notably outspoken, but the *Star*'s new cartoonist, a man whom one observer has described as "a liberal of decidedly positive views," was well known for his deft touch at satire, ridicule, and those keenly honed editorial commentaries that can make the opposition gag on its breakfast.

Sanders had scarcely sat down at his drawing board when the fireworks started. He was called "stupid," a "Nigger-lover," a "Communist and pinko," and was told that he had a warped mind. Telephone callers harassed Sanders and his wife, Joyce, until late at night, and attempts were made to put pressure on him through his boss, Richard B. Fowler, editor of the *Star*. (To Fowler's credit, he and the *Star* stood firm.)

—*The Kansas City Star.*

A Bill Sanders cartoon in the Kansas City *Star*— letters, phone calls, and pressure on the editor.

It quickly became clear that most of the objections were coming from fringe groups like the John Birch Society. In phone calls and letters, the same themes, the same methods, and even sometimes the same words cropped up repeatedly. Sanders told the newspaper trade magazine *Editor & Publisher* that the phone usually rings at about 8 P.M. and continues at five-minute intervals. "Are those cartoons you put in the paper your idea or does your editor tell you what to say?" the voice will ask him. When Sanders explains that the idea was his own but that the editor and he agree, the voice says, "Well, you're both stupid Nigger-lovers." Later, another voice will ask if he is aware that "thousands of white people are being tortured and killed over in Africa every day" and that "the Nigger agitators over here are Communist-inspired." Letters, following the same pattern of vituperation and abuse, threaten to cancel subscriptions and often demand that Sanders be fired. One letter, which at least had the virtue of some humor, inquired, "Did the *Star* acquire Mr. Sanders, its 'cartoonist,' at an auction or a raffle?"

LAST year's Presidential campaign seemed to stir up the worst in the fringe groups, and events reached a new low just after the *Star* published a Sanders cartoon that took a critical view of the smear and hate literature then being circulated (see cut at left). A *Star* reporter told Sanders that the Birchers and their sympathizers were trying to organize a mass cancellation of 10,000 subscriptions. At the same time they turned their attack on Fowler.

"On this particular cartoon," Sanders told *SR*, "I received three calls at the paper. One caller pointed out that the cartoon was 'probably a self-portrait.' Another wanted to know if I got my instructions from *Pravda*. At home that night the phone treatment began but didn't run true to form. It only lasted about an hour. I discovered later the reason why. They had given up on me and planned to start calling my editor."

Fortunately, Sanders could take the abuse, and so could Fowler. There was never any apparent thought of jettisoning Sanders or of asking him, as some critics suggested, to tone down his cartoons. On the contrary, by sticking to its guns the *Star* learned some important

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lessons about fringe groups and how to deal with them.

"Sanders got under a lot of people's hides," Fowler says, "and he heard from a good many of them. They were good and mad. But there isn't really anything a paper can do about this kind of harassment. During the campaign we had letters from as far away as Florida, Los Angeles, Ohio, Indiana, and Mississippi. We paid no attention to them. As a matter of fact, I felt kind of bad about ignoring them after they'd gone to all that trouble. But the only thing you *can* do is ignore them."

But if the *Star* ignored individual members of the fringe groups, it did not ignore the fringe phenomenon itself. "As soon as the letters started," said Fowler, "we declared ourselves. We wrote editorials on the Birchers. We thought we'd really catch hell, but we didn't. The response was favorable by two to one. A paper can't assume these people will go away without being identified, diagramed, and diagnosed."

Identification is not always an easy task. Those who write letters and make phone calls are not necessarily members of fringe groups, and some of the worst pressure comes from people who neither write letters nor make phone calls. "Actually," says Sanders, "the really effective pressure from this group—and this is strictly my personal opinion—does not come from their rank and file. It comes from the affluent sympathizer, the businessman buying advertising space and trying to bring economic pressure."

Skirmishes with the Birchers and other ultrapatriotic organizations are nothing new to the press. One of the first newspaper editors to run afoul of the John Birch Society, long before most people had become fully aware of its tactics, was eighty-five-year-old Thomas M. Storke, publisher of the Santa Barbara, California, *News-Press* and a one-time U.S. Senator. In 1961 Storke found himself growing impatient with recurring attacks on the patriotism and loyalty of school officials, clergymen, and professors and with irresponsible criticism of the United Nations, the Supreme Court, and foreign aid. Tracing the attacks to the then unfamiliar John Birch Society, Storke told the full story in the *News-Press* and followed up with a continuing campaign that eventually silenced the Santa Barbara Birchers. (The efforts of ultra-rightist groups are of course not confined to the press but are also frequently directed at other communications media. When, for example, the Xerox Corporation announced plans to underwrite its current television series on a United Nations theme, it was bombarded with some 12,000 letters of criticism that clearly represented an organized campaign.)

To silence the extremists in one city, however, is no final victory, for they soon bob to the surface somewhere else. Indeed, it is likely that sooner or later virtually every U.S. newspaper editor will have his encounter with them. "There is nothing new about this attack on the press," William Burroughs, board chairman of the *Orange Coast Daily Pilot* in Costa Mesa, California, said not long ago at a meeting of the California Newspaper Publishers Association. "Ultra-leftists have been trying it for years. Now it is the ultra-rightists. The difference is that the ultra-rightists are making more yardage. It does appear that they have become a real danger to freedom of the press." And at the same meeting Leonard Finder, publisher of the Sacramento *Union*, said, "We are concerned here not with any question of politics, nor are we concerned with any partisan viewpoint of one party against another. Neither are we attempting to say . . . that newspapers are beyond reproach. But there has developed, in the opinion of some of us, at least, who have experienced it, an organized movement for the purpose of coercing the press to accept the viewpoints of particular groups, especially particular minority groups. So in the end it becomes a question of freedom of the press."

The extremists' use of pressure can often be an ingenious thing. The national director of public relations for the John Birch Society has reported that one of the group's projects is to monitor newspapers for "inaccuracies" about the society. Members are instructed to call upon editors and "politely but firmly" call attention to any errors. Other techniques, in addition to mail and phone calls, include threats to boycott advertisers, sending a newspaper so many letters that the staff can't handle them, and jamming telephone lines to the classified advertising department.

Many newspapermen admit, usually privately but frequently in public as well, that they have no real solution to the problem of extremist harassment and attempts to undermine the press. Nonetheless, there does seem to be one basic rule that has so far not failed: don't give ground. In virtually every case on record, when the John Birch Society or any similar group has been faced squarely and identified for what it is, the community has benefited and the extremists—who are not noted for any extraordinary staying power—have shriveled into obscurity. This is exactly the strategy the Kansas City *Star* has been following, and there is every sign that Bill Sanders will be around long after the extremists have given up.

Another useful guideline, for the responsible newspaper that hopes to keep any local extremists in reasonable perspective, is to look upon the task of reporting their activities as a continuing one rather than a cause to be pursued only fitfully. As Leonard Finder said at the meeting of the California Newspaper Publishers Association, "There is one thing which a newspaper should do as a matter of civic responsibility. The newspaper has the basic responsibility and duty of alerting people to whatever it honestly believes to be a danger to our established institutions or to our traditional way of life.

And Bill Sanders, who has good reason to know what he's talking about, underscores the point: "The reason these people are so vocal and well organized in the Midwest is that they have flourished for years without any real criticism editorially from the communications media. Thus their rationale has fallen unchallenged on the ears of those drifting in a malaise of discontent."

But in Kansas City at any rate, the extremists have a substantial challenge in the peppery cartoons of Bill Sanders. And Sanders can take pride in the knowledge that they aren't enjoying it a bit.

Of Love, of Death, of Sudden Understanding

By Dan Jaffe

EVEN without talent, we come upon it,
Just before dawn or just after twilight,
Usually too early or too late,
Never exactly certain what we've found.

Like the shock of sudden thunder on summer eves
Grown heavy with scented sounds and hooded lights,
Its presence names an almost certain fear.
Tight-shutter your rooms against this whelming wind.

But the world has shrunk to the size of this moment's truth;
In the space of silence our coughs are hurricanes.
Buffeted by breaths, we whisper storms
And face uncharted seasons of ourselves.

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ADVERTISING IN THE 1970s

By ELMO ROPER

I HAVE a feeling that advertising is going to be a particularly exciting field to be in during the decade to come. I think major changes will take place that will significantly alter its concept, will give it new dimensions, and will change the basis on which it is planned and carried out. In part, these changes will represent a broadening and deepening of the field, yet at the same time they will make its goals more precise and specific.

The first change I expect to take place is that there will be more advertising devoted to the transmission of ideas rather than simply to the selling of products. There will, in other words, be more corporate advertising, more advertising concerned with improving public relations. We exist in a society where public relations—human relations—are increasingly important, and there will be increasing awareness that the ideas and feelings and attitudes that form the substance of these relations are as crucial to the well-being of many corporations as the movement of products.

As a result of this increased awareness, two other changes will follow. First, I expect that there will be far more selectivity in target groups. Today we exist in the era of advertising overkill in which the public is often treated as if it were one vast, all-inclusive entity. But there are many publics, important at different times and to different companies and groups. The important thing is to pinpoint the relevant public.

These relevant publics range from very small specialized publics to larger, less defined, but also crucial groups. For example, from the point of view of a corporation, a quite specialized but very important public is its stockholders. This public is often ignored, except in the middle of proxy fights, but stockholder opinion can be crucial at crucial times and it is a good idea for corporations to keep in touch with that opinion. For some defense contractors, a dozen men in the Defense Department and in strategic committees in the Senate and House are the key target group. For other corporations, the target group may be dealers who sell a product, or it may be farmers, or physicists, or city dwellers, or librarians, or the growing retirement-age market, which is being so carefully examined today.

A very important public, and one growing in importance as a target group, is that segment of American society which has been called the Thought Leaders, or the Politically Active—those active and articulate people all over the country, who, when they publish an article or stand up in a meeting, influence the attitudes and behavior of a lot of other people. As companies increasingly try to influence attitudes and communicate complex ideas and philosophies, increasing emphasis will be placed on this "Thought Leader" group for several reasons: first, because they are receptive to ideas and capable of grasping the messages of institutional advertising; second, because they are able to make themselves heard in quarters that count; third, because they influence the opinions of the less articulate and less active part of the population, who are, by and large, not receptive to complex ideas communicated by the printed word; and fourth, because they are the only group with any appreciable interest in large companies.

For example, some years ago we were commissioned by one large company to do a study designed to isolate this active and articulate group in order to find out their attitudes and characteristics and to see whether they differed in significant ways from the more apathetic segments of the population. A number of indices were used, such as voting, discussing public issues, writing to public officials or editors, belonging to organizations that take stands on public issues, and working for political candidates. After a national cross section was questioned, it was found that 10 per cent of the population could be classified as Very Active, another 17 per cent as Somewhat Active, 35 per cent as Inactive, and 38 per cent as Very Inactive. The groups were found to differ considerably in a number of ways: for example, a person with a college education proved to be five times as likely to be Very Active as one with a grade school education only. But the key finding, as far as the company was concerned, was that the people who could be classified as Very Active were much more likely to have attitudes of some kind—either positive *or* negative—toward the company and to be interested in learning more about it. The inactive group was generally indifferent to the whole subject. Here are some statistics from that survey:

Forty-one per cent of the Very Active liked the company—as compared to twenty-three per cent of the Inactive.

Ten per cent of the Very Active

"Miss Nichols, will you be my Valentine?"

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*dis*liked the company—as compared to three per cent of the Inactive.

Forty-nine per cent of the Very Active had neutral feelings about the company or didn't know whether they liked it or not—as compared to seventy-four per cent of the Inactive.

As for interest in learning more, thirty-four per cent of the Very Active and only nine per cent of the Very Inactive said they were interested in news about the company whenever they saw it. Obviously, there is a clear and direct connection between interest in learning about a company and a readiness to read its advertisements.

As a result of these and other findings, the target group for the company's public relations activities became the Active group, using the term in a broad sense—those people with informed opinions who do something about those opinions. This decision led logically to seeking a choice of media that appeals to the thoughtful minority and speaks to them in their own language rather than trying to influence the largely uninterested and uninformed through mass media.

This brings me to the second trend that will develop out of increased emphasis on advertising as the transmitter of ideas. Increased selectivity in target groups will be accompanied by far more selectivity in the choice of media. Of course, if the purpose is to introduce the revolutionary new cereal, Corn Poppies, designed to explode in your mouth—and many manufacturers will want to do something very much like that most of the time—mass media will still be appropriate. I have no expectation that *Life* is about to wither away from lack of advertisers, but I do expect to see increasing use of the more thoughtful media for institutional messages—media designed to reach thoughtful people in a thoughtful frame of mind.

Up to now I have been talking about the growth of one kind of advertising, that concerned with influencing attitudes and communicating ideas. Yet in a sense I am talking about a whole new concept of advertising, and a new definition of advertising's function, and I think this is another major change that will profoundly affect the way advertising is conceived and carried out in the years to come. Let me explain.

Until recently, a single unanswered question has hung, like the sword of Damocles, over the hard-working shoulders of the advertising world: What should a good advertisement do? Definitions of advertising's function have grown up like weeds. No sooner was it agreed by some that advertising should create a climate in which selling could more easily take place than some others would sweep away such subtleties with the flat assertion that advertising was supposed to sell, and the only way to judge an ad was by how much money it, unaided, sluiced into the till. In this atmosphere of conflict and confusion, attempts to measure advertising effectiveness have all too often been like trying to measure a gaseous body with a rubber band.

However, two recent studies have gone a long way toward clarifying this chaotic situation—the 1961 study by the Association of National Advertisers, "Defining Advertising Goals," and the 1962 study by the National Industrial Conference Board, "Measuring Advertising Results." Both have become best-sellers in their field.

Their conclusions have a commonsense simplicity—with sophisticated overtones. Advertising is a part, but not the whole, of marketing; its unique function is to impart information, to create awareness, and to change attitudes. Attitudes must be changed—or developed—before products can be sold. People must move from a state of consumer unawareness to awareness of a product's existence; from there to factual familiarity and understanding, and thence to the final stages of desire and decision. Advertising can help move people from one stage to the next of this selling continuum; it can rarely bring them, unaided, to market. Advertising should therefore not be judged solely by its success or failure to get people to cross the finish line; at least seven other factors contribute to the final sale (product, price, distribution, packaging, personal selling, sales promotion, and public relations and publicity).

HOW, then, should advertising be judged? By its success in achieving specific communications goals, as distinct from marketing goals, which should be set up *before*, not dreamed up *after*, an advertising campaign begins. Once advertising is understood as a form of communication and progress is made toward setting more precise advertising goals, it will be possible to make meaningful measurements of advertising effectiveness. Therefore I expect that the 1970s will see much more and much better measurement of advertising effectiveness.

We have found research to be useful at two different stages of developing a campaign. Before the goals are set, a benchmark study can determine how a product and its competitors stand on basic appeals and deterrents. With this knowledge, judgments can be made as to which appeals or deterrents it would be most advantageous to stress or counter, goals can be set and a campaign carried out. Then, after enough time has elapsed for an impact to be made, a study can measure the product's progress.

To some, this may sound like stifling the creative imagination. But advertising is a practical art whose points of departure and return must be set before creativity can take its grand leap between them. Rather than confining creativity, the ANA and NICB reports should end the futile battle of the definitions and thereby free advertisers, agencies, and research people for the practical work of deciding just what advertising should communicate and the creative act of deciding how to communicate it. In the absence of precise advertising goals, discussions of advertising take on an Alice-in-Wonderland cast; there is simply no way of judging—with or without research the success of an advertisement.

"The U.S. Embassy? It's just a stone's throw from here!"

Finally, if these changes are to take place in the advertising field of the 1970s, they imply a change within the advertising profession itself. If advertising is communication, and if more of it is to be oriented toward public relations, it is going to have to be prepared by people with an understanding of the concepts and techniques and goals of public relations. Intelligent public relations programs must be based on a genuine concern for the public interest, and an educated understanding of the realities and needs of modern society. This larger public interest must be the background for all public relations activities. Advertising people must develop, not merely in the mastery of their creative techniques but in a broader awareness of the social context.

And so I think we can expect some interesting changes in the field of advertising during the 1970s, changes that are beginning now. I think advertising will become both more high-minded and more practical and down to earth, broader in its scope and more precise in its application, with a clearer sense of what it is doing and a better grasp of how to do it. And who knows? It may even be more interesting, too.

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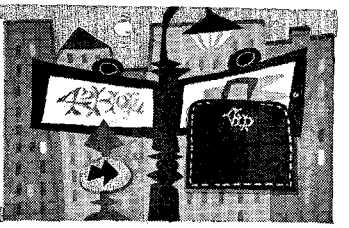
Madison Avenue



Notes on the Teen-age Beat

By THEODORE PETERSON

WHEN a teen-age girl in Chico, California, worried because her father rarely spoke to her, she took her troubles not to him or her mother but to *Ingenue*, which assured her that her Daddy really did love her. *Ingenue* ("pronounce it: An-je-noo") is less than half the age of the girl it comforted. Born in 1959 and already speaking to a paying audience of some 625,000, it is one of a flock of teenage magazines that have been springing up in recent years like gangling boys before an open refrigerator.

Before World War II, magazines for young people operated in a thin market. Young readers may have chuckled over the tales of Captain Penhallow Freedom in *Youth's Companion* and learned campcraft from Deep River Jim in *Open Road*. But advertisers were reluctant to subsidize such youthful pleasures to any great extent, since they saw the readers as a market for little more than candy bars and an occasional bicycle.

One by one the magazines died. Two of the major survivors bore the imprimatur of huge organizations—the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts—and both have shared in the postwar boom. *Boys' Life*, around since 1911, now has more than 2,000,000 subscribers. *American Girl*, six years younger, has more than 800,000.

The current awareness that youth is not being served goes back to 1944. Then Triangle Publications brought out *Seventeen* and began barraging advertisers with information to convince them that girls under twenty are a potent buying force. With a circulation of more than 1,000,000, *Seventeen* is now taking in more than $10,000,000 a year in advertising.

Publishers have come up with some awesome statistics about the dimensions of the teen-age market. The average fourteen-year-old has a weekly income of $4.32, they say, and throws considerable weight in deciding where the family money goes. Teen-age girls spend some $4.2 billion a year on clothing, another $450 million on cosmetics. By the age of fourteen, nine out of ten girls choose their own brands of lipstick, deodorant, girdles, and bras.

Besides that, teen-agers have their own subculture—fads, expressions, concerns and interests that, like rock-'n'-roll, adults do not share.

All in all, then, the 36,000,000 Americans from ten through nineteen are a promising magazine market, and publisher after publisher has tried to tap it.

Like magazines generally, the teen-age publications aim at different age groups and different levels of sophistication within their total audience. They range from the wholesome *Boys' Life* and *American Girl* through publications preoccupied with TV and recording stars to confession and love-story comic books. Some, like *Ingenue* and *Seventeen*, carry a respectable amount of advertising. Some carry little or none. A good many have "Teen" in their titles—*Teen Screen, Teen Scene, Sixteen, Teen Time, Teen Tempo, Teen World, Modern Teen, Teen-Age Romances, Teen Age Love, Teenage Confidential Confessions, For Teens Only* and just plain *'Teen.*

Although some of them seek a mixed audience, most of them make their big pitch to girls. Collectively, they are strong on articles about teen-age heroes, especially entertainment personalities (Anita Bryant, Peter Nero, the Beatles), advice on personal problems ("I'm very shy and find it hard to make friends"), personal appearance (" Boys Sound Off on Your Hair and Make-up") and fashions ("Whistle-Bait Fashions"). Some have articles about dating, recordings, books. A few run fiction.

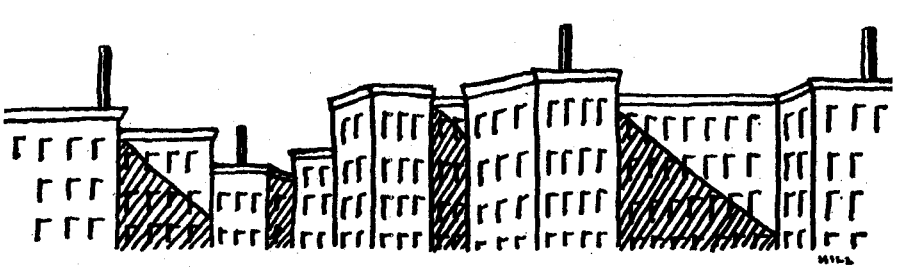
Some teachers have been concerned about the worst of the magazines, and some parents have decried them. A mother who came across one fired off a letter to the editor, who published it: "I have never seen such a collection of tripe in my entire life." She denounced the magazine for giving its readers a premature exposure to sex, for seducing them from their schoolwork, for encouraging hero worship of untalented entertainers, for being "lewd and demoralizing." And indeed when teen-age idol Dick Clark was accused of taking payola a few years ago, the magazines commenting on the case took no stand against him. One defended him: "As we see it, neither the Congress of the United States, nor anyone else for that matter, has clearly explained *why* payola is wrong. What is it, we'd like to know, that makes payola so awful?"

Yet in heartening defiance of Gresham's Law, the best of the magazines seem to be the most popular, among them *American Girl, Boys' Life, Ingenue, Seventeen,* and *'Teen.* The readers of *Boys' Life*, one feels, are really pretty good scouts. The girls' magazines seem junior versions of the women's magazines, albeit with a youthful swing, and their content is generally irreproachable, their advice sensible.

Teen-agers themselves evidently become quickly sated with the magazines that put the spotlight on entertainers. Or so it seems from a limited study by Janice Stewart made in a high school in Madison, Wisconsin, and reported in last autumn's *Journalism Quarterly*. "Boys, on the whole, condemn teen-age magazines as trash. (They don't include *Boys' Life* or *Mad.*) Girls range from ignorance of or acceptance of teen magazines in the seventh grade to indignant disillusionment in the eighth and ninth (the stories aren't true) to realism in the tenth and eleventh (positive suggestions) to disdain in the twelfth."

Miss Stewart's study was done in a school drawing students of above average ability from families with above average incomes. But so far as one can generalize from it, it suggests that teen-age magazines, like clothing, are something that young people soon outgrow. Meanwhile, Miss Stewart had some fairly comforting words for parents: "Only two magazines contained language or ideas which parents might deem really objectionable, though several others were quite shallow and provided little inspirational or horizon-broadening information."

For parents who fear that their children are totally immersed in the teen-age world, perhaps the most reassuring findings were these: Both boys and girls in all grades regularly read more adult magazines than teen-age publications. And if they had to choose just four magazines, the great majority would pick more adult than teen-age publications.



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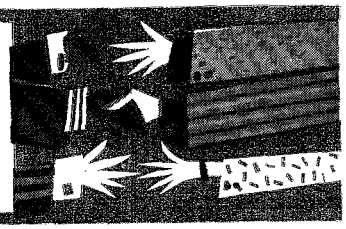
Public Relations



Ford's Citizenship Program

NOT ALL of the 450 companies that have public affairs programs have found them successful. Many of them have lacked all-out management support; not enough steam has been put behind them. But not one of the corporations that has set up a serious, well-thought-out program of public affairs and given it a thorough test has dropped it.

It is easy enough to make grand gestures during national election campaigns and to ask employees to register, to vote, or to make contributions to the party of their choice. It is difficult indeed to develop a solid program that runs all year and makes a concerted effort to train employees to understand and participate actively in politics.

There are some outstanding examples of good public affairs programs. Chase Manhattan Bank, Monsanto Chemical, Western Electric, Johnson & Johnson, Olin Mathieson, all have worthy programs. One of the best in the country is that of the Ford Motor Company.

The Ford Effective Citizenship Program was started in 1960. It is administered by the company's Civic and Government Affairs Office and has the complete backing of top management. It encourages employees to become active in civic and political affairs in the party of their choice, not as agents of the company but as private citizens. The company's philosophy was put this way by its chairman, Henry Ford II, in a speech in 1961: "We find that nonpartisanship is an essential feature in all such activities. In the case of employee programs, it is necessary to keep in mind that the objective is not to further the pet political theories of top management; it is to help build, in American political life, in the electorate, and in both major political parties a solid, active group of politically and economically informed and moderate people. Corporations are—or ought to be—politically color-blind."

Ford's Effective Citizenship Program includes the Effective Citizenship Course, the Know-Your-Government Seminars, the Voluntary Political Contribution Plan, the Informed Voter Program, and the leave of absence policy.

The Effective Citizenship Course, built around the basic format of the "Action Course in Practical Politics" of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, is presented in eight two-hour discussion sessions during the employees' off hours but at no cost to them. They deal with such vital subjects as the political party, political leadership and its functions and problems, the political campaign, political clubs and political meetings, the political party and the determination of public policy, the organization of local government and parties, the individual and politics, and local political leaders. In the last category the discussion is led by Republican and Democratic county chairmen. The session leaders are all professionals in government and politics. The course is not concerned with issues. No company point of view is injected. Its purpose is to help those attending the course to understand the political process.

The object of the Know-Your-Government Seminars is to provide a practical understanding of how state and local governments work. A guest official makes his presentation and a free-for-all discussion follows. A seminar program is, typically, made up of five two-hour sessions at which the mayor, the president of the Board of Education, the county judge, the state senator or state representative and, in the final session, Democratic and Republican party officials discuss the functions of their offices and their problems.

The Voluntary Contributions Plan encourages all employees to make contributions, not just before national elections, but at least once a year, to a political party or candidate. Every precaution is taken so that no one in the company except the contributor knows how much is given or to whom.

The Informed Voter Program uses the theme "Know . . . Before You Vote." Information is provided to employees about voting procedures, the candidates, and the issues on the ballot. The company publishes voters' guides in the more than thirty employee newspapers.

Under the Community Service Awards Program citations are presented in each major company location to Ford employees who have given distinguished service in local affairs. The winners are chosen by committees of leading local citizens.

Under the leave-of-absence policy, leaves are given to employees appointed or elected to full-time public political office. They are without pay but employees returning to Ford are given equivalent jobs or better and are protected in their insurance and benefit plans while on leave.

One of the reasons for the success of the Ford public affairs program is that it is administered by professionals. The Civic and Government Affairs Office, which also has the responsibility for the company's government relations work, has a staff of more than fifty people, better than half of them on the professional level. They work out of eight regional offices. The managers of these offices include a former two-term member of the Iowa State Legislature, a former political science professor who was administrative assistant to former Governor William O'Neil of Ohio, a former administrative assistant to Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, a former administrative assistant to Senator Spessard Holland of Florida, a former four-term member of Congress from California; a former chairman of the Democratic State Advisory Committee in New Jersey; a one-time administrative assistant to former Congressman Edward May of Connecticut; and the secretary of the Governor's State Finance Advisory Commission of Texas.

What have been the results in numbers of Ford employees elected to office? As a matter of policy the company does not keep track of employees who hold public office or the level of their offices. But in 1964 in Michigan alone, a Ford employee ran for the U.S. Senate (he was defeated in the primary); another for the U.S. House of Representatives (he was defeated in the Sixteenth Congressional District). The present Michigan State Legislature has three Ford employees. In one state legislative district two Ford employees, a Republican and a Democrat, ran against each other. And Ford employees ran for many local offices from mayor and councilman through almost the entire list.

Ford Motor Company is not softheaded in its public affairs program. It knows that what is good for the country is good for Ford.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Publishing Scene

Continued from page 38

A trivial matter perhaps, but multiplied a good many times throughout a book it can add up to a shoddy translation.

Mrs. Jones admits that the situation isn't likely to improve until the pay does, and in this sense the ATA's call for better fees is also a call for higher standards of work. To coin a cliché, a publisher gets what he pays for, and in the case of a really good translation, more than he deserves.

In spite of everything, some translators do make a living while turning out surprisingly commendable work. Although at thirty-five Richard Howard can hardly be called the dean of American translators, he is unquestionably the most prolific, and his career is worth looking at if for no other reason than that, having learned how to skin the cat, he voluntarily quit the profession early this year to give full time to his own writing. Howard, who is a cousin of the late Amy Loveman, has published both criticism and poetry, and at present is working on a study of modern American poetry.

He began his career in 1957 by translating Jean Giraudoux's novel *Elpenor* simply because it wasn't available in English. Howard was working as a lexicographer at the time, but he had studied for two years at the Sorbonne and was well grounded in French literature. A friend employed by a New York publisher saw the Giraudoux and asked Howard to take on a professional job. After that, *le déluge*.

In the eight years since then, Howard has translated more than 100 books and articles from the French, including de Gaulle's *Memoirs*. (He got this commission only after an interview with the General that developed into a command performance. De Gaulle: "Where did you learn your French?" Howard: "As a child traveling between Cleveland, Ohio, and Miami, Florida, with a Viennese governess.") He has done as many as twelve translations in as many months, and in a good year earns $15,000, thanks to some extent to a tape recorder that enables him to dictate up to fifty pages a day.

Howard does three versions of every book he translates. The first is a literal rendering of the original. This is then freely paraphrased in Howard's own words. The third and final version will be a pull-back toward the first; here Howard planes off the excesses of his own personal style. "A French author must be made to seem French, but not too French," he says, adding that a translator's preparation in English literary styles is as important as his knowledge of French.

To perform this balancing act, Howard spends much of his leisure time reading contemporary American fiction so that he can "place" the books he translates; an *avant-garde* French novel corresponds pretty much to an *avant-garde* American novel, for example. Yet without the general idiomatic feeling for the latter—what Howard calls "the period qualities of his own tongue"—a translator isn't likely to get across the spirit of the original. When a character in a Howard-translated novel goes after a loaf, he gets bread.

Howard travels to France at least once every six months, both to visit authors whose work he translates (he will sometimes show them his version for their comment) and to keep up with the shifting nuances of the French literary scene. For this, semi-annually is none too often. It is his total immersion in the literature of two languages that has given Howard much of his pre-eminence as a translator. Of course, few of

his colleagues (many of whom hold salaried jobs in other professions) can afford the time for this sort of travel, and they almost certainly cannot afford the cost.

Authorship is a marginal occupation itself, but after a certain point a writer can break through in a big way. Even when he hasn't, it is still something to hope for. The fact that a translator has no such expectations has discouraged many qualified men and women from entering the profession. The Ford grant is likely to improve the situation without solving it; what is needed is a reassessment of the translator's role within publishing itself.

For a more extensive discussion of the problems involved in holding dual literary citizenship, the interested reader may want to consult *The Craft and Context of Translation*, edited by William Arrowsmith and Roger Shattuck (University of Texas Press, hardbound, $4.75; Anchor, paperback, $1.45), a book resulting from the 1959 symposium.

—David Dempsey.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 11, 10, 7, 13, 2, 1, 16, 14, 8, 3, 4, 15, 12, 5, 9.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 34

provided for these sisters was prompted by their inability to master more subtle comedy, but they invaded areas of musical propriety that conductor Rosenstock should not have permitted. However, he had his share of blame for a treatment of the orchestral score that was more a monotone than an undertone, and that was, in either case, just dull.

The week's operatic calendar also included a broadcast of *Simon Boccanegra*, in which Jerome Hines sang an excellent Fiesco and Renata Tebaldi recalled her best days with a finely phrased Amelia, and a *Contes d'Hoffmann* in which Giuseppe Di Stefano returned after a longish absence to perform the poet-hero for the first time. He has moved even further away from the lovely quality of sound he once commanded without substituting anything of style or artistry in compensation. He has, however, lost nothing of self-assurance, which translated itself into a formal bow to the audience at his first appearance. The applause from here and there suggested that the refrain "clic, clac," in the ballad of Kleinzach, might better have been rendered, for this occasion, as "clique, claque." Teresa Stratas was the appealing Antonia.

—Irving Kolodin.

Fledgling *Fidelio*

A FIRST-RATE Leonore in *Fidelio* is rare indeed, for she must be a real dramatic soprano with an ample top register plus ease in coloratura and enough histrionic skill to be convincing as a woman portraying a man. It is gratifying to note, therefore, that a new Leonore—and a first-rate one at that—has recently materialized at the Juilliard School of Music.

Her name is Lorna Haywood, and her presence was, no doubt, Juilliard's excuse for taxing the resources of its Opera Workshop with Beethoven's only opera. Predictably, the heroic requirements proved beyond the reach of most of the cast (I saw that of January 28). But Leonore almost seemed designed for the talents of Miss Haywood. The young British soprano disclosed a remarkable affinity both for the lofty line and for the lofty sentiment. Hers was an intelligently planned, artistically executed achievement. The only other protagonists really able to meet Beethoven's challenges were the chorus, as trained by Abraham Kaplan, and the orchestra under Jean Morel. Christopher West seemed intent on immersing his students in the conventions of bad operatic acting, rather than make them create believable figures on their own.

—Martin Bernheimer.

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(Continued on page 82)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 81)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1610

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Caseous.	196 31 84 11 204 88 163 8 61 183
B. Sulkily; with childish ill humor.	156 53 30 143 59 22 1 200 65
C. Importunity.	46 126 17 120 73 36 90 188 68 32 170 154
D. Specifying Sir Winston's recent birthday.	33 128 172 38 146 167 205 19 151
E. The best stationery for the habitual letter-writer by air mail.	112 26 18 47 67 79 52 147 60
F. Opening two words of the much-quoted stanza which ends "you never miss the water till the well runs dry."	119 116 159 107 110 63 29 150
G. To cut a furrow, as in a column.	43 58 145 78 194 97 158
H. Specifying one of the properties of the eight-sided figure.	123 76 137 186 125 34 42 35 162 114
I. Describing an appearance with eyes bright but too close together, a long sharp nose, over-sized ears (comp.).	6 177 184 193 132 23 157 111
J. Fine woman poet of Baltimore, 1856-1935.	12 195 92 168 49
K. Feeling a powerful sense of obligation in any special case (3 wds.).	98 136 9 144 57 117 105 202 25 191 54
L. Art or process of forming certain cutting tools which act in pairs, usually with great precision.	7 164 152 141 101 82 178 20 201 96
M. Where you will find the Bay of the Rainbows (3 wds.).	56 48 138 44 179 115 175 14 187
N. Almost indispensable individual (2 wds. and comp.).	124 66 169 93 130 69 5 121 104 176 75 149
O. Bends; curves; intricacies.	135 51 95 77 62 99 142 55 171 192 13
P. Said of a group which acts independently of outside assistance or control (3 wds.).	100 189 133 185 72 134 75 24 3 89
Q. Play of 1940 with an important message which shocked most of the U.S. (2 wds. after *The*; Franchot Tone).	4 94 129 174 109 83 70 102 198 180 161
R. Tendency of plants to assume certain positions because of one-sided pressure or growth due to the action of light.	10 139 113 197 148 153 81 118 108 166
S. Pitched ball curving suddenly away from a right-handed batter.	155 106 165 85 87 181 2 127
T. Exclamation of emotion at the imagined vision *Of Persons One Would Have Seen*, by William Hazlitt (3 wds.).	86 91 16 27 199 40 203 173 131 80
U. Resembling a New England tree much valued but recently seriously threatened.	140 50 41 64 190 37 21
V. Using well-thought-out arguments in order to convince or persuade.	182 103 39 71 160 15 74 28 122

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 B	2 S	3 P		4 Q	5 N	6 J		7 L	8 A	9 K		10 R	11 A	12 J
13 O	14 M	15 V	16 T	17 C	18 E	19 D	20 L	21 U	22 B		23 I	24 P	25 K	26 E	27 T	
28 V	29 F	30 B	31 A	32 C	33 D	34 H		35 H	36 C	37 U	38 D		39 V	40 T		41 U
42 H	43 G	44 M		45 N	46 C		47 E	48 M	49 J		50 U	51 O	52 E	53 B	54 K	
55 O	56 M		57 K	58 G	59 B	60 E	61 A		62 O	63 F	64 U	65 B		66 N	67 E	
68 C	69 N	70 Q	71 V	72 P		73 C	74 V	75 P	76 H	77 O	78 G	79 E	80 T	81 R	82 L	83 Q
84 A	85 S		86 T	87 S	88 A	89 P		90 C	91 T	92 J		93 N	94 Q	95 O	96 L	97 G
	98 K	99 O		100 P	101 L	102 Q	103 V	104 N		105 K	106 S	107 F		108 R	109 Q	110 F
	111 I	112 E	113 R	114 H		115 M	116 F	117 K		118 R	119 F	120 C	121 N	122 V		123 H
124 N		125 H	126 C	127 S		128 D	129 Q		130 N	131 T	132 I	133 P		134 P	135 O	136 K
137 H		138 M	139 R	140 U		141 L	142 O	143 B	144 K	145 G	146 D	147 E	148 R	149 N		150 F
151 D	152 L	153 R		154 C	155 S		156 B	157 I	158 G	159 F	160 V	161 Q	162 H	163 A	164 L	165 S
166 R		167 D	168 J		169 N	170 C	171 O	172 D	173 T		174 Q	175 M		176 N	177 I	178 L
179 M		180 Q	181 S	182 V	183 A		184 I	185 P	186 H	187 M		188 C	189 P		190 U	191 K
192 O	193 I	194 G	195 J	196 A	197 R	198 Q	199 T	200 B		201 L	202 K	203 T	204 A	205 D		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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